

**THEATERS—**  
**LOS ANGELES THEATER**—C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, Lessees.  
THREE NIGHTS ONLY—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Feb. 5, 6, 7.  
**THE LAUGHING "TWO MARRIED MEN"**  
A grand company of comedians, special scenery, novel specialties, sparkling wit and pretty girls. Special prices for the occasion: 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c. Tel. Main 70. Seats now on sale.

**LOS ANGELES THEATER**—C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, Lessees.  
Four Nights and Saturday Matinee—February 8, 9, 10, 11.  
**FRANK DANIELS**, IN HIS TWO BIG COMIC OPERA SUCCESSES.  
Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, "THE IDOL'S EYE" Saturday matinee and evening, "THE WIZARD OF THE Nile." Both operas to be produced here by the same entire cast and scenery seen at the Broadway Theater, New York. Seats on sale Monday, Feb. 6. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Tel. Main 70.

**ORPHEUM**—Warm, Cozy—MATINEE TODAY—Any seat 25 cents.  
4—ARERAS—Europe's greatest musical acrobats. JOHNNIE CARROLL and ADDIE CRAWFORD, singers and dance comedy artists. CARTER DE HAVEN and BONNIE MAIE, in "A Naval Reserve." BARTON HILL and CHARLES WILLARD and company, in "Belinda Bailey's Boarders." CHARLES STINE and OLLIE EVANS, in "A Frisky Doctor." EMMA KRAUSE and MARGARET ROSA, with their Dutch Pickaninies. QUERITA VINCENT, sweet singer and dancer.  
PRICES NEVER CHANGING—Evenings, reserved seats, 25c, 50c; Boxes, 75c; Gallery 10c, children 10c, any seat. Tel. Main 1447.  
NEXT WEEK—!!! PAPINTA!!!—NEXT WEEK.

**BURBANK**—PRICES—15c, 25c, 50c; Logo Seats 75c; C. A. SHAW, Lessee.  
TONIGHT—AND ALL WEEK—MATINEE TODAY, "TENNESSEE'S PARDNER"  
Monday, February 6, BELLE ARCHER, in "A Contented Woman."

**AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—**  
**FIESTA PARK**—GRAND AVENUE AND HOPE STREET.  
MATINEE TODAY at 2 p. m.—SPECIAL PERFORMANCE TONIGHT, "THE FIRST HORSE SHOW," UNDER COVER.  
Ever held in Los Angeles. Elegant Equipages, Beautiful Horses, Cute Little Shetlands. Tonight Presents a Splendid Program.  
A Fair-Land Effect—Elegant Toilets—All Society Will Be There. Thursday tickets exchanged for any other event. Popular prices of admission, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Seats now on sale at Fitzgerald's Music Store, 113 S. Spring street.

**OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena.** The Largest in America.  
One hundred gigantic birds. Seven acres of beautiful, shady grounds. Nests, chicks, yearlings and old birds in their breeding corral. Boas, snakes, lizards, and plumes—appropriate presents from California. "One of the strangest sights in America."—New York Journal, Christmas number.

**SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—**  
**Hurrying Over—**  
**California Limited** Santa Fe Route.  
Leave Los Angeles 1:00 p. m. Wed., Fri., Sat.  
Arrive Denver 5:00 p. m. Wed., Fri., Mon.  
Arrive Kansas City 9:10 p. m. Wed., Fri., Mon.  
Arrive Chicago 9:50 a. m. Thu., Sat., Tues.  
Arrive New York 1:30 p. m. Fri., Sun., Wed.

No extra charge beyond the regular ticket and sleeping car rates.  
**KITE-SHAPED TRACK**  
**THE SIGHT TO SEE**  
Every TUESDAY, in addition to the regular train service, the Santa Fe runs a special express, taking in Redlands, Riverside and the beautiful Santa Ana Canyon.  
Leave Los Angeles 9:00 a. m.  
Arrive Pasadena 9:25 a. m.  
Arrive Redlands 11:15 a. m.  
Leave Redlands 11:15 p. m.  
Arrive Riverside 11:25 p. m.  
Leave Riverside 11:45 p. m.  
Arrive Los Angeles 6:25 p. m.  
Arrive Pasadena 6:30 p. m.  
Giving two hours' stop at Redlands and Riverside for drives and sight-seeing.  
**The Observation Car**  
On this train affords pleasant opportunity for seeing the sights.  
Tickets admit stopovers at any point on the track. Round trip \$4.10.

**San Diego and Coronado Beach.**  
The most beautiful spot in the world. Two daily trains, carrying Parlor Cars, making the run in about four hours from Los Angeles. The ride is delightful, carrying you for seventy miles along the Pacific Ocean Beach.  
Santa Fe Route Office, 200 Spring Street, corner Second.

**EXCURSIONS MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY—**  
\$2.50 Saturday afternoon and Sunday, February 4 and 5, from Los Angeles, including all points on Mount Lowe Railway, and return. Parties going Saturday take the 3 or 5 p. m. Pasadena Electric Cars, remain over night at Echo Mountain House and continue trip to Alpine Tavern at their pleasure. Parties going Sunday take Pasadena Electric Cars 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m. or the Terminal Railway train 8:35 a. m., make entire round trip and return same day or remain over as desired. Return part of excursion tickets good for 30 days. Tickets and full information, office, 214 South Spring St. Tel. Main 960.

**HAWAII, JAPAN AND MANILA—**  
Select parties, under personal escort of experienced traveler, all arrangements strict first class, will leave San Francisco during February and March. For programmes, etc., address THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., San Francisco, or H. B. RICE, Agent, 230 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

**TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—**  
**SAN GABRIEL SANATORIUM—**  
Administering treatment of diseases of nose, throat and lungs. The constant breathing of dry antiseptic air, the use of medicated vapors, and proper hygienic conditions, are carefully observed and practiced. Steam heat in every room. Climate cannot be surpassed.  
San Gabriel, Cal., nine miles from Los Angeles.

**FLAT DUTCH CABBAGE—**  
Also Fine, Solid Red Cabbage.  
Sugar Peas, String Beans, Brussels Sprouts, Endive, Roman Lettuce, Curly Parsley, Redondo Lettuce, Cultivated Mushrooms, Celery Root, Green Chilies, Ventura Sweet Potatoes, Summer Squash, Westminister Celery, Curly Cabbage, Artichokes, Fancy Tomatoes, etc., etc.  
TRADE WITH US and you will always have the finest vegetables grown. NO SEWERAGE IRRIGATED or FROZEN vegetables sold.  
**ALHOUSE FRUIT CO.,**  
TEL. M. 398. 213-215 W. 2nd St.

**LAST EFFORTS**

**Man from Mexico Seeks but Finds not.**

**Looking for Weak Spots Where There are None.**

**Grant Men are Ready for Him Wherever He Turns.**

**Contempt Proceedings Continued to Monday—Tired of the Committee, Milice's Prison Reform Bill, Mead Gets in His Work.**

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]  
SACRAMENTO, Feb. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The last despairing efforts of Burns are being directed upon what they consider are weak spots in the Grant line, but how little judgment they employ in selecting such spots can be judged by the case of Assemblyman de Lancie of Oroville. Burns's touts have been working on him for some time, and finally they declared that they would go into his county and get up a petition with several hundred names demanding, for the sake of "harmony," that he vote for Burns.  
"Well, you just go ahead," said the blunt old Assemblyman. "I don't care how many names you get for it, it won't do you a bit of good, and it won't, and they know it. The Scott men are working upon Le Baron, but the little banker from Valley Ford is no more likely to fall down there than he is in respect to Burns. And thus individual selections are being made in the hope that the giving away of one will cause a panic that will produce a stampede of the others."

**ONE OF THE TRICKS.**  
The Grant men and Democrats are being tempted to go away on junketing trips in the hope that a sufficient number can be gotten rid of to allow Burns to force a caucus, but, as in the case of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation, which is to make a trip to San Francisco, the Grant men, if they do not decline altogether to go, will take good care that they are paired with Burns legislators before they leave.

The caution displayed does not indicate fear or weakness on the part of the Grant men, but rather good generalship. They have a crafty foe to deal with, and are handicapped by having no equivalent for Dibble and Johnson as masters of parliamentary tricks and resources. One scheme of the Burns forces which is being worked up to a degree greater than is generally known, is to induce all the Democrats who will not vote for Burns to remain away some day and let the Candalaria colonel capture the works with their negative assistance and what positive help can be procured by wheeling and bulldozing the other camps.

But in spite of all these efforts the tide is rising surely and steadily against Daniel, and he is likely to be swept off his perch any day. It is the Grant people who are predicting surprises now, and they are counting on some effects as startling as ever conjured Dan announced that he would produce. If there should be a denouement Monday or Tuesday next nobody would be surprised in either of the leading camps and there are some "good fellows" in Burns's party to whom Grant's people would be glad to give the right hand of fellowship in spite of past affiliations with powers which would be but are not.

**STUMBLING BLOCK.**  
The Investigating Committee is a stumbling-block to everybody desirous of putting on steam in the Senatorial race, and, strange though it may seem, there are none who wish it were a dead body more than some of the members themselves. If their casual utterances can be believed. No one expects that anything further will be dug up by this committee, yet there are apprehensions that so long as it exists some efforts to revive old scandals may be made and consequently more or less hesitating about exchanging candidacies is possible on part of the legislators.

Dr. Hatch, who has been attending Milton J. Green, officially sent in another certificate to the Assembly today stating that Green's condition was not such that he could be examined or appear at the bar of the House. Johnson accordingly moved that the contempt proceedings be continued until Monday, saying that he hoped they would get at the end of the doctor's certificates by that time. O'Brien (Dem.) of San Francisco, was the only one who voted against continuance.

**WRIGHT'S SCHEME.**  
Ex-Speaker Wright, it is said, cherishes the intention of offering a further investigation, especially against Green and with a view of getting even with somebody. Wright has not repaid that \$750 loan and the thought that that hangs over him is said to embitter him.  
Melick wanted a meeting of the committee fixed for 4 o'clock this after-

noon, but Chairman Cosper told the Times correspondent that the continuance of the Green contempt case disposed of the committee meeting, for he did not see that there was anything for the committee to do until Green should express a willingness to answer. Cosper said it cost the State \$15 each time the committee met, and he didn't believe in useless expenditures. Melick was asked later if the committee would meet, but he said: "No, these fellows don't seem to want to get together."

Melick had suggested that a special committee of three be appointed to wait on Green and take his deposition, as was done before, but the doctor's certificate disposed of that idea. There was a movement on foot to discharge the committee, but it was thought best by the leaders of the several factions to continue it for a few days yet until its affairs are straightened out. Dale listened from the lobby to the continuance of the Green contempt proceedings. The committee is not disposed to take up his case until after the contempt matter has been disposed of.

Some curiosity attaches to the outcome of the special election called by Gov. Gage for March 8 to fill the vacancy in the Eighth Senatorial District, due to the death of Senator John Boggess (Dem.). A. Hoehmer of Willows is mentioned as the only candidate for the place at present, and he is claimed by the Burns men.  
Bulla's followers have regained some of their lost confidence since a report got out that Barnes would quit the race, but it is a safe guess that Grant will get three votes for every one vote that Bulla pulls from the general.

**MILICE'S IMPORTANT BILL.**  
Capt. Milice of Riverside introduced one of the most important bills of the session in the Assembly today. It provides for the appointment of a commission to investigate and report on the feasibility of establishing a reformatory. Capt. Milice is desirous of having this reformatory located in Riverside county, as that county has no State buildings, but his intention is that it shall be located in Southern California in any event.

The bill calls for the appointment of five commissioners by the Governor, who shall report to the next Legislature on the advisability of establishing a reformatory in Southern California, with plans and specifications therefor; to report on the best method of selling the State prison at San Quentin, of enlarging Tolson prison, of segregating the prisoners by the Governor, who shall report to the next Legislature on the advisability of establishing a reformatory in Southern California, with plans and specifications therefor; to report on the best method of selling the State prison at San Quentin, of enlarging Tolson prison, of segregating the prisoners by the Governor, who shall report to the next Legislature on the advisability of establishing a reformatory in Southern California, with plans and specifications therefor; to report on the best method of selling the State prison at San Quentin, of enlarging Tolson prison, of segregating the prisoners by the Governor, who shall report to the next Legislature on the advisability of establishing a reformatory in Southern California, with plans and specifications therefor; 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Mr. Daniel made an exhaustive brief, in which he covered all the points in the controversy. His speech was a brilliant oratorical effort. Mr. Daniel, after reviewing the kind of people to be found in the Philippines, said:

"There are not alone the Filipinos, but the Malays, and the Chinese, and the people black, and white, blue, and brown and gray. There are even spotted people and a kind that I never before heard of, said to be striped. At the close of a righteous and glorious war we are to take them in and ordain them with the oil of American citizenship. Not in a thousand years, thought Mr. Daniel, could we raise the Filipino to the level of this country's citizen. At the close of the war we are to ratify the historian would chronicle the beginning of the decline of the greatness of America."

"This country stands today the foremost nation of the world. Let her tread with sure and steady step along her own highways, ready to defend and man. Let her not tempt the temptation to expand today, say as he who stood on the mount, said, when the globe of the earth were stricken before him: 'Let the bells ring, Satan.'"

At the conclusion of Mr. Daniel's speech, which had occupied three hours and a half, the Senate at 5:10 p.m. adjourned. Mr. Davis, went into executive session, and soon afterward adjourned.

#### FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

##### CLOSING SESSION.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—SENATE. Mr. Wolcott of Colorado gave notice at the opening of the Senate session today that he would address the Senate tomorrow on the subject of expansion.

Mr. Hale (Rep.) of Maine presented the conference report of the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, and it was agreed to.

The president pro tempore presented a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of New York, urging the ratification of the peace treaty.

Mr. Hale, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, favorably reported the following joint resolution, and it was adopted:

"That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to have erected in the Colon Cemetery, at Havana, Cuba, a suitable granite monument to the memory of the sailors and marines who lost their lives by the explosion of the U.S.S. Maine in the harbor of Havana on the 15th of April, 1898, and whose remains are buried in that cemetery, and to suitably inscribe and enclose such monument, and the sum of \$10,000 is appropriated for this purpose."

Mr. Harris of Kansas offered the following resolution, which he asked might lie on the table:

"That the United States hereby disclaims any intention or purpose to exercise permanent sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over the Philippine Islands, and assert their determination, when a stable and independent government shall have been erected there, to recognize such government, and to transfer to such government upon the terms which shall be reasonably agreed upon all rights and claims of the United States in and to the Philippines, and to thereupon leave the government and control of the islands to their people."

#### HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—HOUSE.—At the opening of the session of the House today, Mr. Burton of Ohio, chairman of the River and Harbor Committee, rose to a question of personal privilege, in connection with some remarks of Mr. Hawley (Rep.) of Texas, printed in the record this morning, but which Mr. Burton claimed had not been delivered on the floor.

The remarks, Mr. Burton said, contained insinuations of an improper interest on the part of the committee and himself in a provision appropriation of \$25,000 in the River and Harbor Bill for a channel between the Galveston jetty and Texas City. He repudiated every such insinuation. The committee had thought this appropriation would be more useful than the \$8,000,000 expended at Galveston Harbor for the benefit of a single corporation. He doubted the wisdom of the action of the House in striking out the appropriation. The River and Harbor Bill was, he said, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

He moved that the remarks be stricken from the record.

Mr. Hawley said his printed remarks had been in fact delivered upon the floor, but offered to remove the objectionable portion if the motion were withdrawn.

Mr. Burton, Mr. Hawley, and Mr. Hitt moved that the motion be adopted, 105 to 11, ninety-five present and not voting.

Mr. Dockery (Dem.) of Missouri, in order to prevent consideration of certain relief bills, which would follow in the regular course, introduced a filibuster, which consumed much time.

Mr. Hitt presented to the House the conference report upon the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, which the Senate agreed to provide for an additional secretary of legation at London, Berlin and Paris, and to remove the antagonism of Mr. Bailey (Dem.) of Texas, who could not see the excuse for granting additional secretaries.

Mr. Hitt said little about the work of legations abroad, but he did know something of them here, and two-thirds of the time he spent in the work here were devoted to social functions.

Mr. Bailey, of course, had a much wider knowledge of the social and political duties than he, but as to the work of foreign legations he had knowledge, having been secretary of the legation for several years.

Owing to the pressure of work, he had frequently worked until 11 o'clock at night and often later.

Mr. Hitt's playful reference to Mr. Bailey's social duties drew from the latter the response that Mr. Hitt attended social functions only in times when he attended them not at all. He had but one secretary, and thought that sufficient.

Mr. Hitt explained that the secretaries of legations were not the scribes of the Ambassadors, but had multitudinous duties of their own.

After hearing his explanation, Mr. Bailey acknowledged Mr. Hitt was right and he wrong. The report was agreed to, and at 3 o'clock the House adjourned.

#### RECIPROCITY CLAUSE.

##### High Joint Commission's Work on It Nearing a Head.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The work of the Canadian High Joint Commission included a session of the sub-committee on the Alaskan boundary and a meeting of the American members of the Reciprocity Committee. The committee confined itself to a general discussion on the subject. The indications are that the work on the reciprocity clause is drawing rapidly to a head, the difficulties encountered in this discussion have been great, but it is thought that a compromise of some sort will be embodied in the treaty.

Some of the American members felt that it may be possible to get a vote

on the treaty at the present session of Congress, although the final ratification by the English side will be delayed several months. It is understood that the President is in close touch with the work of the commission, and will be informed in a few days when the treaty may be expected to go to the Senate.

#### WILL DELIVER TEMPLE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The United States Ambassador to Mexico, Powell Clayton, has notified the State Department that the Mexican government has consented to grant the application of the United States authorities for the delivery to them, under extradition proceedings, of James Temple, the American railroad man who is now held under arrest in Mexico for killing a Mexican on the American side of the border in Arizona.

#### INTERVIEWED THE MEMBERS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Gov. Brady of Alaska and George Brackett of Minneapolis, the latter largely interested in a railroad through Alaska, were today interviewing the American members of the High Joint Commission regarding Alaskan interests. A report has been in circulation that in considering the Alaskan boundary the British members of the commission had insisted that the Lynn Canal should be considered in the Canadian lines, and that there should be an all Canadian port, presumably Skagway, conceded by the United States. Gov. Brady and Mr. Brackett, however, were against this proposition, and while they do not know what the commission will do, they think the contention of the British commissioners will not be agreed to.

#### MANILA HEALTH CONDITIONS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Report of Gen. Otis Sent to Senate by the Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Responding to a resolution of inquiry, the Secretary of War today sent to the Senate Gen. Otis's report on the health conditions at Manila. The report was dated yesterday, and, of course, was made by cable. It follows:

"Deaths among troops in Philippines since arrival at February 1, seven months, 220, of which 41 were due to wounds and accidents. Of the remaining 179, sixty-five died of typhoid, thirty-three of smallpox, twenty-two of dysentery, eight of malarial fever. The remaining deaths were due to many various diseases, smallpox causing approximately one-third of the deaths. The more sickly season is during the hot months, March, April and May, when fevers, smallpox, and dysentery are more prevalent. Nine per cent of the command are now reported sick, a great majority of the cases being slight ailments."

#### TRAINED ARMY NURSES.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Daughters of the Revolution Urged a Permanent Corps.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A number of ladies prominently identified with the Daughters of the Revolution, were before the House Committee on Military Affairs today, and urged the ratification of the plan, Mrs. McGee read letters from Surgeon Knapp approving the plan, but pointing some objections to the particular means proposed for executing the plan.

"In a recent letter Gen. Sternberg wrote to the Secretary of War that our experience during the war in Spain demonstrated the fact that the services of trained female nurses are indispensable. The committee has not yet acted on the bill."

#### HONGKONG END REGISTERS A KICK AGAINST THE AMERICANS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

HONGKONG, Feb. 3.—[By Asiatic Cable.] The Philippine Junta here has issued the following statement:

"Simultaneously with the proclamation of the republic, Aguinaldo released the Spanish war prisoners as an act of grace."

"The Spanish imposition of the poll tax is enforced by the Americans with greater severity. Formerly the poor paid \$2 and the rich \$37. Now the lowest pay \$5 and the rich \$100, which is greatly exasperating the people."

"The gambling, cock fighting, bruising, squeezing and the Americans' moral degradation are causing demoralization. The Spanish corrupt, despotic system seems to be the morale of the American executive."

"The Americans are indignant at the notion of the American journals that they will tamely submit to be exterminated by the amateur colonial administration. The Sherman, which was formerly the passenger liner Mobile, of the Atlantic Transport line, has on board 1300 men to reinforce the army of the Seventeenth Regular Infantry, under command of Col. Page. Sherman carries a large quantity of cargo, including a large quantity of ammunition."

#### SHERMAN AND BERLIN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

Reinforcements for Gen. Otis and a Cargo for Cuba.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—The transports Sherman, for Manila, and Berlin, for San Juan, Ponce and Santiago, which dropped down to Gravesend Bay last night and anchored, proceeded today on their voyages. The Sherman, which was formerly the passenger liner Mobile, of the Atlantic Transport line, has on board 1300 men to reinforce the army of the Seventeenth Regular Infantry, under command of Col. Page. Sherman carries a large quantity of cargo, including a large quantity of ammunition."

#### CONFERENCE REPORT READY.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The conference report of the committee of the two houses on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was completed today. The bill, as agreed upon, retains the provision for the addition of a third secretary to the legations at London, Paris and Berlin, but the salaries are reduced to \$1200.

#### MITIGATION EXPECTED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—There is an almost positive belief among officers that there will be a mitigation of the sentence imposed by the court-mar-

shal which tried Commissary-General Easton. While the final sentence will be severe it is not probable that there will be a dismissal from the army.

#### BID PRACTICALLY AWARDED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—While no official award has been made on the bid for the repatriation of the Spanish prisoners in the Philippines, it has been practically decided to give the contract to the Compagnie Transatlantica through its agent, the Spanish Transportation Company.

#### AWAITING THE PLANS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The Daily News publishes an interview with Señor Iglesias, President of Costa Rica, in the course of which he is reported as saying:

"The construction of the Nicaragua Canal is of course an important matter for Costa Rica, but the Costa Rican government is not in a position to be content to wait for the ripening of the plans before assuming any definite attitude toward the project."

#### VACATED SEATS IN CONGRESS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

House Judiciary Committee Finds Against Wheeler and Others.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The inquiry ordered by the House of Representatives as to what members had forfeited their seats by reason of accepting other employment, ended today with a finding by a Judiciary Committee that Maj.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, a member from Alabama, Col. David G. Olson of Kentucky, and Maj. Edward F. Robbins of Pennsylvania had vacated their seats in the House by accepting commissions in the army.

At the same time the committee determined that the members of Congress serving on civil commissions had thereby vacated their seats in the House.

Gen. Wheeler was seen after the finding was announced, but asked to be excused from commenting on the decision as it was the nature of a judicial proceeding. It is said Gen. Wheeler and his associates will take no action for the present, as the finding of the committee is well maintained by the House. The fact that Mr. Jenkins voted against unseating Wheeler and the others may lead to a minority report.

#### DELAY WILL BE FATAL.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Advantage Gained in Cuba Must Be Followed Up.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Robert F. Porter's Statement. Annexed to Hongkong Filipino Junta's Kick—Reinforcements for Otis Start.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

HAVANA, Feb. 3.—[By West Indian Cable.] Robert F. Porter, before sailing for Miami, made the following statement to the correspondent of the Associated Press:

"While the situation here has been improved and simplified by the declaration of Gen. Gomez, it will immediately take part in the pacification of Cuba, the advantage thus gained should be followed up by the American authorities. The entire policing of the island should be done by the Cubans."

The real police work is, in fact, now in the hands of the Americans, and law and order are well maintained. There should not be a moment's delay in the organization and equipment of these civil guards."

The bulk of the American soldiers must be taken out of Cuba by April. There is really no need for more than two regiments in each province to serve as a background of support for the Cuban police. In giving the best of these people employment, the more will be left for the relief fund, for those who must be helped themselves."

The feeling of distrust between the Cubans and Americans has been temporarily checked by the message of Gen. Gomez to President McKinley, and the President's reply through Secretary Hay.

"If the young military elements of both armies will now get together and complete the work of pacification, the province, which is now being awaiting crystallization, the problem will be solved. Delay in this work will be fatal."

#### STRONG APPEAL ISSUED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Spaniards and Wealthy Cubans Want the Island Annexed. [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—A dispatch to the World from Havana says that a committee of Spaniards has issued a strong appeal to their compatriots throughout the island to unite for the purpose of bringing about the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

The appeal repudiates indignantly any desire on the part of the Spaniards in the island to join the proposed new independent party now in process of organization by Joaquin Castillo. It states that 600,000 Spaniards are ready to vote for annexation, and this number would be largely increased by the Cubans of wealth, position and influence, who do not wish to see the revolutionary party in the ascendancy.

The committee believes that if a vote were to be taken today on the broad issue, the result would be decidedly in favor of union with America, even if the negro element was left to be allowed to exercise a free franchise. Steps will be taken by the Spaniards to put their views before the American government, as they believe that the independent government is contemplated."

In the near future, the trade of the island will be brought to an immediate standstill. In any case, the United States should retain control for a considerable period. American capitalists interested in the island concur in this view."

#### HAVANA MUCH IMPROVED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Secretary Alger has received a telegram from Gen. Ludlow, Governor of the city of Havana, showing a greatly improved sanitary condition in that city. His telegram is as follows:

"Death rate for January 40 per cent, below last year. Causes, sanitation of streets and houses, cleaning local points of inspection, vigilance in watching and isolating infectious cases, medicines and supplies to sick, and food to starving."

The patient department of the department employes has been proceeding for the past few days. The customhouse has been furnishing funds to the other departments for inspection, vigilance in watching and isolating infectious cases, medicines and supplies to sick, and food to starving."

#### Report on San Jose Scale.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BERLIN, Feb. 3.—Prof. Frank of the Agricultural University of Berlin has reported to the Prussian government, after six months' investigation, that the San Jose scale is non-existent in Germany, but that a similar insect, the Aspidiotus asrae formae, is indigenous.

#### FEEL weak? Malt Vivine, at Woolcott's.

## JUST A VOTE SHORT.

### PEACE TREATY'S FRIENDS NEED MORE THAN FAITH.

They Have a Feeling of Renewed Confidence, but the Basis of It is Not Plain.

### NO HOUR FOR A VOTE FIXED.

### OPPOSITION OUT WITH A POSITIVE REFUSAL.

### Controversy in the Senate During Executive Session Assumed an Acute Form—No Agreement Could Be Reached.

### [BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The friends of the peace treaty still cling to faith, which is their most precious, if not their only possession in the present critical state of affairs. They claim to have gained two votes today, making fifty-nine sure, and with Senator Kenney, who last night was counted for the treaty, that would be sufficient to ratify.

But Senator Kenney today declared to a fellow-Senator, it is said, that he determined not to vote for ratification, and that the administration is left one vote short of the needed fifty-nine. The two Senators gained for ratification today are Messrs. Helfield and Harris, both of whom last night were classed as doubtful. It had been expected, however, that Senator Helfield would vote for the treaty, and no action for the present, as the finding of the committee is well maintained by the House. The fact that Mr. Jenkins voted against unseating Wheeler and the others may lead to a minority report.

Counting these two Senators, fifty-nine are sure for the treaty. It remains for the ratificationists to get one vote from this list: Messrs. Hale, McEnery, Pettigrew and Turpie. Of these Senators, however, it is claimed positively by the opposition that McEnery, Turpie and even Hale are certain to vote against ratification. This puts the salvation of the treaty in the hands of Pettigrew, and only the most optimistic could feel encouraged by such an outlook.

While the administrationists seem to have a feeling of renewed confidence tonight, the foundation of this new vigor is not plain. The analysis given is that of a staunch friend of the treaty, and one of the leading Republicans of the Senate. Upon the other hand, the Democrats act very much as if they have a feeling of renewed confidence tonight, and even Hale are certain to vote against ratification. This puts the salvation of the treaty in the hands of Pettigrew, and only the most optimistic could feel encouraged by such an outlook.

Several daring fellows who preferred any sort of an adventure to being shut up for ten days, slipped out the sky light, scaled the adjacent roofs, and making their way through the snow and ice over the house tops, managed to reach the ground in safety after many narrow escapes. A number of St. Louis and Chicago traveling men are in the hotel. Nobody cares to examine the register just at present to find out just who they are.

### FIRE AT CLEVELAND.

Seventy-five Thousand Dollars Lost. Collision and Panic.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

CLEVELAND, Feb. 3.—Fire which broke out in the top story of the Gaensler block, at No. 80 Water street, gutted that structure and badly damaged the Mayer & Bingham building, adjoining. The total loss is estimated at \$75,000. Harrington & Co., sole cutlers, occupied the two upper floors of the Gaensler building. They estimate their loss at \$40,000. Various firms who occupy the lower floors of the Gaensler block and the buildings adjoining suffered losses ranging from \$500 to \$10,000.

Truck No. 2, while on the way to the fire, collided with a trolley car, smashing several windows and causing a panic among the passengers. Beyond a severe shock, however, none were injured. The driver of the truck was thrown twenty feet. He was more or less injured, but will recover.

The contest occurred in the executive session, which did not occur until 5:15 o'clock. The next hour and quarter was spent in a vain endeavor on the one side to get an agreement to a date for a vote upon the resolutions, and on the other on a more successful effort to bring the day's session to a close without allowing anything to be accomplished in that direction.

PROFFERED THE REQUEST.

The gallery doors had no sooner been locked than Senator Davis, who had taken his seat at the Senate, immediately in front of the chair, proffered the request of the treaty supporters for unanimous consent, naming tomorrow as the date of voting. He insisted that the Senate should not adjourn until the treaty was voted upon. The chamber was that there should be an opportunity to vote upon the resolutions of a declaratory nature, all of which he would be largely increased by the Cubans of wealth, position and influence, who do not wish to see the revolutionary party in the ascendancy.

The opposition was prepared for the request, and it did not fail to create some excitement. Simultaneous objections were made from three or four sources, but as if by common consent, the negro element was left the no of making the principal statement of the reasons for the opposition.

His main objection was based upon the brief time that must intervene between the time of taking the vote on the resolutions and the time of voting on the treaty—3 o'clock next Monday. An essential part of the demand of those who desired a modification of the expression in the treaty was that the House of Representatives must act upon the resolution. Manifestly it was too late to secure a vote by the House, even if the action of the Senate should be favorable.

Hence the absurdity of the proposition. He for one would object, and he had no doubt that others would feel the same. He believed that there was any possibility of securing a vote in both houses of Congress, the members of the Senate who opposed the treaty in the present form, and the members of the House who were in opposition to the treaty without a modification.

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under the orders or consent of the Senate, and that they had not been within the period a time when the vote could have been taken. They charged that the opposition were afraid to allow an opportunity to vote on the resolutions because of the apprehension that some of the resolutions would be agreed to and the chances of the treaty thus improved. This meant, as they regarded it, that they did not want any treaty ratified. The objectors stood firm, however, to the last refusing to yield. These objections were, of course, effective, and the treaty supporters turned their attention to longer day of exhausting debate and thus forcing action on the resolutions without unanimous consent being reached.

### RECESS MOTION DOWNED.

Senator Davis, therefore, moved that the Senate take a recess until 10 o'clock tomorrow. He was met with a motion by Senator Gorman to adjourn, and on this motion the yeas and nays were taken. The yeas were 24, and the nays 24. The vote was immediately ordered for a motion for a recess until 11 o'clock tomorrow. A number of the Senators refrained from voting, and the roll call developed the absence of a quorum. The hands on the Senate clock then indicated 6:30 o'clock. None of the Senators had had their dinner. Hence Senator Davis, himself, moved an adjournment, which motion carried without a division. The adjournment was not considered in any sense a test, as many of the Senators, especially the supporters of the treaty, had left the chamber before the ballot was taken.

If the objection to taking a vote on the resolutions is maintained by its opponents, they will be able to accomplish their purpose of forcing the vote on the original document. They indicate no purpose to change this line of action, and say positively that they will not.

### SMALLPOX IN OMAHA.

Vendome Hotel and All the Guests Quarantined—Three Cases There.







## DAWSON TO SKAGWAY

## STOCKTON WOMAN WALKS TWO-THIRDS THE DISTANCE.

Fifty-nine Years Old, Her Toes Were Frozen, and Her Face Frosted.

## THREE MILES THROUGH WATER

## THERMOMETER DOWN TO ABOUT SIXTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

## BARRER MURDERED HIS FORMER PARTNER, THEN CUT HIS THROAT.

## HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

## WALTERS MUST ANSWER BEFORE THE SUPERIOR COURT OF NAPA COUNTY.

## HAD TIMELY WARNING.

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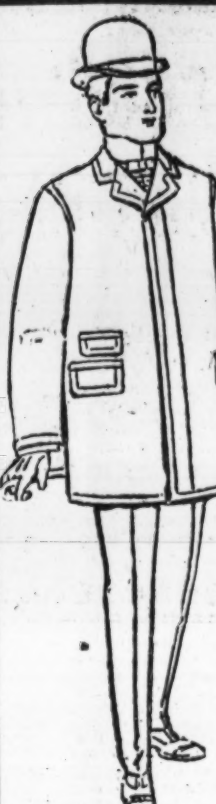
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We're so big cause our prices are so small—growth's logical.

The Most for the Least.

The Big Store.

**Jacoby Bros.**

128 to 138 North Spring St.

This is the Most Resolute and Determined Price-cutting in Our History.

## Tremendous Cuts in Men's Clothing

After-Stock-Taking Prices for Today and Monday Only.

Inventory has worked a mighty revolution in our prices. We have been astonished at the amount of winter goods our stock searching revealed—thus this "half" and "right about face" in prices. This sudden drop in prices means a desperate and decisive move to get rid of all winter stocks. We're taking no chances. The prices are so ridiculously low as to insure us of a complete movement.

**\$8.50 Suits cut to \$5.95.**  
All can dress well now and have money in their pockets; this sale gives you an \$8.50 suit and \$5.95 in money. Sack suits in the latest effects of fabrications, latest in style and perfect in fit; till sold at.

**\$15 and \$17.50 Suits and Overcoats cut to \$12.45.**  
Stein-Bloch—you know what that is—best \$15 Sack Suits, a perfect garment from the collar to the hem, the sleeve, down to the cuff, a coat that is shaped to the body, is easy to look at and comfortable.

**\$10 Suits and Overcoats cut to \$7.65.**  
In checked and striped patterns, latest in shades and styles; there's a prosperity, comfort and pleasure in these \$10 Suits.

**\$12.50 and \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats cut to \$9.55.**  
In worsteds, chevrons and cassimeres. They are good clothes, well made; look at the edges, the double stitching, the buttons, the sewing; all are faultless; a suit that will satisfy the choicest buyer and for only.

## A Mighty Forcing-out of Boys' Clothing

Appealing Prices for Today and Monday's Selling. We're in the trail of the blue pencil now. Stock-taking has wrought a great change on the second floor—prices are topsy-turvy. Let us give you but a few hints of how they range:

**Dress Waists.**  
That are white and laundered and have formerly been 75c; Saturday and Monday only. 50c

**Boys' White Shirts.**  
That are unlaundered and equal to the \$1.00 shirts sold elsewhere; if they last till Monday take them. 33c

**Boys' Fancy Dress Shirts.**  
Of the highest grade and laundered, with fancy fronts and cuffs; till Monday and Monday's selling. 50c

**Boys' Trousers.**  
Of cheviot and all wool; cut from 50c for Saturday and Monday's selling at. 35c

**Boys' Cheviot Pants.**  
That are black and strong and durable; cut from 75c for Saturday and Monday's selling at. 45c

**Boys' Caps.**  
In yacht or golf style, of all wool and in a great assortment of shades; cut from 25c for Saturday and Monday's selling at. 15c

**Youths' Suits.**  
We're giving you your choice while they last. \$5.00 Suits in a great assortment of patterns; all come in a great variety of shades and patterns; till Monday and Monday's selling at. 4.75

**Knee Pants Suits.**  
In dark browns and blacks, cut from 80c for two days' selling at. 1.45

**Boys' Reefer Suits.**  
Several dozen have been laid aside for to-day's sale. There's a great assortment of colors in neat patterns and with fancy trimmings. Prices range this way: \$3.50 Reefers for \$2.50 Reefers for \$3.00

**Children's Vestee Suits.**  
With fancy vests and collars, pretty trimmings, and a great variety of colors for inventory clearance today and Monday at. 2.45

**LADIES' SHOES GO, TOO.**  
Ladies' dongola kid bala, or button, with pretty coin toes and worth \$2.50; priced today and Monday at. 1.39

Ladies' fancy vesting vicid bala, with patent leather tips and coin toes; instead of \$8 they're going today and Monday for. 1.94

Ladies' vicid kid bala, or button, with coin toes and worth \$2, sizes 12 to 2, are cut for today and Monday to, a pair. 1.10

## Men's Furnishings.

**Flannel Night Robes.**  
That come in big variety of shades with a large body and 56 inches long, we've always sold them at 75c till today; you can have them for. 45c

**Fancy Dress Shirts.**  
With white bodies and fancy long or short bosoms and a large variety of shades, \$1.00 Shirts, but our sale price makes. 75c

**Men's Merino Underwear.**  
In camel's hair shade, with neck protection, soft, fleecy and durable; cut today and Monday from 75c to. 50c

**Half Hose.**  
Of Egyptian cotton, in tan shades, silk finish, seamless and absolutely fast colors; 6 pairs for a box for. 75c

**Underwear.**  
That's jersey ribbed and heavy fleeced, with look-stitched seam and pearl buttons, in gray or stripes; regular 50c gar. 39c

**Men's Hose.**  
That's wool and fast black, seamless and good weight; the 30 sort, for quick selling. 19c

**Neckwear.**  
50 doz. Ties in a great variety of shades and shapes, and of the most desirable patterns; regular 50c ties any place in the country. 17c



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## TREATY OF CESSION.

## Ecclesiastical Differences Settled in Favor of Archbishop Kain.

## [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

## WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The case of Rev. John T. Tuohy, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, against Archbishop Kain of that city, which has been pending for many months before the apostolic delegates' court in this city, has been decided in favor of the archbishop. The official findings have been received by Archbishop Kain, and will be promulgated in his diocesan organ.

## FAMOUS LAWSUIT.

## The Verdict of Mr. Martineau.

## [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

## WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A special from Washington to the Tribune says that if a report of their sub-committee is adopted, a large portion of Alaska, embracing the entrance to the Klondike, may be ceded to Great Britain in a treaty to be adopted by the Anglo-American Commission. The sub-committee's report, it is said, comes dangerously near putting Skagway and Dyea under English control—if adopted there will be a protest.

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**THE TIMES**  
Weekly Circulation Statement  
OF THE CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF  
LOS ANGELES, 1898:

January 1	171,270
January 2	171,270
January 3	171,270
January 4	171,270
January 5	171,270
January 6	171,270
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January 8	171,270
January 9	171,270
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**WANTED—Help, Male.**  
WANTED—UNDERGRADUATE DOCTORS, dentists, pharmacists, lawyers, practicing, good graduates. Box 196, CHICAGO.  
WANTED—CHINESE HELP FURNISHED by the Chinese-American News Office, 117 Marchmont st., Tel. main 1407.  
WANTED—SALESMAN, AT ONCE, FOR CASH apparatus and supplies. Address Z, box 76, TIMES OFFICE.  
WANTED—A GOOD ALL-ROUND PRINTER, Address immediately, DOWNEY CHAMBERLAIN, 112 W. SEVENTH ST.  
WANTED—EXPERIENCED HOTEL STEWARD, country, city, etc. HUMMEL BROS. & CO., 200 W. Second.

**WANTED—Help, Female.**  
WANTED—CAPABLE COOK FOR VERY desirable situation in Santa Barbara; an experienced and dainty cook is wanted; one who can entertain the full. Address with references, age, and full particulars, box 124, J. M. BARRIA, Santa Barbara.  
WANTED—HOUSEWORK, \$25, \$30, PANTRY; country, city, etc.; typewriter, country; housekeeper, country; 2 salesladies; traveling companion; music teacher; trimmer; governess; waitress; chambermaid; THOMPSON'S, 244 S. Spring.

**WANTED—Help, Male.**  
WANTED—LADY PASTOR, FACTORY; housekeeper, country; companion; hotel; chambermaid; waitresses; housekeeper; country; 2 salesladies; traveling companion; music teacher; trimmer; governess; waitress; chambermaid; THOMPSON'S, 244 S. Spring.  
WANTED—SHIRT OPERATOR, SEED ASSESSOR, experienced, office lady, hotel, training morning, 122 W. SEVENTH ST. EDWARD NITTINGER, 226 S. Spring.

**WANTED—Help, Female.**  
WANTED—GOOD GERMAN OR SWEDISH servant for cooking and general housework, thoroughly reliable, not over 30 years of age, no children, must be able to cook, wash, iron, and sew. Address Z, box 76, TIMES OFFICE.  
WANTED—FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK, an experienced girl, German or Swedish preferred; wages \$20; references required. Call Saturday morning, 122 W. SEVENTH ST. EDWARD NITTINGER, 226 S. Spring.

**WANTED—Help, Male.**  
WANTED—YOUNG LADY OF FAIR EDUCATION to train for nurse in hospital; must be willing to work, good training. Address Z, box 76, TIMES OFFICE.  
WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO ASSIST with general housework in small family; low wages; permanent if suited. Apply 516 W. NINTH.  
WANTED—EXPERIENCED BAKY CANVASER to advertise Cliff House Java; salary \$12 per week; apply 121 S. MAIN ST.

**WANTED—Help, Female.**  
WANTED—HOUSEKEEPER, DON'T OBJECT to child; housekeeper, city and country; waitress, country; 15 W. FIRST ST.  
WANTED—LADY PIANO PLAYER, INSTITUTE, easy terms; address 122 W. SEVENTH ST. EDWARD NITTINGER, 226 S. Spring.  
WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK; must understand cooking. Apply 1127 W. 11TH ST.  
WANTED—GIRL, COOKING AND HOUSEWORK; no washing; good place. Apply 1232 INGRAM ST.

**WANTED—Help, Male.**  
WANTED—YOUNG GIRL TO HELP in housework; wages \$10 a month; apply at 230 E. 25TH ST.  
WANTED—ASSISTANT ORDER AND MEAT COOK; wages \$10 a month. Apply 513 W. SIXTH ST.  
WANTED—HOTEL AND HOUSEHOLD help at Mrs. SCOTT'S, 254 S. Broadway. Tel. 819.  
WANTED—MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN TO take care of infant at 921 S.



**Liners.**  
PATENTS—  
Patent Agents,  
MONROE PATENT AGENCY—27 YEARS IN  
Downey Block, HAZARD & HARRIS  
K. N. H. BROS., PATENT SOLICITORS,  
Washington, Los Angeles, 424 Byrno Bldg.

**CHIROPODISTS—**  
MISS STAFFER, 24 S. D'WAY, TREATS  
corns, bunions, ladies' electric baths, T. 25  
CHIROPODY AT VACY STEER'S HAIR PAR-  
LORS, 124 W. Fourth st.

**FRATERNAL DIRECTORY.**  
FORESTERS OF AMERICA.  
COURT SUNSET, NO. 68, MEETS EVERY  
Monday evening, at Foresters' Hall, 1074  
N. Main st. C. H. Dotsch, Wm. Barber,  
secretary.

**CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.**  
ANGEL CITY COURT, NO. 579, MEETS EV-  
ery Friday evening, at N. S. G. W. Hall, 228 S.  
A. O. U. W. Hall, 228 S. Main st. Joseph  
Smith, E. P. Duggan, secretary.

**NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN  
WEST.**  
LOS ANGELES, NO. 45, MEETS EVERY  
Thursday evening, at N. S. G. W. Hall, 228 S.  
Spring st. Thos. Herzog, Geo. J. Isaacson,  
secretary.

**RAMONA PARLOR, NO. 109, MEETS EV-  
ery Friday evening, at N. S. G. W. Hall, 228 S.  
Spring st. Robert A. Todd, Geo. Dav-  
enport, secretary.**

**CORONA PARLOR, NO. 196, MEETS EV-  
ery Tuesday evening, at N. S. G. W. Hall, 228 S.  
Spring st. M. S. Mendelsohn, Louis G.  
Nordlinger, secretary.**

**ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS  
OF AMERICA.**  
DIVISION NO. 10, MEETS EVERY FIRST  
and third Tuesday evenings, at Unity Hall,  
1074 N. Main st. M. J. McGarry, T. J.  
Cunningham, secretary.

## ODDS .. AND .. ENDS

My annual odds and  
ends sale now in progress  
is a wonder, sure.  
You can buy anything  
you need in the hat or  
furnishing line (if you  
can be fitted) at half or  
less than half regular  
prices.

If you know a good  
thing when you see it  
you can't afford to miss  
my odds and ends sale.

## Siege

Under Nadeau Hotel.

## Pure: Wines

Popular Prices

Wines that have passed through  
the hands of several concerns  
between the grower and the  
consumer may or may not be  
PURE and OLD. Our Gold  
Medal Wines can fully guar-  
antee, for they are our own pro-  
ducts. We even grow the grapes  
from which they are pressed.

PORT.....75¢  
SHERRY.....75¢  
ANGELICA.....75¢  
MUSCAT.....75¢  
Per Five Years Old.

Family Trade a Specialty.

## Southern California Wine Co.

220 W. Fourth St.  
NO BAR IN CONNECTION.

You had better take chances  
on the quality of food you  
eat than on the ability of  
the optician who fits your  
eyeglasses.

Our ability is a fact.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,  
335 South Spring st.  
Formerly 228 W. Second St.

ANY of the fine dia-  
monds seen at the  
Horse Show are worn by  
our customers. We sell the  
best. Our prices are not ex-  
cessive.

✱ Pleased to show you. ✱

F. M. REICHE,

235 S. Spring St.

BEN-YAN

BEN-YAN MEDICAL CO.  
29 S. D'WAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
Friday morning. RHOADS & BROS.,  
Auctioneers.

## CARBOLITE.

It Has Failed to Fully Meet the Ex-  
pectations of its Friends.

It would appear that carbolite, which  
was announced a few months ago as  
destined to supersede calcium carbide  
for various industrial purposes, has not  
entirely come up to the expectations  
cherished by its friends. This material  
is a by-product in iron smelting, and in  
some respects of the same nature as  
calcium carbide. It is claimed that the  
profit in producing it is about 50 per  
cent. Carbide promises to be so great that  
the pig iron may then be regarded as a  
by-product. It is claimed as a calcium  
aluminum-silicon-carbide. The slag is  
taken directly from the furnace  
slag in converters like those used in  
steel-making, impregnated with pul-  
verized coke by means of a gas blast,  
and brought into contact with carbon  
bars through which a current of elec-  
tricity is passed, which generates the  
intense heat required to produce the  
carbide. It is now found that these  
claims are so far misleading that since  
the slag contains but about 50 per  
cent. of lime it is not surprising that  
the carbide thus produced should be a  
very poor substitute for the calcium  
carbide. The silicon in the form of  
carborundum, which gives off no gas  
on the addition of water; the aluminum  
forms aluminum carbide, which with  
water evolves methane, which is only  
faintly luminous; the iron oxide forms  
iron carbide, which is another impurity.  
The whole mixture gives a poor result  
in illuminating gas compared with  
calcium carbide. It probably costs  
more in electrical energy than it is  
worth, and there is a question whether  
it can be produced without patent in-  
fringement.

## An Ohio Politician's End.

YOUNGSTOWN (O.), Feb. 3.—Ex-  
Sheriff Charles F. Callahan shot him-  
self in the head today, dying instantly.  
He placed a mirror in front of his face  
and fired at his reflection. He had just  
retired from office, having filled two terms  
as Sheriff of Mahoning county. He was  
formerly commander of Todd Post, No.  
59, G. A. R., and was well known in  
Ohio politics. Mr. Callahan left a  
pathetic letter, in which he referred to  
financial obligations he soon to become  
due, which he could not meet, and ask-  
ing the forgiveness of his family and  
friends. He was about 58 years old.

## FREE!

Weak Men  
Restored

Or No Ex-  
pense for  
Treatment

A course of remedies—the marvel of medical  
science—and Apparatus indorsed by physicians  
will be sent ON TRIAL, WITHOUT ADVANCE  
PAYMENT. If not all we claim, broken then at  
our expense.

MEN WHO ARE WEAK, BROKEN DOWN,  
DISCOURAGED, men who suffer from the effects  
of disease, overwork, worry, from follies or ex-  
cesses, from unnatural drains, weakness or lack of  
enjoyment of any portion of the body, failure of  
vital forces, unfitness for marriage—all such  
men should "come to the fountain head" for a  
scientific method of marvelous power to vitalize,  
develop, restore and sustain. On request we will  
send description, with testimonials, in plain  
simplified envelope. (No C. O. D. imposition or  
deception.) Address

Trile Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wheel Chairs

Sold or  
Rented.

L. T. Martin, 331-3-5 S. Spr. St.

TRUSSES.

Elastic Hoelery and Abdominal Sup-  
ports in stock and made to measure.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

W. W. SWBENEY, FIFTH  
FIFTH

315 S. Spring St.

Lady Attendant. Under Ramona Hotel.

YOU can buy any Heating Stove  
in our store at about cost.

INVESTIGATE.

Harshman & Dietz,

414 So. Spring St.

L. B. WINSTON,

534 S. Broadway, LOS ANGELES,  
CAL.

GENTLEMEN!

It will certainly pay you to try us  
on cleaning clothes.

City Dye and Cleaning Works

345 South Broadway.

Telephone, M. 551.

Branch in Pasadena.

Watches Cleaned, 75c.

Geneva Watch and Optical Co.

353 S. 5th St. Phone Brown 1312.

Store Open Evenings.

Big Reductions in

Brass Band Instruments,

Drums and Uniforms. Write for catalog,  
45 illustrations, FREE, if you send Band  
Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.

LYON & HEALY, 4 Adams St., Chicago.

C. F. Heinzelman, Druggist and  
Chemist

222 North Main St., Los Angeles.

Prescriptions carefully compounded, day or  
night.

THE W. H. PERRY

Lumber Mr.

LUMBER YARD AND PLAN

316-320 C. Street

AUCTIONS.

Auction.

Buggies and Carriages

Saturday, Feb. 4, 10 a. m.

438-440 South Spring Street.

3 Full Leather Top Carriages.

3 Canopy Top Surreys.

1 Trap.

2 Road Wagons.

1 Hack.

We invite intending purchasers to this impor-  
tant and free sale of all New York and Pine  
Stock of Buggies and Carriages. On exhibition  
Friday morning. RHOADS & BROS.,  
Auctioneers.

## FULL TRUTH TOLD.

SMALLPOX SITUATION AS IT  
REALLY EXISTS.

Official Statements as to What Has  
Been Done and What Is  
Contemplated.

SCHOOL PROTECTION URGED.

EXCLUSION OF CHILDREN FROM A  
LIMITED DISTRICT SUGGESTED.

Free Vaccination Stations to Be  
Opened Today at Four Places.

Board of Education De-  
fers Action.

Two new cases of smallpox developed  
in this city yesterday from cases that  
the day before had been listed among  
suspected cases. There are now  
under close observation the health au-  
thorities three suspected cases which  
may or may not develop into smallpox.

One death from the disease occurred  
at the pesthouse early yesterday morn-  
ing, the victim being a man whose  
death had been predicted the night be-  
fore.

There will probably be one more  
death from the disease in the next twelve  
hours, but all the other patients there  
are in as good condition as is possible,  
and no more deaths are expected from  
the cases now under treatment.

Free vaccination stations will be es-  
tablished today at four points in the  
city, where all persons who desire to be  
vaccinated can receive the service free  
of all cost, and with no questions asked  
as to their financial ability to pay for it.

No pay will be received even from those  
who are able to pay. But of the sta-  
tions will be in charge of a competent  
physician.

The Board of Health has recom-  
mended to the city of Los Angeles that  
the children living within the district  
bounded as follows be excluded from  
the public schools until further notice:

Beginning at Fifth and Maple avenues,  
south on Maple avenue to Eighth street,  
east on Eighth to Helena street, north  
on Helena street to Seventh street, east  
on Seventh street to Gladys avenue, south  
on Gladys avenue to Fifth, and west on  
Fifth to the place of beginning. This action  
is not a quarantine, but a means of protect-  
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PUBLISHERS OF THE

## Los Angeles Times, Daily, Sunday, Weekly.

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HARRY CHANDLER, Vice President and General Manager.  
L. E. MOSHER, Managing Editor.  
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary.  
ALBERT MCFARLAND, Treasurer.

Office: Times Building, First and Broadway.  
Counting Room and Subscription Department, first floor.  
Editorial Rooms, third floor.  
City Editor and local news room, second floor.  
Washington Bureau—46 Post Building.  
Eastern Agents—Williams & Lawrence, 50 Tribune Bldg., New York; 87 Washington St., Chicago.

Founded Dec. 4, 1881.

Eighteenth Year.

## The Los Angeles Times

Every Morning in the Year.

FULL ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT SERVICE—OVER \$3,000 MILES OF LEASED WIRES AND FROM 18,500 TO 20,000 WIRED WORDS DAILY.

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Sworn Circulation: Daily Net Average for 1898, 18,001; Daily Net Average for 1899, 19,258; Daily Net Average for 1900, 20,131. NEARLY 800,000 COPIES A MONTH.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter.

## PRICE OF THE MIDWINTER NUMBER.

The following table shows the prices of the Midwinter Number, both with and without postage:

	Without Postage.	With Postage.
Single copies	10	15
2 copies	20	30
3 copies	30	45
4 copies	40	60
5 copies	50	75
6 copies	60	90
7 copies	70	105
8 copies	80	120
9 copies	90	135
10 copies	1.00	1.50

The issue for 1899 is larger and more costly than any previous special issue of The Times. The weight of the three magazine parts, including cover, is thirteen ounces. The weight of the complete paper, including news sheets, is nineteen ounces. Postage on this issue will be five cents when all parts are mailed together. If the two news sheets are not included the postage will be four cents.

## AMUSEMENTS TONIGHT.

BURBAN—Tennessee's Partner. (Matinee.)  
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville. (Matinee.)

## VALENTINE'S OBNOXIOUS BILL.

As heretofore noted in the dispatches from Sacramento, Assemblyman Valentine, of Los Angeles county, has introduced a bill aimed, ostensibly, at "quack medical practitioners." If Mr. Valentine's aim were so good that his bill, if made a law, would hit nobody but "quack practitioners," it might be permitted to pass without serious protest. But, even in the medical profession, it is sometimes a trifle difficult to ascertain to a certainty what practitioners are quacks and what ones are competent physicians. There are often very good reasons for believing that some physicians who hold diplomas are in fact little better than quacks and experimenters, while in many instances men who do not stand high in exclusive medical circles—who, in fact, do not stand, sit, nor lie down in those circles—know as much about the healing art as do those who make far greater pretensions.

It is much to be feared that the aim of Mr. Valentine's bill is the aim of an old-fashioned blunderbuss, and that instead of hitting merely quacks, it will be in danger of hitting pretty nearly everything and everybody in the State of California, should the Legislature commit the egregious folly of incorporating the measure into our statutory law. Mr. Valentine's bill is summarized as follows:

"It prohibits any person from practicing medicine who has not first obtained a diploma from the Board of Examiners either of the Medical Society of the State of California, the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of California, or the California State Homeopathic Medical Society, and the boards of examiners are authorized to refuse to grant and to revoke certificates for the following causes: Chronic and persistent inebriety, the practice of criminal abortion, conviction of crime involving moral turpitude, publicly advertising special ability to treat or cure chronic and incurable diseases.

"The bill further provides that any person shall be regarded as practicing medicine who shall profess publicly to be a physician or who shall habitually prescribe for the sick, or who shall use the words or letters 'Dr.' 'Doctor,' 'Professor' or 'M.D.' in connection with his name, or any person who shall prescribe, direct, recommend, advise, supply, give or sell for the use of any person any drug or medicine or other application for the treatment, cure, or relief of any bodily injury, infirmity, or disease. The use of any one, in any form of advertisement, shall be considered prima facie evidence of the fact that such person is practicing medicine. The provisions of the act apply to all persons professing and attempting to cure disease by means of the so-called systems of 'faith cure' and 'mind-reading.'"

It is obvious, upon even a casual glance at the provisions of this measure, that the definition of a medical practitioner which it seeks to establish, is altogether too sweeping. If this bill were to be passed, and the law were enforced, it would prevent the sale, by druggists or other persons, of the simplest remedies, excepting upon the prescription of a practicing physician, which would generally double, and in most cases would more than quadruple, the cost of such simple remedies to the public. A druggist who should sell, say a salitid powder to one of his customers, without a doctor's prescription, would be liable to prosecution under the law. Such simple household remedies as camphor, arnica, glycerine, and the like, would come under the ban. It would give to the doctors a tremendous monopoly, with correspondingly heavy financial returns, and the

general public would be obliged to foot the bills. Under a law so absurd and all-inclusive, a large class of people who are engaged in legitimate enterprises would be driven out of business. In this class would be included opticians, manufacturers and sellers of artificial legs and eyes, dealers in trusses, crutches, canes, and other appliances for the relief of bodily ailments. A person could not even give his neighbor a draught of "honest tea" without laying himself liable to the penalties prescribed by the law. The aggregate absurdity and the downright asinine of such a law are apparent to the wayfaring man, though a fool.

In the case of opticians the injustice of the law would be felt with especial force, not only by opticians but by the general public. In the majority of cases, defects of the eye are of such a character that the scientific optician can remedy them by supplying such lenses as are shown, after a careful test, to be required. In grave or difficult cases the advice of an oculist should be obtained. The oculist generally charges from \$5 to \$50 for his services, in addition to the cost of the glasses. If every person who uses eye-glasses were compelled to consult an oculist every time he purchases a new pair, it is evident that the oculists would experience a great business "boom." But the resulting increase of expense would be a heavy, unjust, and unnecessary burden of expense upon the public at large.

The evil effects of this measure, should it become a law, would be so far-reaching as in all probability to defeat the object aimed at, and to render the law a dead letter. These evil effects have been referred to, above, only in part. But the unjust provisions here pointed out are enough, or should be enough, to defeat the passage of the bill in its present form. If passed at all, it should be radically amended so as to eliminate the unjust and absurd restrictions which it now contains. As a matter of fact, it will probably be found upon investigation that existing laws, if enforced, would sufficiently protect the public against medical empiricism, and that Mr. Valentine's law is needed about as much as a fifth wheel is needed in an ordinary wagon.

## A TIMELY WARNING.

The following appeal and warning to the citizens of California has been sent out from Sacramento, and it is one that every man who takes a pride in the good name of this great commonwealth should read and act upon. The nefarious attempt to foist upon the people of the State so unfit a man as Daniel M. Burns as their representative in the Senate of the nation is something that should be defeated even if it be necessary to go to heroic ends. The election of this man would be infamous, destructive of public morals, debauching to the youth of the State, destructive of the Republican party, and disastrous to the general welfare of the people. California expects every man to do his duty.

The appeal is as follows: "So far as the candidacy of D. M. Burns is concerned, the Senatorial situation in Sacramento has reached a point where it is necessary that the citizens of California should be given warning of what is being done to besmirch the fair fame of the State and circumvent the wishes of the majority of her people.

"Thousands of dollars are being spent to send men to every county in the State for the purpose of inducing County Central Committees to pass resolutions instructing individual members of the Legislature to either vote for Burns or go into caucus.

"Embassies of the Southern Pacific Company and of certain members of the Republican State Central Committee have been sent far and wide with instructions to use the threat of discrimination in freight rates and discrimination in the distribution of State patronage to force men to come to Sacramento and seek to pull down honest legislators who have been voting as their consciences dictated and as the majority of the voters of their districts desire them to vote.

## THE UNION TOTEM.

The Committee on Labor and Capital, of the Assembly, has agreed to report favorably Assembly Bill No. 426, entitled "An Act Regulating the Use of the Label of the International Typographical Union of North America Upon Printed Matter Furnished by the State of California." The bill, as submitted, was as follows:

"Section 1. All printing for which the State of California is chargeable, including reports of State officers, State boards, pamphlets, blanks, letter-heads, envelopes and printed matter of every kind and description, save and except certificates of appointment and election to office, shall have the label of the branch of the International Typographical Union of the city in which they are printed.

"Section 2. Any officer of the State who shall accept any printed matter save that particularly specified in Section 1, for which the State is chargeable, which does not bear a label indicating that it was printed in an office under the jurisdiction of the International Typographical Union of North America, shall be subject to a fine of fifty (\$50) dollars for each and every offense."

The Committee on Labor and Capital, in reporting the bill to the House, struck out the penalty section, thus, in effect, making the act inoperative in case any State officer chooses to disregard it.

Although this measure, in its emasculated condition, is not as pernicious as in its original form, it is no less wrong in principle, and should on no account become a law. As the Sacramento Bee well says, "If it does pass, it should be reëntitled 'An Act Depriving Certain Citizens of the Right to work for the State.'"

The Legislature has no more right to recognize the International Typographical Union in this manner, by passing a law for its especial benefit, than it has to pass laws for the special benefit of the Catholic Church, the Masonic fraternity, or any other association, religious or secular.

The passage of this bill would be a special class legislation of the rankiest kind. It would be an insult and a wrong to every citizen of California outside the typographical unions.

The very men who are asking this narrow-gauge class legislation in their behalf are and have long been, among the most rabid denunciators of class legislation. Yet they ask that, in this instance, the State shall create a class of laborers enjoying special privileges, secured to them by a State law which shuts out other laborers in the same line of work, equally skillful and worthy, from the enjoyment of those privileges.

To ask the Legislature to enact such a law is an act of sublime impudence, such as no organization composed of fair-minded, self-respecting, patriotic men, would be guilty of. The Legislature, if it passes the bill, will do so through political cowardice. But if the members of the Legislature are wise, they will vote down this pernicious measure, electing, rather, to incur the displeasure of the few who profess allegiance to the typographical unions than that of the many who do not belong to those secret and proscriptive organizations.

## THE SALOON QUESTION.

There is a commendable effort under way to enforce the saloon regulations, which are at present, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter. Every man about town knows that he can obtain a drink at any one of the large number of leading saloons in this city, on Sundays or after midnight. It is only strangers who are inconvenienced by the regulations as they are at present enforced—or rather, not enforced.

It has been found impossible to reach such infractions of the law through the courts; the process being too slow and uncertain. The Police Commissioners have, therefore, wisely decided that they will use the authority vested in them and forfeit the licenses of saloons which transgress the law by selling liquors on Sundays or after midnight on other days.

In this action the Police Commission will have the sympathy and support of the better class of saloonkeepers. All they ask is that there shall be a square deal all around—that one place shall not be forced to close, while others are allowed to run more or less wide open. This has been to a great extent the situation during the past few years, and it has been the cause of numerous scandals. Let the law be enforced as it stands, no matter who may be injured or discommodated by its enforcement, for it is not the province of the Police Commission or any other department of the city government to say what enactments shall be carried out and what of them shall be permitted to become a dead letter. In order to make all classes respect the law of the land, all laws should be enforced without fear or favor.

When the Los Angeles Republican County Convention passed a resolution instructing the legislators from this county to vote for Mr. Bulla, who presumed that they would construe it to mean that they were to continue to vote for him for forty odd ballots? Certainly such was not the spirit of the resolution and such is not the letter of it. The first resolution, instructing these representatives to vote for a Senator from the South, "first, last and all the time," is what the Senators and Assemblymen from Los Angeles should have in mind, and it is their first duty to secure a Senator from this section of the State. Mr. Grant, as the leading candidate, should have had their support long ago, and it is to him that

their strength should be thrown now. The chasing of rainbows has been pursued quite long enough. The people of this end of the State and particularly of Los Angeles county, demand that their representatives in the Legislature shall do their duty and discontinue this wasting of time and strength in an endeavor to elect a small and impossible candidate to a big and responsible position.

The International Typographical Union, which wants its totem put on all State printing, ought to go farther and make it necessary to have the same branded on the forehead of State officials; on their nightshirts; on the collars of their dogs; on the blinders of their horses; on the napkins they wipe their chops on at table; and on the sheets they sleep between o' nights; on the collars they wear around their necks; on their children's school books and lunch baskets; on the butter pats upon their dinner tables; on their private stationery, and whatever paper they may use for any purpose about their public or domestic establishments. It is impossible to get too much of a good thing, and if the union totem is such as all-fledged good thing public officials cannot get too much of it. The Legislature, if it is going into this matter, should go the whole blooming, messy and mangy hog!

We would again urge that no time be lost by the City Council in providing a proper and comfortable detention hospital for infectious diseases. The existing shack is surely bad enough, but now it is announced that, owing to there being more than a dozen patients, tents have been erected in the grounds for the accommodation of some of them. Fancy exposing a smallpox patient in a tent on such a day as Thursday, when the horse show is on! It is no wonder that people are inclined to hide cases of smallpox, rather than take the risk of being exposed to inclement weather in the present flimsy and ill-constructed frame building, or in a tent. The so-called pesthouse of Los Angeles is a disgrace to the city.

We are not surprised to learn that the Legislature of New York is contemplating the appointment of a censor of plays, considering the amount of positive nastiness that has been exploited of late on the stage of the metropolis. This action was sure to come, sooner or later, and it is well that it has come before the nude became the rule in the playhouses of that city, rather than the exception. That actual harm has been done to public morals in New York by the salacious plays produced there, is patent to any one who has seen them or has even read newspaper critiques thereof. New York is to be congratulated upon being about to call a halt to this sort of thing.

It is only the rascals in the land who object to cartoons and the liberty of the press in general. No honest man can be injured by the press and honest men do not make complaint about newspaper attacks. The way to keep the newspapers straight is for men to be true, and fair, and upright; then there will be no call for the suppression of cartoonists or the indiscriminate slaughter of editors by men who cannot stand the fierce white light that leads out from the artist's pencil and the writer's pen.

Had Dan Burns been a candidate for the Senate prior to the recent State election there wouldn't have been enough Republicans in the Legislature to have given an honest man of their party a respectable complimentary vote. And no one knows this better than does D. M. Burns and the men who are voting for him. Hence his sneaking method of withholding the announcement of his candidacy until January 2.

The Magazine Section of THE TIMES next Sunday will contain a resumé of the horse show, copiously illustrated, which will make that issue of this paper a valuable number to send abroad wherever there are friends of the senders who love that noble animal, the horse, and who will be interested in knowing how we do things of moment in this land of progress and beauty.

According to one alleged newspaper in Los Angeles, the only men in the Legislature who are stubborn are the ones who are voting for the leading candidate—in other words, twenty-seven men who are voting for Mr. Grant are stubborn, but the thirteen who are voting for Mr. Bulla are not only patriots, but statesmen. Was there ever before presented to a thinking people so silly an argument as this?

The San Francisco Argus is the one paper in the State to declare Dan Burns to be a great, good and honest man. There is no danger that any of its contemporaries will feel inclined to oust the Argus from its lonely and unique position as the supporter of a candidate for the United States Senate who is every thing that a man and a citizen ought not to be.

It is most unfortunate that Gen. Miles did not maintain silence instead of appearing in print again with a further statement concerning the brief furnished the army. His statement is in effect but a reiteration of what he has said before, and it has only resulted in lessening the respect for him which he had won by refusing to notice Eagan's vulgar attack upon him.

A North Dakota meat and provision company has applied to the Board of Health of New York City for permis-

sion to sell horse meat in that city. The agent of the company is director of a horse slaughter-house on Long Island. He urged that the national dish in Belgium is horse meat, and that 34,326 horses were used for food in Paris during 1897. The board took the matter under consideration, and it is not unlikely that New Yorkers will have a chance to become accustomed to French diet before going to the Paris Exposition next year.

The Board of Health has done well in deciding to make public from day to day all the facts in regard to the few cases of smallpox existing in Los Angeles. It would have been better had this course been pursued from the beginning. It is, in such cases, impossible to conceal the facts, and by attempting to conceal them they are always greatly exaggerated by the public.

The proposition to make it a felony for a Senatorial candidate to loan money to a prospective legislator will be of no avail unless it be made a felony for the aforesaid legislator to find money where a Senatorial candidate may leave it for him to find. There are so many ways, you know, of choking a calf without smothering the beast with butter.

Dr. von Holleben, German Ambassador at Washington, declares in effect that Germany is satisfied with the occupation of the Philippines by the United States, and that his country has no thought of interfering. In view of the frequent official protestations of German friendliness toward the United States, we are bound to accept the same in good faith until we have convincing proof to the contrary.

America has reason to take an especial interest in the month of February, because it was in the second month of the year that George Washington, the Father of his country, and Abraham Lincoln, its emancipator and savior, were born. Blessed and thrice blessed be the memory of those great and noble Americans.

The auto-mobile vehicle has passed the test of practicability. It is a mechanical success. It remains for it to pass the test of economy. This it will do as its manufacture becomes more general and greater competition enters the market, just as sewing machines, bicycles and other inventions have done.

Now that the union printers are clamoring for the adoption of their trade-mark on all public printing, we do not understand why some enterprising miller does not appear before the Legislature and demand that all State institutions shall use his particular brand of flour.

The Senatorial deadlock in several States of the Union is a fit mate for the deadlock in the Senate on the question of ratifying the Spanish-American treaty of peace. It is high time there was a general unlocking all along the line.

There is quite as much manana business in this Senatorial scrap at Sacramento as there is in the conduct of affairs by the natives in Cuba and the Philippines. Something terrible is always going to happen the next day.

When the small-bore candidates in the Senatorial contest get out of the fight it will be time enough for those who lead in the balloting to begin to talk about electing a successor to Stephen M. White.

A little winter weather during the winter ought to be accepted gracefully, but the managers and patrons of the horse show would have accepted it a little more gracefully if it had not come till next week.

Farm products to the amount of \$550,000,000 were sent abroad from the United States last year; and yet we sometimes hear persons refer to the "poor farmer," as if he deserved sympathy!

A chap has been discovered who knows the secret of the Keely motor, but since the uncovering of those pipes and things which connected up to the mysterious machine, there are others.

Considering the way he permitted the sun to shine upon the horse show yesterday it is evident that the weather clerk has heard something drop.

Aguañalido cannot speak a word of English and may not be able to learn, but should he get gay we thoroughly believe that Uncle Sam will teach him how to walk Spanish.

It is fortunate that the war lasted no longer than it did. Borax and salicylic acid as rationals are not calculated to preserve soldiers as well as they do beef.

Next Monday is the day set for voting on the peace treaty. Its ratification will make progress in settling other matters growing out of the war more easy.

The wind has been blowing around and about the horse show almost as much as the newspapers, but the free advertising has been of the wrong sort.

The sore arm as a popular fad appears to have usurped the place formerly held by the grip, in these parts, with a strong hold. The bill without a bug in it in these days of legislation is getting almost as scarce as the election of United States Senators.

## COLORADO'S MISERY.

## IN THE RELENTLESS GRASP OF A FIERCE BLIZZARD.

Trains Stand Like Statues in the Snow, and Armies of Strong Men are Busy Shoveling.

## LOSSES WILL BE ENORMOUS.

Done by Slides—Cold Wave in Nebraska, and Utah Covered in Wyoming Easier.

## CATTLE FREEZE BY THOUSANDS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

More People Killed and Damage Done by Slides—Cold Wave in Nebraska, and Utah Covered in Wyoming Easier.

## [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

DENVER, Feb. 3.—No snow fell in Denver today, but snowstorms and cold waves are reported by the Weather Bureau to be bearing down upon this city from every direction. A blizzard prevailed at Leadville, where snow has fallen for ten days in succession. Leadville is the western terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Colorado Midland railroad, though neither is sparing expense in its efforts to clear the tracks west of that city.

Trains over the Rio Grande began running today on regular schedule between Denver and Leadville, and from Denver to Durango over the narrow gauge. Trains are also running east from Grand Junction to Gunnison and Ouray over the narrow gauge. The Midland terminal is blocked, but communication with Cripple Creek is still maintained over the Florence and Cripple Creek line.

The first train from Como over the South Park road since the beginning of the big storm three weeks ago arrived in Denver tonight. A rotary, followed by a trainload of provisions, is cutting its way to Kokomo, and the intention is, if the train is not buried by snow slides, to enter Leadville tomorrow.

A dispatch from Silverton says Edward Rogers, a miner, was killed by a snowslide near town today. The officials of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company say that system has not had such an experience since the winter of 1885. At Glenwood Springs are three Rio Grande and two Midland trains, snowbound, each road has a train at Leadville and the Rio Grande two at Grand Junction and one at Minturn. No road except the Union Pacific is accepting through west-bound passengers.

Snow is reported on the Rio Grande line all the way from three feet on the level at Glenwood Springs to six feet at Crested Butte. At 5 o'clock this evening the mercury stood at 25 below Marshall Pass.

## ARMIES OF SNOW SHOVELERS.

Terrible Conditions in Colorado. Cattle Freezing by Thousands. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

DENVER (Colo.), Feb. 3.—It has been many years since the Colorado railroads have had to contend with such conditions as those now prevailing in the mountain regions. The loss to the railroads in this State, taking into consideration the business which is not moving and the outlay of cash to pay the armies of snow shovelers is estimated at \$25,000 a day. Not less than 1000 men have been shoveling snow for several days. Over five hundred miles of road in the mountains have been at times shut off from communication with the main lines. Storm-bound passengers are fed and cared for by the railroads.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway has a large force of men at work today clearing the tracks and snow from the cañon of the Grand River, where a snowslide occurred yesterday, killing three men and injuring several others of the wrecking crew. The line between the East and the West will be reopened today if no more snowslides occur.

On the mountains thousands of cattle are freezing and starving to death and nothing can be done to save them. In eastern Colorado hay is being hauled long distances over the prairie to feed the cattle, and it is hoped to avoid heavy losses of live stock if the storm and cold wave and another snowfall tonight. The minimum temperature at Denver during the past twenty-four hours was 12 deg. below zero.

## SPENT ITS FURY.

Blizzard Wore Itself Out in Wyoming—Great Loss of Stock.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.] CHEYENNE (Wyo.), Feb. 3.—The blizzard seems to have spent its fury in Wyoming, and it is thought the worst is over. No idea of the probable loss of stock on the ranges can yet be given, but it is the opinion of the best informed stockmen that the losses will be found to be great. No wind of sufficient power to blow the deep snows of the feeding grounds has prevailed, and as a consequence, it is argued, the cattle and sheep which have not been driven to cover and fed are bound to have perished in great numbers.

For the stock which have been uncared for and which have survived the unprecedented snow and cold, little hope is held out. Stock men say the loss will be greater on sheep than cattle, as the cattle are mostly cared for in pastures and around ranches where they can be fed. Most of the large herds that formerly roamed on the range have been disposed of.

The Union Pacific has been quite successful in keeping its track clear through this division, and although freight traffic has been practically abandoned the passenger trains have been but little delayed.

## NEBRASKA'S COLD WAVE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] OMAHA, Feb. 3.—Another cold wave struck Nebraska last night, accompanied by light snows and fierce north winds. This afternoon the mercury crawled up to 5 deg. above zero, but immediately took a fall, registering 5 below at midnight, with indications that tomorrow morning would be the coldest of the winter.

Culbertson, in southwestern Nebraska, reports sub-zero temperature existing for the past three days, and several other points nearby as bad. The price of coal has gone up and cattle on the big western ranges are suffering.

## CALIFORNIA'S BLACKLIST.

Here are the names of the men who are voting every day in the Legislature for the election of Dan Burns, the man with a record, to the Senate of the United States. They are here plainly printed, that their constituents and fellow-citizens may remember who they are in the years to come. The Times will help them to remember:

SENATORS.  
BETTMAN, San Francisco.  
BURNETT, San Francisco.  
HOYE, San Francisco.  
LAIRD, Shasta.  
LEAVITT, Alameda.  
SHORTIDGE, Santa Clara.  
WOLFE, San Francisco.

ASSEMBLYMEN.  
ARNERICH, Santa Clara.  
BARRY, San Francisco.  
BEECHER, Shasta.  
COBB, San Francisco.  
DEVOTO, San Francisco.  
HIBBLE, San Francisco.  
HENRY, San Francisco.  
JILSON, Shasta.  
JOHNSON, Sacramento.  
KELSEY, Alameda.  
KELSEY, Santa Clara.  
KENNELLY, San Francisco.  
LUNDQUIST, San Francisco.  
W'KEEN, Alameda.  
MILLER, San Francisco.  
PIERCE, Yolo.  
RICKARD, San Francisco.  
EUGENE SULLIVAN, San Francisco.  
WRIGHT, Alameda.

## LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

[The Times freely publishes the views of correspondents on timely topics, without holding itself responsible for opinions thus expressed. Letters should be brief, plainly written, clear and to the point, and properly vouched for. No attention is paid to anonymous contributions. Cut it short; the space of 40 words or less is sufficient for the expression of an idea. When the contributions are too long for insertion in full, extracts will be printed.]

## A Remedy for Smallpox.

ROBERT W. FURBECK, Los Angeles: When Jenner discovered cowpox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame on his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published the following recipe as a panacea for smallpox it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe, as I have used it and cured many children of the scarlet fever and the smallpox when learned physicians said the patient must die: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two teaspoonfuls of water. When the above has been thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses according to age. If counties would compel physicians to use this there would be no need of any more smallpox, life and experience, use this for that terrible and dreaded disease.

## A Disputed Authorship.

F. M. REASONER, Los Angeles: In The Times of the 2d inst. you published the beautiful poem, "A Woman's Question," and place it to the credit of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Permit me to say that the late Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop was its author and not Mrs. Browning. I speak emphatically regarding this matter, as I had a conversation with Mrs. Lathrop some little time before her death, and we spoke of this poem, and she then said that it had been credited to several writers, among whom she mentioned Mrs. Browning, but said the poem was her own production, and the original manuscript was held by her. This poem is published with many others in the memorial volume issued by the W. G. O. Committee, whose State presidency Mrs. Lathrop held fourteen years. Mrs. Lathrop was a "poet born," and had given her entire attention to poetry these very few who would outrank her in this department of literature.

## County Medical Association.

The regular monthly meeting of the Los Angeles County Medical Association was held last evening at the Southern California Music Hall. "Smallpox and Vaccination" was the subject of discussion, able papers being read by Drs. W. G. Ome, George L. Cole, W. G. Bower and Dr. J. H. Davidson.

## CENTRAL PACIFIC.

Considerable Buying That Stock

[BY DISPATCH FROM N. Y. TIMES.] NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] There was considerable buying of Central Pacific on talk that the stock will be more favorably treated in the reorganization than was at first anticipated.

It is now said that Central Pacific stock will be exchanged for Southern Pacific stock, possibly share for share, and that Central Pacific will receive certain considerations, which, it is claimed, will make that stock worth fully 10 per cent. more than Southern Pacific.

## Pensions for Californians.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Pensions were granted to Californians today as follows: Original, James Barry, San Francisco, \$5; William N. Mix, Vacaville, \$5; William H. Pearson, Kettle, \$10; James M. Owens, Yuba City, \$10; George Nelson, Galtville, \$5 to \$12; Martin Louhy, San Diego, \$5 to \$12; Michael Finn, Soldiers Home, Los Angeles, \$5 to \$8; Reissue and Increase, Samuel A. Philbrick, Sacramento, \$5 to \$12.

## Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair. Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

## DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER



# The Times

## THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Feb. 3.—(Report by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Official.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.01; at 5 p.m., 30.02. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 37 deg. and 50 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 74 per cent; 5 p.m., 35 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., west, velocity 1 mile; 5 p.m., west, velocity 12 miles. Maximum temperature, 50 deg.; minimum temperature, 25 deg. Barometer reduced to sea level.

## DRY BULB TEMPERATURE.

Los Angeles ..... 36 San Francisco ..... 38  
San Diego ..... 50 Portland ..... 12

**Weather Conditions.**—There has been a general fall in temperature during the past twenty-four hours from the Pacific Coast to the Missouri Valley. Extremely cold weather prevails east of the mountains, where the temperature ranges from zero to 25 deg. below. Much colder weather is reported from the Pacific Coast station. Freezing weather prevails in the interior valleys of California, while on the coast the temperature is but slightly above freezing. Decidedly cold weather prevails on the coast and in the interior valleys, where the temperature is but a few degrees above zero. In the eastern portions of these States the temperature this morning was 4 to 14 deg. below zero. Frost was general in California this morning, except in the extreme southern portion.

**Forecasts.**—Local forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair and continued cold weather tonight, with frost in low portions, heavy in exposed places; fair Saturday, turning slightly warmer from forenoon; westerly winds.

**SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 3, 5 p.m.**—Weather conditions and general portion of the following are the seasonal rainfalls to date, as compared with those of same date last season, and rainfall in last twenty-four hours:

Station	Last twenty-four hours	Last season	Season
Eureka	0.6	18.06	19.19
Red Bluff	0.6	18.06	19.19
Sacramento	0.6	18.06	19.19
San Francisco	0.6	18.06	19.19
Fresno	0.6	18.06	19.19
San Luis Obispo	0.6	18.06	19.19
Los Angeles	0.6	18.06	19.19
San Diego	0.6	18.06	19.19
Yuma	0.6	18.06	19.19

San Francisco data: Maximum temperature, 48 deg.; minimum, 37 deg.; mean, 42 deg.

The weather is partly cloudy in the Sacramento Valley and over the central Rocky Mountain region, cloudy in Utah and snowing in Nevada and Northern Arizona. Elsewhere on the Pacific Slope fair weather prevails. Scattering light rain or snow fell in all districts during the day. The pressure has risen rapidly over the plateau region. The temperature has risen slightly in the southern and central portions of California, and fallen elsewhere west of the Rocky Mountains, except in Southern Arizona. Conditions are favorable for fair and continued cold weather with killing frosts, severe enough to expose places to injury citrus fruit, Saturday.

**Forecast made at San Francisco for thirty hours, ending midnight, February 4:**  
Northern California: Fair Saturday; continued cold, with killing frosts; light northerly wind.  
Southern California: Fair Saturday; continued cold, with killing frosts; fresh north wind.

**Arizona:** Fair in south portion; partly cloudy with scattering snow in north portion; colder in south portion.  
**San Francisco and vicinity:** Fair Saturday; continued cold, with killing frosts; light northwest winds.

## ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The dungeon in the City Jail may not be any worse than it ought to be, but refusal to allow disinterested persons to inspect it is calculated to raise the suspicion that there is something wrong there.

With the Philadelphia and the Beltsan King both going there will not be a hiatus in San Diego society until the arrival of the next steamer of the California and Oriental line, the Carlisle City, which is expected from Yokohama on the 20th inst.

Chief Glass has been officially notified of the action of the Police Commissioners in reference to enforcing the ordinances relating to saloons, and he is quoted as having expressed a firm determination to enforce the law without fear or favor. Now we shall see what we shall see.

G. W. Glover, Jr., has resumed the job of driving the editorial pencil for the South Pasadenaan, after prospecting for wealth with the use of Batsberg Miner and other ventures. In announcing the fact of his return, he incidentally gives out the impression that he favors expansion of patronage.

The Times had something to say some time ago about the folly of shipping green oranges east. What the effect of doing so has been is shown by a letter to the Riverside Press, in which the writer says: "People whose mouths still pucker at the recollection of the oranges they ate Christmas day, turn aside and say, 'California fruit is poor this year—sour and dry. Haven't you got any Mexican oranges?'"

The articles of incorporation of the Pacific Electric Railway Company, filed in the County Clerk's office in this city on Thursday, indicate an enterprise, or series of enterprises, that will be carried out by this company, or by some other or others, before many years, that of opening street railways on the highways of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside and Ventura counties, and Orange county might as well have been added to the list.

## COBERLY IN JAIL.

**Aftermath of a Drunken Brawl Which Occurred Last Sunday.**

Ben Coberly, the husky young man who broke the leg of a man named Hughes during a drunken brawl last Sunday, was arrested by Officer Rome last evening, on a warrant charging him with disturbing the peace. The same warrant also directed against Hughes, who is in the County Hospital, where he will probably remain until his broken leg is healed. The fracas took place at Theodore Timm's saloon, No. 1514 San Fernando street, and Timm is the complaining witness against the two men who, he alleges, disturbed his peace by fighting and using tumultuous language in front of his place. Coberly was found at his home on Avenue 33, East Los Angeles, by Officer Romans, who took him to the City Jail, where he spent the night, as he could not give the \$100 bail called for by the warrant. Coberly is employed as a teamster, and expects to be able to furnish bond today.

**ELECTROLYSIS** permanently removes superfluous hair and moles. Perfect work, no scars. Satisfactory references. Consultation free. Mrs. R. B. McKinstry of Boston, Mass., will be at Hotel Clarendon, No. 48 South Hill street, corner Fourth, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**A COSY HOME.**  
Walking distance, modern, six-room, gas, etc., large lot for sale. Call on Mrs. J. H. Walker, 132 West Twelfth street, opposite Childs place.

## SHANNON'S POINT.

**Tally-ho Driver Taught to Drive Across it in a Walk.**

Officer Michael Shannon, who for six years has been guardian of the Temple street crossing at the junction of Main and Spring streets, had a case in the Police Court yesterday for the first time in many months. Mr. Shannon has had charge of the crossing above mentioned so long that it has become known in local geography as Shannon's Point. All these years he has guarded the point faithfully and well, his principal duty being to see that no teams are driven across the dangerous point faster than a walk.

So diligent has the officer been in preventing fast driving at Shannon's Point that the horsemen of the city have come to respect his authority, so that it is now seldom that he finds it necessary to make an arrest. There is one teamster, however, who did not get thoroughly acquainted with Officer Shannon until a few days ago, and his introduction to the alert crossing officer cost him \$3.

Timm, who had to pay for his experience is James Palmer, a driver for the Panorama stables. Palmer some time ago aroused Officer Shannon's ire by driving across Shannon's Point faster than a walk. Last Saturday he repeated the performance with a six-horse tally-ho, in spite of the officer's warning. The teamster was crowded with passengers and Shannon refrained from attempting to stop the horses by grabbing the reins, for fear of upsetting the vehicle and injuring the occupants. He simply bided his time and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the culprit at a more convenient moment.

Palmer was arrested last Saturday evening on the charge of fast driving. He deposited \$10 cash bail for his appearance before Police Judge Morgan tomorrow. The hearing was set for yesterday afternoon, but when Officer Shannon appeared in court with his witnesses, he was informed that a plea of guilty had been entered in behalf of the liverman at the morning session of the court, and that all that was necessary to add was the officer's testimony and pronouncement sentence. This did not take very long. Palmer was fined \$3, without being present to hear his fate determined. The fine, of course, was taken out of his bail money.

Officer Shannon was somewhat disappointed at this summary disposition of the case, as he had fortified himself with a host of witnesses to show that Palmer's transgression of the law was a flagrant one, and he desired to see a punishment inflicted, which, in his judgment, would fit the crime, and which might prove a warning to all Jehus in future to drive gently across Shannon's Point.

## ACETYLENE GAS.

**Method of Comparing Its Cost With Electric Light and Common Gas.**

The statement which has of late been widely spread that acetylene gas is cheaper to install and maintain than the electric light has brought out many inquiries on the subject. A professor of one of the leading universities says that the price of acetylene light can be ascertained for himself by any person who will put down accurately the following factors, which vary according to locality, local insurance regulations, dealers' and middlemen's profits, and number of lights. First, price of carbide to consumer; second, price of generator; third, price of installation (possibly separate building for generator); fourth, labor in filling and cleaning generator. By the time the carbide reaches the consumer it will probably cost at the rate of \$100 a ton. One pound of it gives four and one-half cubic feet of gas. A burner consuming one-third cubic foot of acetylene per hour gives a 16-candle-power light. Allowing four and one-half feet of acetylene per pound carbide, a 16-candle-power light will cost in carbide one-third cent per hour. It must be remembered that this yield of light is only obtainable with very good generators, in those in which the decomposition of carbide by water does not heat the generator to a point much above the boiling point of water. While the public have to be on their guard against the cheap generators, most of which overheat in making the gas, injuring the quality and quantity of the gas to a very considerable degree. Knowing the local price of electric light or gas, the cost of acetylene generator and installation, the price charged per pound for carbide and the allowance for labor, anyone can figure out with a fair approximation to accuracy the bottom price for the acetylene light. It must, however, be said, that hitherto in places where a good gas or electric light plant was in operation, the use of acetylene has not been considered economical. When carbide can be produced much cheaper than at present, the situation may be altered, although the chances are that ordinary gas and electric light may continue to be cheapened correspondingly. The authority above referred to thinks there is no need for an electric light company or gas company to be alarmed by the advent of acetylene.

## Chamber of Commerce.

The Chamber of Commerce yesterday appointed Charles Story, Judge Silent and C. P. Howard to represent that association on the local committee of the National Educational Association. In addition to these gentlemen the personnel of the committee will be made up of C. B. Boothe and Gen. Matthews of the Board of Trade; H. P. Anderson and H. A. Frank of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, and Superintendent Foshy and President Davis of the Board of Education.

The directors have taken up the proposition of conserving the water in Southern California, with a view to economizing the supply. They intend to give the matter their immediate attention, and secure its practical operation as soon as possible.

The chamber yesterday received a contribution of ravel oranges from Boaz Duncan of Rialto. They are the result of a new fertilizer and are pronounced by Secretary Wiggins to be perfect specimens.

The directors appeared in a body at the horse show last night in a handsomely decorated three-seated coach drawn by two teams of white horses.

## At New York Hotels.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) At the Manhattan, J. E. Parish, Los Angeles; Cadillac, Harry Chandler and wife, Los Angeles; Waldorf, W. J. Bagley, Los Angeles.

## Frui-ton

**Is Fruit Coffee.**

Most healthful, most nourishing, most economical. The only logical substitute for coffee, the only one that will give you an appetite for ordinary coffee. It is most attractive in flavor. Prepared in one minute. 80 to 100 cups 25c.

For Sale by All Grocers.

THE FRUIT-TON COMPANY, Los Angeles, Cal.

## THE KNUSTFORD.

SALT LAKE CITY'S NEW LEADING HOTEL.

The largest Art and Furnishings Goods Store in Los Angeles.

**50c It will Buy**

**At "Our Store" Today**

First—Your pick of the swiftest line of New Spring Neckwear; ordinary dollar values are none better.

Second—Sleepy Robes for tired men, in soft outing flannel, 34 inches long, and so warm you can't keep awake if you try; worth 75c.

Third—Four pairs Gents' Half Hose, black or tan, fast colors; worth 3 for 50c.

Fourth—Sterling Pile-Lined Underwear, soft finish; worth 75c.

Fifth—And a hundred other wearables in furnishings just as desirable.

**Open Till 11 O'clock.**

**J. B. Silverwood**

24 S. SPRING ST.

## NEW BOOKS.

When Knighthood Was in Flower; by Edwin Cookson.....\$1.50

Adobelland Stories; by Vernon Z. Reed.....\$1.00

The Californians; by Gertrude Atherton.....\$1.50

Mr. Dooley; In Peace and War.....\$1.25

**PARKER'S**, 246 South Broadway

(Near Public Library.)

The largest, most varied and most complete stock of books west of Chicago.

I have no students. I attend to every part.

My less my charges because I make a free and thorough examination of your eyes.

**J. P. Delany, EXPERT OPTICIAN**

218 S. Spring St.

Graduate N. Y. Ophthalmic College.

## Saturday's Specials. ....

Grap-Nuts per package.....14c

Aunt Jemima Pancake Meal, per package.....9c

Curtis Bros., Blue Label Catsup, per bottle.....18c

Creamery Butter, per pound.....24c

Gold Dust, 3 pound packages, per package 16c

Lenox Soap, 10 bars for.....25c

Pure Jellies, all kinds glass jars.....6c

WE SHIP EVERYWHERE.

## WMCLINE

Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

128 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Between First and Second.

## Hoegee's an Expert Tent and Awning Manufacturer.

His prices are the lowest, the quality the best, 'cause he's a maker.

"Buy of the Maker."

**W. H. Hoegee**, 132-42 S. Main Street.

## Watch Repairing AND.....

**Jewelry Manufacturing.**

EXPERT WORKMANSHIP.

**O. L. WUERKER,**

Next L. A. Theater, 229 S. Spring St.

## AUROCONE

(Trade Mark.)

**Spectacles.**

Do not hurt behind the ears. When your eyes hurt consult us. Fit and comfort assured. Eyes tested free.

**J. J. Marshall**, 245 S. Spring

Optician, Est. 1876.

## Kidney and Liver

Diseases are caused by Bacteria or Microbes.

By destroying the Bacteria, purifying the blood and draining the Liver and Kidneys, Radam's Microbe Killer restores perfect health. Thousands cured. Send for testimony. Bottle \$1; gallon \$3. Druggists or of the Co., 212 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## Dr. Shores

345 SOUTH MAIN ST.

\$3-A Month for All Diseases-\$3

MEDICINES FREE.

If you want a watch that you can rely upon, we will be pleased to save you money on the purchase.

**S. NORDLINGER**, LEADING JEWELER.

109 SOUTH SPRING ST.

# BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE.

239 Broadway, Los Angeles.

## HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

**1200 pairs of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery on Sale Today.**

**Our Import For Spring 1899.**

Ladies' Fast Black Fine Maco Cotton Hose, double heels and toes, regular 25c quality.

Ladies' Fine Fast Black Hose, 40 gauge, double soles, heels and toes, sold everywhere at 35c.

Ladies' Fine Maco Cotton Hose, split soles, London lengths, regular 35c quality.

Ladies' Fine Gauze, Cotton and Lisle Thread Hosiery, with double heels and toes, at

35c pair, 25c pair.

35c pair, 3 pair for \$1.00.

**A Collection of Ladies' Fine Hosiery Never Surpassed**

In fine Sea Island cottons, lisle threads, silk plates, with fancy embroidered anklets, at

50c pair.

**Misses' and Children's Hosiery.**

50 dozen of Fine Ribbed Cotton Hose, all sizes, seamless feet, at 12 1/2c pair.

Misses' Fine Maco Hose, ribbed, full regular made, the regular price of this hosiery is 25c pair; on sale

at 20c pair, 3 pair for 50c.

Misses' and Boys' Hosiery, all different weights, and some of the best values ever shown at

25c pair.

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**TRIAL DRAWS THE CUSTOMARY CROWD.**

of the Board of Public Works was for it, and those of the Fire Commission against it. The moment the vote was taken, however, the fireman climber Todd moved to adjourn, so seemed to nettles Chief Moore for said almost sneeringly. "That's all right," he said. "I don't care if it's all right or not, but what he said was lost." The Chief, who seemed to be losing his temper, continued:

"You don't get too personal, Mr. Todd. I'm not personal. That's the house is the best, and in spite of the insinuations about me, it is the one that should have been selected. It's clean in it. I don't matter for anything else. I don't matter for anything else. It didn't stick to me, and no one says so. I'll tell you, also. About the interests in that ward. About the interests in that ward. About the interests in that ward. About the interests in that ward."

I had heard that this matter would be one. I wanted the best place for it.

**Street Improvements Wanted**

Property-owners on Benton boulevard have petitioned the city to improve that thoroughfare. The petition recites that as the little probability that the street ever be used for a street car line, as it is not the line of general heavy travel, they would prefer the roadway be made forty feet wide, the sidewalk on the west side fifty feet wide, and that on the east, thirty feet wide. The concrete curb is also requested.

A petition for the improvement

Then a jump was made to some of the witnesses' escapades after he eluded the officers in Aravaipa. After the others had been exploited, Glavin said why he made himself, according to own showing, accessory to the murder by going down to see if the road was clear.

"When I went down on the San Fernando road," he said, "I had to that's all there was to it, for I hadn't I believe I would have been Joe Glavin," he told the jurors. "I had anyone but shoot me the way as he had the Chinaman."

"Shoot you with what?"

"You have been and are an early friend of Harry Clark's?" began Jones, on cross-examination.

"Yes, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

"Living with him as man and wife," "Yes, sir."

"And at the Hunter house words without wages?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just out of love for Harry Clark?" But at that the witness scornfully turned up her nose, and said that she did not think the husband to be a strong accent on the last word.

Then Mr. Jones tried to find out she had not been constant in her

mitted to probate, with Anne Patrick as executrix, the estate being valued at \$1450. A petition was filed for the admission of the will of Philip S. Dodge, with Elizabeth P. Dodge as executrix, the estate being valued at \$2400. A petition was also filed for probate of the will of Patricia C. Dodge with George H. Steward as executor, the estate being valued at \$4691.71.

**LOST THE LAND.** Sherman C. Shaffer has brought suit against R. C. Shaffer and R. B. Shaffer for failure to perform a contract in lifting a certain mortgage on land in San Bernardino county, through which failure

**PURE Bourbon, \$1 quart. Woollacott's**

**CASH REGISTERS REPAIRED.**

Made to look like new. All kinds of lining and finishing done to order. Expert repair and record file users registered exclusively. Osborn Agency, 225 South Main.

**ANNUAL meeting Silver Republican Club** The annual meeting of the Silver Republican Club will be held Saturday evening, Feb. 10, at 8 p. m., at Turnervertin (small) South Main street. Music, refreshments and oratory. All members are urged to a By order of Board of Directors.

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## THE CUBAN INGENIO.

BIG SUGAR PLANTATIONS IN SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

Fields and Machinery Alike Have Been Rendered Useless by the War.

SCENES ON A TYPICAL ESTATE.

NECESSARILY HURRIED WORK OF THE HARVEST SEASON.

Cruelty of Overseers in the Old Slave Days—Difficulty in Managing the Irresponsible Negroes.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

Cienfuegos, Jan. 3.—As Santa Clara province is the very heart and center of the best sugar-producing region in the world, and this city is the one port of consequence in the province, no better field could be found for studying the industry; therefore I have been visiting some of the neighboring plantations, in order that my readers may see them by proxy, so to speak.

Thirty of the largest sugar estates on the island lie within a day's ride of Cienfuegos, and before the war 50,000 hogheads of sugar annually left this port. The show place of the vicinity is the "Ingenio Hormiguero" (Ingenio being the Spanish term for sugar plantation), a little principality of 3000 acres in cane, with the newest and most expensive machinery in its great mills. Its managers are the Provost, brothers, Americans of French descent, and they cordially welcome all visitors and give them every facility for pursuing their investigations. The whole place is laid out in lots of four or five acres in each, for greater convenience in managing such a vast concern. There are so many of these lots that a map of them is kept in the office, on which the exact condition of each is indicated by buttons of different colors. Thus, if a lot has just been planted with cane, the fact is announced by a green button; if the cane on another lot is ready to cut, a yellow button tells the story; and when the cutting is accomplished, a brown button is substituted. Between these lots are many miles of cart roads and bridle-paths, and there are also a dozen miles of railway, over which cane is brought to the mills in cars.

Not far behind the Hormiguero in size and value is La Constancia, a fine estate, under conservative English management. More interesting than either, because yielding as much sugar, though hardly a third as large, is the Ingenio Soledad, carried on by a thrifty Miss Mason, on strictly scientific principles. More correctly speaking, we should put the foregoing in the past tense—as today, out of Cuba's 900 and odd plantations, not one is in operation as before the war. After four years of guerrilla fighting, during which Spanish troops and Cuban patriots were chiefly engaged in destroying operations, almost every building, and the greater part of the machinery, has been burned and machinery destroyed. Most of the planters have begun again, as well as their means will permit; but they are woefully poor, without even money to pay the necessary laborers, much less to rebuild. However, a good many will manage to shift for a time, by borrowing capital and long credit. The last of the cane must be in the ground before the end of April, and it is estimated that this year the crop will reach perhaps 250,000 tons, instead of the million tons which used to be annually expected of the island.

By the way, judging from the number of letters I am constantly receiving from people in the United States concerning the prospects for starting sugar plantations on our coast, varying from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, it would seem that a great deal of misapprehension exists in regard to sugar-growing. It is not a use whatever for a poor man, or one in moderate circumstances, to dream of such a thing—unaided. There is not a plantation in Cuba worth less than a million dollars, and many cost several times that sum. Suppose some impoverished owner could be induced to sell his estate literally for a song, or on credit; it would be found impossible to do anything with such a property without a great deal of money at command. If by rare good fortune the guerrillas had left its machinery and buildings intact, an experienced and careful manager might set things going again and rub along for a while; the first crop could be marketed, on \$250,000, or thereabouts; but to attempt it with a smaller bank account would be sheer madness. The sugar business in Cuba, for many years to come, will be one of syndicates and companies—surely not of individual owners, unless the latter be multi-millionaires, and that class can better afford to remain in the peace and security of home, rather than to risk the uncertain chances of this chaotic island.

Today it is a sad thing to ride through the valleys of Santa Clara, notwithstanding their incomparable natural beauties. I have been before the war. The first time, nearly five years ago, I thought the hill-encircled plains back of Cienfuegos were the very garden spot of the world—a flawless paradise of towering palms and yellowing cane, soft airs, singing birds and odoriferous flowers, over-arched by the cloudless skies of eternal summer. Next time I came this way the war had been going on nearly three years, and the smoke of a hundred fires hung over the valley like a dense, black pall. There was danger in the trip, for every knoll and hollow might hide a murderous band of Spanish soldiers, or the no-less-to-be-feared machetes of guerrilla "patriots." Today the skies are blue and untroubled as ever, for the last embers of the war have long since been smothered. But where are the happy-go-lucky, party-colored people that swarmed the wayside stations, loitered along the sunny roads? Death has gathered them all under his shadowy wings—upward of 100,000 of the non-combatant country people of Cuba wiped out by famine in four years' time. Where are the white-walled villas, the straw-thatched huts, the fields of waving cane? The whole province is like a vast crematorium—every hamlet obliterated, every home an ash heap. The patriots themselves destroyed 50,000 farms, plantations and ranches and converted \$60,000,000 worth of growing cane into a mass of ashes. Here, as well as all over the devastated island, shining, well-kept machinery is a thing of the past; in most cases what is not now rusting uncovered as old junk. General prosperity can never return to war-cursed Cuba until its chief source of wealth—sugar—has been rehabilitated by the introduction of many million dollars' worth of new machinery.

A description of one sugar plantation answers pretty well for all the rest. The scene is always the same—the tall, white chimney of the mill, emitting its thick volumes of smoke

like the funnel of a steamboat; groups of straw-thatched huts constituting the laborers' quarters, and on one side, or on some corner adjoining the planter's villa, verandaed and latticed, surrounded by gardens and beautiful shade trees. The entrances to some of the estates are the magnificent avenues of royal palms, the round, smooth trunks all as exactly alike as though turned by machinery, looking like rows of Corinthian columns, with arched capitals, leading to some Egyptian temple. You see hundreds of negroes at work, and swarthy overseers mounted on their scrubby Cuban ponies, and later you will see some gangs cutting cane with machetes; others loading the stalks upon ox carts; others driving loads to the mill, and others feeding the cane between the great steel crushers, beneath which a jelly-like stream pours forth into iron pipes, to be conducted to the boilers. Men, women and children spread the crushed refuse to dry in the sun, after which it will serve as fuel. In another department scores of cars are filled with soft sugar as rolled along a track to be weighed, and then their contents are dumped into vats to dry. Afterward the sugar is shoveled into bags and hogheads, the latter to be headed by coopers, the former sewn up with twine. Half a century ago the Cuban planters found their greatest profit in the manufacture of the best white sugar, but about the year 1884 a revolution occurred in the sugar industry, caused by the enormous quantities of beet-root sugar which France, Germany and other European countries put upon the market. Before that time they imported all their fine sugar from Cuba; now they not only manufacture plenty for themselves, but export immense quantities of sugar of better quality and at lower prices, to all those countries which used to buy of Cuba. Hence a few of the Cuban manufacturers now make the finer grades, but confine themselves to the brown varieties and what is known as "raw" sugar. No industry is more exacting and laborious. The grinding season extends from December to April, and then work goes on uninterruptedly day and night, one gang relieving another for a few hours' sleep. The ripening cane must have its juice expressed promptly, at just the right time, if its full value is to be retained, and serious loss avoided. If the stalks are left too long in the field the sap tends to crystallize, whereby the amount of juice is diminished and its quality impaired. A few years ago the Cuban overseer was never seen without his long cutting whip, as well as his machete and pistol, but now days he wears only the latter. The disappearance of the whip is as much due to an improvement on the side of humanity as to the fact that plantation labor is now nominally free. The darkest shadows of the picture lie far in the past. For centuries the bloodthirsty spirit of Spanish slaveholders had free scope in Cuba; and after the aboriginal race was sacrificed, millions of Africans were done to death by overwork, insufficient food, the lash, the tread-mill; simply to fill the pockets of rapacious masters and satisfy the mother country's demands for tribute. Early writers tell us how the slaves were allowed but four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, being worked by watches throughout the night. Later, under the so-called "improved" slave code, the blacks could legally be kept at work only from sunrise till sunset, with an hour for rest and food in the middle of the day; but this rule was as little regarded during the grinding season as the northern farmer minds a wetting when his hay is out in the rain. Nowadays the negroes and mongrel-blooded workmen look upon the harvest season as the holiday of the year, notwithstanding its arduous labors, because when they are sure of a job, at good wages, with plenty to eat, beside the special privileges and boisterous amusements pertaining to the time.

Of chronic inflammation of the kidneys is a very common ailment. Number one best clinical remedy is the only one that is safe, even though under the most skillful medical treatment. Like all chronic diseases, the symptoms come on insidiously. If proper treatment is obtained in the earlier stages, Bright's Disease may be cured. HUDYAN will cure it if taken in time. HUDYAN will relieve you of all the symptoms. Do not delay too long. Don't wait until your case becomes incurable. You will then throw away money away on doctors and medicine. Begin the use of HUDYAN now while you may be cured.

The Early Symptoms Are  
1—Chronic Sick or Nauseous Headache—HUDYAN taken as directed will relieve the headache instantly.  
2—Puffiness of the Skin Under the Eyes.—Due to a collection of fluid—in other words, dropsy. HUDYAN will cause the extra amount of fluid to be taken up by the blood and excreted by the kidneys.  
3—Pale, Doury Complexion.—Due to the imperfect circulation of the blood, HUDYAN will restore the circulation to its normal condition and cause the cheeks to become red and rosy.  
4—Weakness of the Heart.—One of the first symptoms and the one that eventually causes death. HUDYAN will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart and make it strong and regular in its beating.  
5—Weakness and Pain in the Regions of the Kidneys.—HUDYAN will cause the kidneys to perform their functions properly and thereby relieve the pain and weakness.  
Get HUDYAN at once and take it regularly. Full and explicit directions go with each package. HUDYAN is sold by all druggists for 50c per package, or 6 packages for \$2.50. If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to the HUDYAN REMEDY CO., Los Angeles, or San Francisco. Remember that you can call and consult the HUDYAN DOCTORS free. Call and see them. If you cannot call, write to the doctors and tell them all about your case and they will advise you. The advice will be given free. Address  
HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY,  
No. 316 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Cor. Stockton and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

MISDIRECTED GENIUS.

A Newark, N. J., Man's Scheme for Cheapsening Electric Light.

Many of the customers of the local electric lighting company in Newark, N. J., are now in a position to appreciate the feelings of the man who had just trained his cow to live on one straw a day when it died. A hustling "electrician" went among the patrons of the electric lighting company offering to attach to their electric meters an electric light regulator of his invention, which he claimed, would do down their electric light bills at least one-half. His terms were that he would not ask for a cent in payment until the customer's meter was satisfactorily satisfied. The new arrangement worked splendidly, so far as the reduction of current charged for went, and the monthly central station bills were only half as much as they formerly were. One customer, relating his experience, said: "I don't know what thing about electricity, but I know when my light-bills are half as much as they used to be; and as I wasn't kicking about them, even at the start, I put in a lot more lamps; sort of blew myself out on lights, as it were. I told some of my friends, and they got the 'regulator' agent to put in his device, and everything worked all right until one day an electric light inspector looked in and told me that my meter was plugged in. This was exactly what had been done. The wonderful new invention consisted in running a shunt around the meter, so that only half the current passed through it. The lighting company have had the 'inventor' locked up, and promise to do their best to see that his genius meets with a fitting reward."

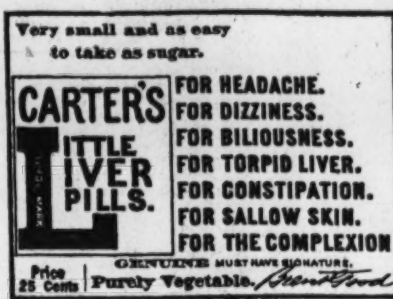
FOR colds, Woolcott's Bourbon, \$1 quart.

FOR HOT AIR FURNACES

Go to Brown's, the Furnace Man, 123 E. 4th.

THIS is the only Genuine kind

Any other kind Is Not Genuine.



Genuine must bear signature:

Brentwood

Say "CARTER'S" twice

and be sure they are "CARTER'S."

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

## Bright's Disease



and tell them all about your case and they will advise you. The advice will be given free. Address

HUDYAN REMEDY COMPANY,  
No. 316 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Cor. Stockton and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

## HERE IS POWER.



DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN,

204 S. Broadway, Cor. Second. Los Angeles, Cal.

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 6; Evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 1.

NOT SOLD IN DRUG STORES.

## The New Brew

of the Anheuser-Busch  
Brewing Ass'n

Black &amp; Tan

—"The American Porter"  
Supplies a delightful beverage  
to the American public that has  
long been demanded but never previously attained. It is superior  
in every way to the best English Porter, Stout and 'all' and 'all' being  
mellow, refreshing and palatable. The only perfect Porter of American  
make. Try a bottle of the new brew. Sold at all buffets.

Made only by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Brewers of the Famous Original Budweiser, Faust, Michel, Anheuser Standard, Pale Lager and Anheuser-Busch Dark.



"As a newspaper correspondent I often make long journeys," writes a gentleman whose home is in Elmira, N. Y., "and not infrequently my wife accompanies me. Long days of riding on trains tend to aggravate her natural trouble with her bowels, which are slow-acting. We have but recently completed a trip of over eighteen thousand miles, occupying four months' time; and, as a Ripans Tablet, taken at breakfast-time, has been the means of making the tour an enjoyable one. This statement of facts may not be a 'good one,' but the results obtained by the Tablets were good, and they now have a permanent place in our household."

A new style packet containing TEN TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores. This low-priced set is intended for the poor and the occasional user of the Tablets. The price of the set is 25 cents. The price of the set is 25 cents. The price of the set is 25 cents.

There is no Need of  
Paying High Prices

FOR Fine Dental Work. Our modern methods enable us to do the very best dental work of all kinds without pain, at prices within the reach of all.



Extracting . . . . . \$ .25

With our local painless method . . . . . \$ .50

Cleaning teeth . . . . . \$ .50

Removing tartar . . . . . \$ .50

Fine pure gold fillings . . . . . \$ .75 up

All other fillings . . . . . \$ .50 up

Gold Crowns, 22 carat fine . . . . . \$ 2.00 up

Porcelain crowns . . . . . \$ 3.00 up

Partial Rubber plates . . . . . \$ 3.00 up

Gold or porcelain bridge work . . . . . \$ 2.00 up

Full set of teeth . . . . . \$ 5.00 up

Gold plates . . . . . \$ 3.00 up

Flexible Rubber Dental Plates

Have many advantages over the old, thick, cumbersome, ordinary rubber plates, and even over gold plates. They are much lighter and thinner. These plates are flexible, only a trifle thicker than heavy writing paper. They are as strong as steel, and will not break, and will not give first, but will break last. They are made of a special material, and made ONLY by us. A perfect fit guaranteed in every case of plate work.

EXTRACTING FREE—When

best plates are ordered. ALL our

work is guaranteed to be the very

best. None better can be had any

where, no matter how much you

pay.

Consultation and examination free.

Ladies attendants for ladies and children.

Open evenings and Sunday 4-noon.

SCHIFFMAN DENTAL CO.,

107 N. Spring St.

Either write or call on Mr. Miller and let him tell you himself

what San Curo has done for him.

The Wonderful  
Rheumatic Cure.

San Curo, the new rheumatic cure, is making wonderful cures. We take the liberty of publishing a letter from a well known citizen and popular grand army man.

San Curo Medical Co., 325 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles. Gentlemen:—I had suffered with rheumatism for ten years. I suffered so I could not sleep nights. One of my legs was drawn out of shape and was so painful that I suffered with every step I took. I practically lost the use of one of my arms for several years. I tried all kinds of medicine, but gradually gained the use of my arm and leg, and today I am sound and well, without an ache or pain. I pronounce San Curo the greatest discovery of the age.

If your druggist has not San Curo for sale it is because he is not acquainted with it. Do not let the price, \$1.00 per bottle, prevent you from giving "San Curo" a fair trial. It is the cheapest rheumatic cure in the world because it never fails to work a speedy and permanent cure. "San Curo" is a purely vegetable compound, and the ingredients being so extensive we are compelled to charge \$1.00 for a 5-oz. bottle. It is composed of eight different fluid extracts.

San Curo Medical Co.  
325 WEST 4TH ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

CONSUMPTION CURED by the WHITMAN METHOD.  
Patients treated at home or at the Institute. Symptom blank and treatise on Consumption, its Cause and Cure, sent free. Write to the Institute, 1000 North Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Best Bicycle  
For \$30 . . . .

Ever sold in Los Angeles. Choice of Morgan & Wright, or Chase tires. Choice of saddles, including the Christy, Wheeler and Garford. These wheels are fully guaranteed and are bargains at \$30. Call and see them.

## COMET CYCLERY,

434 S. Broadway.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



Dr. Wong

Cures hundreds of people by his Vegetable Compound. He eliminates all the poison from the system. He has cured many a hopeless case, and he can cure you. Seven-teen years in city.

Office and Sanitarium,  
713 South Main St.

WE GIVE

## Written Guarantee

PRICES:

Rubber Plate . . . . . \$4.00  
Bone Filling . . . . . 50  
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Teeth Extracted 25 Cents.

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## DR. SOMERS

Treats successfully all Female Diseases and irregularities of the system. Has cured cases of either sex. Twenty-five years experience. Consultation Free. Rooms—318-314 Currier Block, 212 W. THIRD

For Comfort and Security Wear

## Featherweight Truss

They fit better and wear longer than any other

Truss made.

ARTHUR S. HILL,  
Truss and Surgical Instruments,  
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Great China stock offers big bargains in

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Closes on or about April 1.

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LADIES, if you have superfluous  
HAIR ON THE FACE

Use the information how to remove it without effectually without chemicals or instruments. Consultation Free. Rooms—318-314 Currier Block, 212 W. THIRD

I am free from the mortification of years,"

writes one lady. "Worth its weight in gold."

Any lady can get this information by ad-

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GOLDEN  
MEDICAL  
DISCOVERY

FOR THE

BLOOD, LIVER, LUNGS.

on stomach troubles

STUART CO.,

Marshall, Mich.

FREE

Manufacturers of

Stuart's Dyspepsia

Tablets. Every form

of Stomach troubles

cured by this wonder-

ful new discovery.

## Bunyadi János

NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

IT IS THE BEST.

Be sure you get the genuine

E. BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX.

This remedy being in-

jected directly to the

seat of those disor-

ders of the Genito-Urinary

Organs, requires no

change of diet, and

is given in 1 to 4

days. Small plain pack-

age, by mail, \$1.00.

Wolfe &amp; Chilson, cor. 2nd and B'way, L. A.

GURE

Be sweet and clean

u.s. Pearline

New Shoes in all the

Latest Styles at the low-

est price. Hamilton &amp;

Baker, 230 S. Spring St.

LIME JUICE AND

"BENZOLIN"

HEALS

THE SKIN—15 CENTS

AT ALL DRUG STORES

LAWLEY, KING &amp; CO.

Cor. 5th and 5th St.

Edward M. Boggs

CIVIL AND HYDRAULIC ENGINEER

635 Bittman Block, Los Angeles





Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like any one of the three thousand and odd persons who attended the Los Angeles Horse Show yesterday. Both the afternoon and evening performances were given before large crowds, that of the evening being the larger, and it was also the more brilliant. It was a floral evening, and, as it said to the credit of society, the costumes in the boxes all but outshone the brilliant display of fruits and flowers in the ring while the floral classes were being judged.

The exhibitions given yesterday were truly those of a typical horse show, with all its accessories. The horses jumped, danced, stumbled and cantered. They came into the ring singly and in teams of any number up to six. There were Shetland ponies and draught stallions and horses of nearly every kind known to the equine race. The officials of the Southern California Horse Show Association said at the close of the exhibition last evening that the affair had so far been a success in every respect. Financially it had more than surpassed their fondest hopes, and all of the officers of the organization went home to sleep with the knowledge that their efforts had been crowned with a success that would do credit to a city ten times the size of Los Angeles.

Floral evening was a feature not soon to be forgotten. The beautifully decked equestrian were marveled of magnificence. And the crowd which cheered and shouted as the handsome vehicles were driven into the tan-bark ring was no less magnificent than the display of flowers on wheels which it applauded. Vehicles of many descriptions were entered in the floral classes, and the owners and exhibitors of each had done all that could be done to make their equipages outclass those of the others. The coaches were veritable banks of fair flowers which completely hid the wood and iron work of the makers. There were coaches, fire engines, gigs, carts, motorcars, broughams, phaetons, stanhopes and single riders, and all were masses of nature. Fruits were used to a great extent in heightening the decorations of some of the vehicles, and so great and diverse were the decorations that the judges were almost lost in awarding the prizes. There were nearly as many classes as there were kinds of vehicles, and nearly every entry in the floral classes was given a first or second prize. Not the least of the attractions of the displays in these classes were the dresses of the occupants of the vehicles. In all it was a grand display and one that is seldom if ever outclassed in Southern California, fiesta season not excepted.

Although there were comparatively few classes judged during the exhibition yesterday, the special features introduced filled out the long programmes. They were perhaps more appreciated by the spectators than the judging, for the latter at the best is a long and tedious process.

But if the crowd did tire of the judging it was not apparent. Its members did not confine themselves to the seats, but filled the promenade and visited

and talked while they looked at the prancing horses in the ring. In the evening many of the visitors inspected the stalls of the horses and stable boys and other attendants in this part of the big tent were kept busy answering hundreds of questions about the horses and the records they had made or the prizes they had won. When the crowd tired of looking at the horses they visited with their neighbors. It was cold in the big tent during the evening, and many a person shivered and shuddered as a blast of wind swept through. But despite the cold it was a happy crowd that witnessed the show, and while they shivered they also smiled, and when they shuddered they only laughed and drew their wraps a little closer about them, for who could be unhappy where everything was so gay? The scene at the evening performance was a grand one, and the lights from hundreds of electric lamps, which are well distributed throughout the tent, only added to the luster of the beautiful costumes and the sleek coats of the horses.

The tent, which had been torn and rent asunder by the fierce wind of Thursday, was repaired yesterday morning by a large number of workmen. Mounted on high ladders, they patched up the holes in the roof of the tent with strips of canvas. It was a big task, but by 1 o'clock in the afternoon not a hole remained unattended in the weather-beaten old canvas. Now electric light globes were put up to replace those broken by the storm of the day before, and an hour before the time announced for the opening of the afternoon performance the tent was in as good condition as the wind had found it when the havoc commenced.

The afternoon crowd commenced to arrive shortly after 1 o'clock, and by 2 o'clock nearly a thousand persons had taken seats ready to see the first class of horses as they were driven into the ring. The exhibition by Green's Rufus, the handsome chestnut Hackney stallion belonging to John Parrott, and Little Tadpole, the famous jumping pony, were features of the afternoon programme. Green's Rufus was cheered to an echo when he was led into the ring by an attendant, and that the animal understood the applause was apparent by the haughty curve of his neck and his proud step. He paraded around the ring several times, giving a really magnificent performance, and was led out of the ring amid as great an outburst of applause as that which greeted his entry.

Tadpole performed with his usual good grace, taking the jumps well. He appeared again in the evening. The tandem driving contest was particularly good. In this exhibition the leaders were made to take the jumps under saddle. They put up an admirable performance, and it was with disappointment that the spectators saw them driven from the ring to make place for another class.

There was a lively mix-up of the judges in the center of the ring during the evening performance, when the leader of a pyramid six-in-hand became unmanageable and plunged into the stand which is occupied by the judges. A too tight check rein on the off swing horse made that animal fretty,

and it agitated the leader until she became unmanageable. Judges and chairs were piled in a heap on one side of the stand, while several attendants seized the now frightened animals and straightened them out to continue the exhibition. This team was a special feature of the performance, and was merely an exhibition. D. F. Donegan, owner of the team, drove it.

Another special feature of the evening performance was the exhibition of Woolwich, a chestnut stallion owned by C. E. Guyer of Los Angeles. This and Dixie's Thompson's exhibition with his Mexican saddle horse helped to take away the monotony which attended the judging of classes.

One of the handsome exhibits in the floral display was the four-seated coach of the Chamber of Commerce. It was beautifully decorated with red geraniums and carnations, smilax and pampas plumes. Four gray horses drew the coach, and their harness was wrapped in white cloth and decorated with white silk ribbons. The following directors of the Chamber of Commerce occupied seats on the vehicle: M. J. Newmark, W. C. Patterson, V. D. Woolwine, J. R. Newberry, Z. D. Mathews, Thomas Pascoe, George Parsons and C. L. Wilson and Secretary Frank Wiggins. The coach, with its occupants, was awarded a blue ribbon, that being the first prize in the floral class in which it was exhibited.

The floral display of the Los Angeles city fire department was made up of three vehicles. Led by Chief Moore in his cart, which was decorated with pampas plumes and red ribbons. The display made a beautiful showing. Following the Chief came fire engine No. 6. It was a mass of flowers, callas, roses and smilax, and was drawn by a team of grays. Chemical engine No. 3 followed the fire engine. It was decorated with red geraniums and smilax. A mound of green on the fore part of the vehicle was surmounted by an eagle with wings outspread, and both of the engines were manned by crews in appropriate dress. The Chief and the fire engines were each awarded second prizes in their respective classes, while a first prize was given to the chemical engine.

The Misses Edith and Pansie Whitaker and Miss Daisy Moore occupied Mrs. Severance's trap, which was appropriately decorated with pampas plumes and violets. The young ladies are members of the local D.I.X. Sorority. They were attired in white and carried huge bouquets of violets, which flowers also covered their white parasols. Royal purple is the color of the sorority, and ribbon of this shade was used liberally in decorating the trap. This exhibit was awarded first prize in its class.

J. V. G. Foscy and Miss Eliza Bousall were the occupants of a victoria, which was handsomely set off in green and yellow, smilax and everlasting flowers being used in the decorations. A first prize was also awarded to this display.

Miss Zaidie Maxwell rode a black charger into the ring. The animal was so decorated that his saddle blanket was covered with a profusion of white carnations. Miss Maxwell received a first prize in the class for saddle horses.

Other exhibits in the floral classes were a stanhope trimmed with oranges, callas, roses and smilax; Mrs. S. Grant Groucher and Miss Carmelita Hare sat behind a black horse which drew the vehicle; the ladies were dressed in light blue, in contrast to the colors of the stanhope decorations, and were awarded a first prize in the class for singles; Dixie Thompson on his Mexican saddle horse; a Shetland pony whose driver, a boy, was entirely hidden by a huge paper orange which nearly obscured the pony; a delivery wagon, the driver of which was also hidden by a large paper orange, the back of the wagon being occupied by lemons of a like character and size.

William Severance, a nephew of the president of the Horse Show Association,



SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW.

tion, dressed as a jockey, in yellow, rode his pony in the floral exhibits. J. W. A. Off drove a black pony to a cart, and Horace M. Dobbins won a second prize in his brougham, which was decorated with plumes and smilax. N. S. Sterry, attired in a red hunting suit, rode a black horse and also captured second prize in his class.

Directly preceding the floral class exhibit in the evening there was an exhibition of high jumping by ponies. Joe Dyer rode Huntress and Jerry Williams rode Merry Boy. Both of the animals took the jumps very well and performed creditably.

Class 46—Pairs of ponies other than Shetlands, above 13 hands and not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, shown in harness to appropriate vehicles: Spot and Lightfoot, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Dip and Sparkle, same owner, second; Kittiwake, b.m., 14, 9 years, and Santa Clara, b.m., 7 years, G. L. Waring, Riverside, third.

Class 47—Amateur tandem driving of hunters, through obstacles: Sidney W. Stillwell, driver for W. S. Hobart, first prize. (Single award.)

Class 30—Pairs of carriage horses,

en regle toilets for both sexes. Some gentlemen who wore steel-pen coats and low-cut vests, took the precaution to put on underwear as thick as a fisherman's "Guernsey." But most of the sterner sex contented themselves with a Prince Albert coat over a white vest, and those of the ladies who stuck to plush and furs looked all the better for them. There was no way to heat the tent, and that was all there was to it. One genial lady carried in two rubber bags containing hot water and put one of her tiny slippers on each. She knew a thing or two.



SOME OF THE THOROUGHbred HUNTERS AND SADDLE HORSES AT THE HORSE SHOW.

The evening programme closed with an exhibition of tandem driving through obstacles. Two tandems, each driven by two men, contested for a prize of \$10. Joe Dyer and William Rayner drove Peacock and Paragon, while Harry J. Webb and E. J. Ballard drove Monarch and Seid. The prize was divided between the former two, their exhibitions being equal in point of merit. All of the horses in the contest are the property of Walter S. Hobart. During the latter part of the contest Dyer was thrown from his seat by a sudden lurch of his leader, but he regained his equilibrium without losing the lines.

One of the finest driving performances of the day was that given by Sidney Stillwell of Santa Barbara. Mr. Stillwell is a thorough horseman, and his performance was above the usual standard.

Following is a list of the prize winners in the regular classes exhibited yesterday, together with their owners and descriptions, not including the special and floral classes:

Class 21—Horses shown in single harness to delivery wagons, as used for local deliveries: Prince, s.g., 17, seven years, Frank H. Powell, Los Angeles, first; Johnnie, b.g., 15.2, seven years, A. Hamburger & Sons, Los Angeles, second; Prince Jack, ch.g., 17, six years, C. C. Desmond, Los Angeles, third; Charley, b.g., 15, seven years, Fred Barman & Bro., Los Angeles, highly commended.

Class 48—Pony sporting tandems, leader a hunter, shown first as a tandem in harness, before an appropriate vehicle, the leader then shown in the regular jumps, driven and ridden by the same man: Featherstitch, 14.1, ch.g., and Rosalie, 14.1, gr.m., W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Richard M. Tobin, driver, second; Kittiwake and Santa Clara, G. L. Waring, Arlington Place, Riverside, S. W. Stillwell, driver, third. (Tandem not kept up to standard, no first prize was awarded.)

Class 49—Ponies, other than Shetlands, not exceeding 14 hands, 1 inch high, three years old or over, shown in harness to appropriate vehicle: Spot, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Lightfoot, same owner, second; Kittiwake, 14, nine years, G. L. Waring, Riverside, third; Ned, b.s., 12.2, four years, Willie Hook, Jr., Los Angeles, highly commended.

Class 38 A—Pacific Coast bred horses, 14 hands 2 inches, and not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches, shown in harness to appropriate vehicle: Spot, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Lightfoot, same owner, second; Kittiwake, 14, nine years, G. L. Waring, Riverside, third; Ned, b.s., 12.2, four years, Willie Hook, Jr., Los Angeles, highly commended.

Class 44—Pairs of Shetland ponies, shown in harness to appropriate vehicles: Nip and Tuck, each p.e.b.d., each 14 inches, 6 years and 7 years, respectively, Mrs. John R. Taylor, Los Angeles, first; Castor and Pollux, both p.e.b.d.s., each 14 inches, 9 years and 10 years, respectively, J. C. Hardman, Riverside, second; Black Beauty and San Juan, both b.k.s., 45 inches and 44 inches and 6 years and 12 years, re-

spectively, J. W. A. Off, Los Angeles, third.

Class 46—Pairs of ponies other than Shetlands, above 13 hands and not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, shown in harness to appropriate vehicles: Spot and Lightfoot, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Dip and Sparkle, same owner, second; Kittiwake, b.m., 14, 9 years, and Santa Clara, b.m., 7 years, G. L. Waring, Riverside, third.

Class 47—Amateur tandem driving of hunters, through obstacles: Sidney W. Stillwell, driver for W. S. Hobart, first prize. (Single award.)

Class 30—Pairs of carriage horses, owned in Southern California, not under 15 hands 2 inches, and not over 16 hands 2 inches, shown to appropriate vehicles: Helmut and Captain, both b.g., and each 15.3, and 7 years, L. V. Harkness, Pasadena, first; Sacharine and My Lucky, both s.g., 16, 7 years, and 15.3, 6 years, respectively, A. S. Newhall, Los Angeles, second.

Class 37—Pacific Coast bred pairs of horses over 14 hands 2 inches and not exceeding 15 hands 2 inches, shown in harness to appropriate vehicle: Eva and Dorothy, both r.m., each 15.1 and 7 years and 8 years, respectively, A. Howard, Australia, first; Ana and Daisy, b., each 15.1 and 5 years and 6 years, respectively, George W. Ford, Santa Ana, second.

Class 13—Pacific Coast bred roadsters and best-appointed road rigs: Toggles, b.g., 15.3, 7 years, Graham E. Babcock, Coronado, first; Galette, b.k.m., 15.3, 8 years, Byron Eckenbrecher, Los Angeles, second; Myrtle, b.k.m., 16.3, 6 years, H. V. Redpath, third; Clay, g.s., 15.2, 8 years, F. A. Hamsch, Montecito, highly commended.

Class 30—Heavy draught coaching stallions 2 years old or over, shown in hand: Black Tom, b., 17, 7 years, C. W. Lehman, Los Angeles, first. (Single entry.)

Class 46—Ladies' saddle horses, not under 14 hands 3 inches, 3 years old or over: Tommy Tompkins, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first; Maggie, b.m., 15.2, 8 years, F. A. Hamsch, Montecito, second; Match Box, b.g., 14.3, 7 years, R. Barrett, Fithian, third; Straggler, ch.g., 15.1, 6 years, same owner, highly commended.

Class 35 A—Tandem teams, owned in Southern California, shown in harness to appropriate vehicles, by amateur drivers: Prince, b.g., 5 years and Sacharine, s.g., 16, 7 years, W. S. Newhall, Los Angeles, second. No first given.

Class 1—Thoroughbred stallions, shown in hand or by side of a saddle horse: Conveth, ch., 16, 19 years, Atwood Sproul, Norwalk, first; Lodowick, b., 16, 11 years, A. M. Squire, Los Angeles, second.

Class 37 A—Pacific Coast bred pairs of horses, 15 hands 2 inches and over, shown in harness to appropriate vehicles: Pepita and Paquita, both b.m., 15.3 and 15.1, respectively, and each 5 years, John Parrott, San Mateo, first; All Baba, b.g., 15.2, 4 years, and Sovereign, b.m., 15.3, 4 years, same owner, second.

Class 39—Four-in-hand road teams, 4 years old or over, owner in Southern California: Helmut and Captain, both b.g., and each 15.3 and 7 years, Major, b.g., 16.1, 7 years, and Colonel, L. V. Harkness, Pasadena, first (single entry).

Class 41—Pony four-in-hand teams, under 14 hands, shown before appropriate vehicles: Spot, Lightfoot, Dip and Sparkle, W. S. Hobart, San Mateo, first (single entry).

IN THE RING.

The evening session saw a much larger attendance than on Wednesday night, but the cold weather made a perceptible reduction in the number of

The sport in the ring was good, all but the floral parade, which was too much of a reminder of La Fiesta. Dixie Thompson rode his old yellow horse around the ring and told how many silver dollars were pounded up to make his bridle and martingales, and then came the very four-in-hand, but the genial young owner was on a bed of pain and suffering. The crowd cheered the pretty ponies and the dainty little drags, and when the show was over, the well-known street contractor, with his pyramid team, who did some very old driving, through obstacles, but he stayed too long, and his team got tired, and began to upset the posts instead of clearing them.

Two of Mr. Hobart's horses old Merry Boy as old as a man, and Huntress, were given a shy at the high-jumping business. The mare did not evidently relish the game, but the old bay gelding was in his glory. Merry Boy shows marks of advancing years, and does not look as glossy as some of his younger stable mates, but the strong-willed old chap carries his Roman head as erect as the best of them. And while Huntress invariably cropped the 7½-foot jump, the resolute old bay horse cleared them like a fluttering pigeon, and the whole house, thoroughly good-natured over the novelty of the thing, literally rose to its feet to applaud him. A display of tandem driving through obstacles concluded the evening's amusement.

#### SOCIETY IN THE BOXES.

##### The Four Hundred Were Out in Full Force.

In spite of the cold weather yesterday afternoon and evening, society was out in full force at the horse show. The gayly-decorated boxes were filled, and, in fact, the second day's attendance was larger than the first. All the smart set seem to be of one mind—that the managers guessed just right when they decided to have a horse show in Southern California. So with full confidence in those who have the matter in hand, there has been no hanging back. This is the one occasion on which, while having a novel time, society can also add to the attractiveness of the scene. Pleasure is added to the affair between exhibits by delightful music, furnished by the Santa Catalina Marine Band.

Following is a list of the box-holders and their guests yesterday afternoon and evening:

M. E. Wooster, secretary of the association, occupied a box, which was handsomely decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Wooster had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail, Mrs. Hugh Vail, Dr. William Le Moyné, Miss Wills, Messrs. Herbert Gregg, Andrews and N. W. Myrick.

The president's box was occupied yesterday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stibley Severance, the Misses Severance,



Miss Helen Nevin, Miss Grace Mellus, Miss Katherine Mellus, Miss Seymour and Master Tommy Osborne. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Severance had as their guests Bishop and Mrs. Johnson, Reginald Johnson, Miss Hortense Childs and the Misses Severance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Scott gave a box party yesterday afternoon to Mrs. J. M. Elliott, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. McEwen, Miss Sallie Scott and Miss Fannie Elliott. In the evening the box was occupied by Maj. and Mrs. Henry T. Lee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. King entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Durbrow, Miss Wolters, Mrs. Rufus H. Heron, Miss Edith Heron, Miss Gertrude King, Miss Ryan and J. William Wolters. They gave box parties in the afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forman's

## THE MIDWINTER TIMES.

**The Boston Globe Says It Makes Shiversers There Kick Themselves.**

[Boston Globe:] While winter is throwing slush and snowballs at the dwellers here in the East it seems like rubbing it in a bit for the Los Angeles Times to mail its midwinter number to Boston, for it contains that calculated to make shiversers in this part of the world kick themselves. This particular number of that enterprising journal bears date of January 1. With it came a pictorial magazine with covers warm enough to melt ice. This contains 28 pages and is the usual Sunday offering of the Times to its readers. On the second page is a poem which pictures winter sitting on the lofty Sierras

Charles Silent to Mrs. S. D. Poyer, option to purchase part sec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 000.

J. F. Jenkins and Annie J. Jenkins to Hanford 1, Gordon, lots 26 and 27, extension of Nob Hill tract, \$4500.

Peter Peterson to Mrs. E. Wood Davis, part lots 2 and 4, block 2, Moore & Kelleher's subdivision, \$200.

Fredonia Elizabeth Haggin and Edward T. Haggin to W. C. Richards, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 17 to 20, McKee & Lindsay's subdivision, \$1000.

to George Rheinhardt, lot 16, block 12, Brook-lyne tract, \$20.

James J. Watson and Francis F. Watson to same, lot 1, block 5, Brooklyne tract, \$2.

Edward E. Eldridge and Orla A. Eldridge to Cornelius Groot and Emily D. Groot, part Rancho La Ballona, \$200.

Cornelius Groot and Emily D. Groot to Orla A. Eldridge, same, \$200.

Samuel George Dunkerley to Emily Dunkerley, lot 25, block 3, Bentley & Crippen's

Helen L. Cashman and D. A. Cashman to William F. Bosbyshell, lot 1, Bosbyshell's subdivision, \$1800.

E. H. Kincaid and Charity S. Kincaid to Freeman M. Kincaid, part lots 3 and 4, J. J. Bullis tract, \$1000.

Mrs. Olivia G. Vantres Fry to William H. Griffin, trustee, lot 19, Hancock tract, \$400.

L. O. Deamer to William Holgate, part lot 5, block 1, East Los Angeles, \$1000.

Belle Bruce to Edith W. Perkins, lot 8, block 4, Highland Park tract, \$500.

George Tavenor and Mary E. Tavenor to E. J. Fleming, undivided one-third of part sec. 10, 1, 8 & 8.

Nettie Hanbury and J. D. Hanbury to Los Angeles National Bank, assignment of trust deed (171-182).

John S. Sampson, Jr. and Jennie A. Sampson to Apollonia Barbon, lots 1, 2 and part 3, block 8, Marathon tract, \$10.

J. G. Howland and Dora I. Howland to D. R. Rozell, part sec. 21, 2, 3, 13, \$1000.

George W. Simson and Jennie W. Simson to Mrs. Mary E. Allen, part lots 19, 20 and 21, Victoria tract, \$2000.

Kate V. Washburn and Thomas Washburn to O. T. Johnson, part lots 8 and 9, Stanford-avenue tract, \$1000.

Charles Raphael and Bertha Raphael to California Bank, lot 13, B. H. Workman tract, \$2000.

Rosedale Cemetery Association to Ida Haskin, lots 1 and 6, section 1, Rosedale Cemetery, \$250.

Total, \$100,579.50.

## Honors for the Wrong Body.

[Vienna Correspondence Chicago Record:] A queer telegraphic correspondence was carried on recently between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Somebody of other in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna. The nephew was notified and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden for entombment in the family vault. When the coffin on its arrival was opened it was found to contain not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and bedizened Russian general. Immediately the nephew wired to Prague:

"No dead aunt, but Russian general. Where dead aunt?"

From Prague came the reply:

"If dead aunt not arrived, then Petersburg."

The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg and read:

"What do with dead Russian general? Where dead aunt?"

And from St. Petersburg was received the characteristic reply:

"Bury general in all silence. Aunt just buried here with highest military honors."

**Schilling's Best Tea**

Japan English Breakfast Ceylon Oolong Ideal Blend



SOME OF THE EXHIBITS.

guests were Gen. and Mrs. Forman, Miss Forman, Miss Ward and Mrs. Schaller.

The box purchased by John Off was occupied yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Off, Miss Julia Off, Mrs. M. J. Lock and George Off.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hellman gave a box party in the afternoon and evening and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. James Hellman, Misses Miller, Schmitt, Sunderland, Kingsbaker, Harris, Miss Hellman, Messrs. M. H. Hellman, Irvin, Hellman, etc.

J. J. Fay's box was occupied yesterday afternoon and evening by Miss Anna Fay, Miss Christy of Chicago, Miss Feldt Jackson, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell, Mrs. J. J. Fay and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Modini Wolfkill, Miss Anna Carson, Mrs. Joseph Wolfkill, Miss Wolfkill, Mrs. L. C. Goodwin and Mrs. Charles Guyer occupied the box with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Francis.

Those who attended Mrs. Sherman Nuy's box yesterday afternoon and evening were Miss Anna Van Nuy, Maj. and Mrs. Klokke, Miss Klokke, Miss Laura Hubbell, Miss May McClellan, Messrs. Ned Hoyt of Iowa, Philo Lindley and Venton Van Nuy.

The Wilshire box was occupied by H. G. Wilshire, Miss Norah Wilshire and Mr. Burnett.

Mr. A. Hamburger's box was occupied by Mrs. R. E. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sweet, Misses Schwarz, Freda Hellman, Belle Hamburger, Evelyn Hamburger.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred K. Rule entertained Misses Mercedes de Luna, Victoria Carson, Lucy Carson, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, Mrs. MacGowan, Mrs. M. A. Briggs, Miss Victoria Horrell, Mrs. C. E. Roberts of San Francisco and E. H. Spoon of Redlands occupied a box in the afternoon and evening.

The box purchased by Judge and Mrs. C. N. Sterry was occupied by Mrs. Robert Poyner, of Pasadena, Misses Muse of Pasadena, Bennett, Sterry, Perley, Ruth Sterry, Norman Sterry.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hubbard of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Roberts of San Francisco and E. H. Spoon of Redlands occupied a box in the afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Irving R. Smith and daughter, Miss Gladys Smith, and Miss Myrtle Gallagher were among box occupants in the afternoon.

G. W. Luce and J. A. Muir purchased a box together, and had as their guests Miss Augusta Heinemann, Miss Ella Heinemann, Mrs. Murieta, Miss Mita Murieta and John C. Muir.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Posey entertained Mrs. M. M. Richmond, Mrs. J. W. Denison, Mrs. E. E. Posey, Oliver Posey, John Posey and L. G. Foster.

Mrs. John E. Plater, Mrs. Wilbur Parker, Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. Earl, Miss Waddell and Dr. Bryant occupied a box in the afternoon and evening.

Count and Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt included in their party Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Morehouse, Miss Vera Morehouse, Mrs. E. R. Hull, all of Pasadena; Mrs. C. B. Hahn, Mrs. Dan McFarland and Miss Louise McFarland.

The box purchased by Capt. and Mrs. C. E. Thom was occupied by Miss Jette Thom, Miss Clark, Miss Mason, Miss Sam Haskins, W. W. Stephens and H. S. Van Dyke.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hinman's guests for the day were Mr. and Mrs. William Garland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norris, Mrs. Othman Stevens, Mrs. Crouch.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bard, the Misses Bard, Mrs. Zeiler and Master Bard occupied a box in the afternoon.

H. M. Dobbins of Pasadena entertained Pasadena friends in the afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. McNabb and Miss McNabb gave a box party in the afternoon and evening.

Miss Lottie Green, daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. G. Green of Hotel Green, Pasadena, occupied a box with Miss Waidby, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Briggs, all of Hotel Green.

Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Varick, Misses Florence Varick and Eason occupied a box in the afternoon.

The Haas box was filled with guests, including Misses Ruth Haas, Leach, Nellie Denischer, Hessalman and Herbert Baruch.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, J. A. Donohue and John Perrott of San Francisco were among box-holders in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wyatt occupied a box in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Barlow and Miss Patterson occupied a box in the evening.

Many other boxes were occupied by members of the 400, who have shown by their regular attendance that the first horse show of Southern California is appreciated.

## Horse and Buggy Steals.

A telephone message received at the County Jail after 1 o'clock this morning, reported a horse and buggy stolen at Fullerton last night. The rig belongs to O. Johnson. The thief was supposed to be headed for Los Angeles. It is an open buggy, formerly a top buggy, and the horse is described as a knock-kneed bay with a hole in his forehead.

looking down on Los Angeles, "man- in gold and red in light." Following are articles on the early history of Southern California, the growth of that part of the State, the climate, soil, mineral wealth and dozens of other interesting themes.

## A Northern View of It.

[Columbus:] The worth of a live newspaper to a locality is well exemplified in the Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times. Everything is touched upon and presented to the understanding in a way that will best command it. Nothing possible has escaped this great advertising medium. That section of the State, as fine as it is, has by no means the natural advantages which lie north of the Tehachep. Yet that part of the State has been painted in all its rosy colorings to the dwellers of the blizzard lands of the East by having the word "South" for a prefix, has made surprising strides along the road to progress. We have water, land and climate superior to even the Eden of the south, but they are unknown to capital because our vast acres are in the hands of the few and are planted to wheat. The Times is doing a magnificent work for its home.

## "Brinful of Information."

[Lebanon (Ill.) Journal:] The Journal acknowledges the receipt of a copy of the Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times, containing 94 pages. It is a brilliant example of journalistic enterprise, and conclusively proves that the Times is a great newspaper.

## "An Excellent Write-up."

[Northfield (S. D.) Journal:] The January 1 (Midwinter Number) issue of the Los Angeles Times comes to our exchange table. It is a paper of 118 pages, with lithographed covers, and contains an excellent write-up of Los Angeles and vicinity, illustrated with artistically grouped half-tones.

## "A Magnificent Specimen."

[Waterloo (Ind.) Dawn:] This office has received a copy of the Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times, which, to say the least, is a magnificent specimen of the newspaper-making art. To the average reader it may not be quite clear why so many pages of reading matter and photograph half-tones should be put together and sent out, but when one looks carefully into the contents, it is found that some one more enterprising and energetic than his neighbors has had the happy conceit to write about the most important features in and around the city of sunlight, fruit and flowers. Thirty-two pages are given to a complete write-up of the vicinity in which several of Waterloo's citizens are sojourning this winter.

## "Should Send for a Copy."

[Lapel (Ind.) Clarion:] Last week we received the Midwinter Number of the Los Angeles Times, which contained 118 pages, with a description of Los Angeles, Cal., and a full graphic description of the five southern counties, which are the banner counties of the State. The cover page is printed in colors giving a nice bird-eye view of their beautiful harbor. All persons wishing to know more about Southern California should send for a copy of this handsome paper.

## "A Mine of Information."

[Ephrata (Pa.) Review:] The Los Angeles (Cal.) Times of January 1, 1899, appears in newspaper octavo form, 118 pages, with a lithographed cover, the pages being filled with reproductions of industrial scenes common to Southern California. The edition is a mine of information, which is indeed valuable.

## "Biggest and Most Gorgeous."

[Oxford County (Me.) Advertiser:] The biggest and most gorgeous New-Year's edition of any paper which has come to our sanctum is the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times. Southern California ought to grow, with a paper like the Times to boom it.

## REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

THURSDAY, Feb. 2, 1899.

Harold Kenworthy and Caro Kenworthy to James A. Frame, lots 4 and 5, block 1, subdivision of Garvey ranch, \$2000.

Harrison L. Rice to Charles Christman, lot 11, West End Terrace tract, \$1000.

Catherine L. Whitman to Lon H. Mitchell, lot 8, block B, J. H. Bryan's Figueroa-street subdivision, \$3000.

B. E. Nindo to C. A. Landreth, part lot 3, George W. Hazard's plat, \$200.

C. R. Dixon and Julia Dixon to same, part lot 3, same tract, \$10.

Landreth, part lot 3, same tract, \$800.

C. W. Wyche and Minnie Wyche to California Cyclopedia Company, part lot 15, block A, A. Burrows's subdivision, \$1.

Emily P. Webb to William Tenhaeff, lot 9, Williams tract, \$200.

Estate of Friedrich Edward Keffel, deceased, order confirming sale to Johanna Agnes Keffel, undivided one-half interest in part lots 5 and 6, block 59, Hancock's survey; also mortgage (538-244) to Daniel Meyer, personal property, No. 24.

Mrs. Sara E. Posey to Charles Silent, part sec. 1, 2, 3, 4, \$13,200.

Charles Silent, Mary C. Silent, W. A. Jenkins and V. A. Humphrey, trustees, and Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California to same, lots 4 and 5, Chester Place, \$16,200.

Same to William Bayly, lots 7, 8 and 9, Chester Place, \$15,600.

## Society Women

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was downhearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. I bought the first box in mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."—Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution. Be



sure that the full name is on the package. For sale at all druggists, or sent postpaid by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. Price fifty cents per box.

**Elegant Doultou Ware...**

At a Heavy Discount From Former Prices.

You know what it means when WE advertise a DISCOUNT SALE. It will pay you to look into this matter.

**H. F. Vollmer & Co.** Direct Importers, 116 S. Spring St.

Charles Silent, Mary C. Silent, W. A. Jenkins and V. A. Humphrey, trustees, and Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California to same, lots 4 and 5, Chester Place, \$16,200.

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## Marvels of New Invention.

## New and Unusual Industries.

## THE SUNDAY TIMES

FOR FEBRUARY 5, 1899.

Read the Magazine Section.  
Tales of Travel and Adventure.  
Wit and Wisdom of the World.

## Special Articles:

## VIEWS OF A PROMINENT FILIPINO.

Ramon Reyes Lala outlines the American attitude regarding the islands; by Ramon Reyes Lala.

## NAVAL MANEUVERS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Admiral Cervera will again be chased to his lair; by R. G. Skerrett.

## IN BEECHER'S PULPIT AT THIRTY-NINE.

Newell Dwight Hillis's remarkable success as preacher and orator; by Samuel Mervin.

## UP THE PARAGUAY.

Thirteen hundred miles into the heart of South America; by Frank G. Carpenter.

## BRAZIL AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

Prosperity has come with education and stability of government; by W. R. Greenwood.

## DEER FARMING IN WASHINGTON.

A park near the city where the graceful creatures are bred and sheltered; by Julius A. Truesdell.

## A BOAT THAT WILL ROLL ON THE SEA.

Frederick A. Knapp secures capital to build a big new barrel ship; by Forrest Crissey.

## HOW SNAKES WALK WITH THEIR RIBS.

A track in the road tells whether a snake is venomous or harmless; by G. R. O'Reilly.

## WORLD'S GREATEST PEARL FISHERIES.

Come to us with the Philippines and bring trouble with them; by Michael Gifford White.

## ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS PLAYERS.

Great men and women who were identified with Shakespearean roles; by Edith L. Lane.

## A BUTTERNUT VICTORY.

Tale of a political misunderstanding a generation ago; by John Nelson Trump.

## THE REAL CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

His unique political record and the curious circumstances of his first speech; by I. D. Marshall.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

Bob-tailed Jackets and Beetle Coats—Evanescence popularity of extreme modern styles; by Mary Dean. Millionaire Clothes Sales—Colored wardrobes are disposed of to make room for mourning; by Emily Holt. A Pine Woods Publisher—Mrs. Helen Van Vechten is the only book-maker in the world; by Della T. Davis.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Swapping Horses—The way Alden Merriman got into trouble trading with other folks' property; by Charles Battell Loomis. Games for the Family; by Mina Smith. Flying Prayers—A woman who tied petitions to the legs of birds. Fishing on Horseback—A California boy who made money catching squids; by C. F. Holder.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD LITERATURE AND BOOK REVIEWS.

Great Daily Paper—Valuable Weekly Magazine.

ONLY FIVE CENTS.

## REMOVED.

## Sorosio Shoes

To their New Store,

327 South Broadway

Just South Coulter  
Dry Goods Store.

## Trunks==Valises

We have a good line of the above, well constructed and low in price, and believe they are little better than our competitors sell for the same money.

THE FAIR, PRIESTER & CO. 224-226 S. Spring St.











## City Briefs.

David C. Cook, the editor and publisher of Sunday-school literature, will speak at Vincent M. E. Church, corner Main and Twenty-ninth st., next Sunday morning and evening. Morning subject, "Some Bible Hiders;" evening subject, "Rest."

The congregation of Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church having decided to vacate the Tabernacle, will hold its last service in that building on Sunday morning. Rev. E. A. Healy's subject will be the "Working of All Things Together for Good."

Of interest to men—C. M. Staub Shoe Co., 255 South Broadway, are closing out several lines of men's shoes at cut prices. A double sole tan shoe, \$5 value, at \$4; a \$4 calf shoe at \$3; a \$3.50 box calf shoe, \$2.75.

Manicuring, 25 cents; shampooing 50 cents; hair dressing 35 cents; 50 cents; facial treatments, 50 cents; expert artists, finest store in city. Mile. Elise, 349 South Broadway.

Fifteen hundred dollars worth of Mexican drawwork will be closed out at wholesale prices. Campbell's Curio Store, 225 South Spring street.

The C. M. Staub Shoe Co., 255 South Broadway, will close out broken lines of men's, women's and children's shoes at greatly reduced prices.

First Baptist Church, 727 South Flower street. Rev. Joseph Small, will preach Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. All welcome.

C. D. Howry, undertaker, still at the stand, 5th and Broadway, opening day and night; lowest prices in the city.

Fried chicken with bacon and baked potatoes, only 20 cents, the Royal Bakery's specialty, 118 S. Spring st.

Reopened for season of 1899, "Bolton's," leading hotel and cafe of Long Beach. Special rates to tourists.

The ladies will find S. Benioff, the ladies' tailor, at 320 S. Broadway, under Friday Morning Club Hall.

Dr. J. W. Jauch has removed his office to rooms 203 and 204 Douglas Building.

Lowest prices, opals, drawnwork, carved leather, Field & Cole, 349 Spring. 10c shells for 5c this week only. Winkler's Curio, 346 S. Broadway.

Drawnwork sale at Campbell's.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Lewis & Co., George R. Smith and Tony Arana.

The Y.W.C.A. has engaged Miss Adele Stoneman as director of the Choral Club, which meets each week at the association rooms.

The Rev. J. C. Fletcher will address the assembled teachers of Los Angeles at the High School building upon the subject of "Egypt" at 9:30 o'clock to-day.

Cast-off clothing and food supplies are greatly needed in the charity work of Bethlehem Institutional Church. Notify Mrs. Albert I. Bradley, deaconess, No. 210 Vicks street, and articles will be called for.

Postmaster Matthews has been greatly annoyed the last few days by people who have carelessly put out smallpox infected mail. Some think that the postoffice department of the Federal building is under quarantine, and that carriers will not be permitted to deliver mail in the infected portions of the city, while others are almost ready to emigrate because a quarantine has not been put in force.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the State Loan and Trust Company, held yesterday, the following officers and board of directors were elected for the ensuing year: Officers—H. J. Woolcott, president; R. H. Howell, first vice-president; Warren Gilman, second vice-president; J. J. A. Ott, cashier; Gibbon, Thomas & Halstead, attorneys. Directors—R. H. Howell, C. C. Allen, F. K. Rule, J. W. A. Ott, B. F. Ball, J. A. Muir, B. F. Porter, W. Gilman, W. P. Gardner, L. C. Brand, H. J. Woolcott.

Coroner Holland held an inquest yesterday morning at Garret's undertaking parlors on the body of Santos Ocano, the Mexican who received fatal injuries several days ago by falling from his wagon near Hollywood. The verdict of the jury being to the effect that his death was due to accident.

Deceased owned a small place at Calabasas, from where he was in the habit of hauling wood, residing while in this city with a sister on the East Side. A niece of deceased arrived yesterday morning from Yuma, and a sister will arrive this morning, when the funeral arrangements will be made.

## PERSONALS.

R. H. Carr of Victoria, B. C., is at the Ramona.

W. T. Hansen, a Chicago capitalist, is at the Annex.

S. E. Davis and family of Minneapolis are at the Annex.

Mayor D. C. Reed of San Diego arrived yesterday at the Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. W. of Ireland and Miss Sparr of England are in the city.

Superintendent J. S. Anunson of San Pedro Harbor work arrived yesterday at the Nadeau.

Mrs. A. N. Van Huesen of Albany, N. Y., is at the Van Nuys Annex and will leave on Sunday for her home with the remains of her son who died at Pasadena.

W. B. Jenkins of Colorado Springs, who is extensively interested in Cripple Creek mines, is visiting friends and relatives in the city. He is accompanied by his wife and child, and is stopping at No. 1023 Santee street.

## To the Pen for Life.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—A jury this afternoon found Frank Siple guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced him to life imprisonment. He was convicted of giving morphine to Franklin P. Smith, causing Smith's death. The trial lasted nine days.

## Lieut. Peary

the Arctic explorer says of

## Cleveland's Baking Powder

which he took with him on his Arctic expeditions:

"Cleveland's stood the tests of use in those high latitudes and severe temperatures perfectly and gave entire satisfaction."

"Mrs. Peary considers that there is no better baking powder made than Cleveland's. I shall take it again on my next expedition."

"R. E. PEARY, U.S.N."

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York

## Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

## Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## POLICE COURT.

Garbage in His Wagon—Great Day for Drunks.

Fred Hendershad, driver of an express wagon, was in the Police Court before Justice Austin yesterday, charged by Officer Bert Smith with pumping garbage in an alley between Fourth and Fifth streets and Broadway and Spring street. Hendershad acknowledged having dumped the garbage into the alley from his wagon, but said that some one put the refuse matter into his wagon while he was at lunch. On being asked if he knew who put it there, he said he did not, but that it evidently came from some saloon. He said he could prove it by witnesses that the garbage was not in his wagon when he went to lunch. When he returned he found it there, and simply dumped it into the alley. In order to give him a chance to substantiate his statement, Justice Austin continued further hearing of the case until 1:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Yesterday was a good day for drunks. Jim Burke, Richard Ryan, J. R. Malone, John Anderson, Earl McGee, James Smith, Thomas Carson, Frank Smith, J. B. Goodwin, Tom Kelly and William Johnson had been found by officers in various stages of intoxication from a modest tot up to a full-sized jag. They were fined in sum of \$1, \$2 and \$3 each, according to the amount of their libations.

Hermenia Corrigan, a Mexican woman, was charged with having been intoxicated on the premises at No. 234 1/2 East First street, the landlady, Mrs. C. F. A. Toepel, being the complaining witness. Mrs. Corrigan denied having been drunk and intimated that her arrest was simply due to spite work on the part of the landlady, but the testimony of the officers went against her, and she was adjudged guilty. She was given the privilege of paying \$5 or serving five days in the City Jail.

Deputy Sheriff J. B. Loving, who was arrested Thursday evening on San Pedro street by Officer Hubbard on a charge of fast driving, pleaded not guilty to the charge. In order to hear the testimony of witnesses, Justice Austin continued the case until 1:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Arthur Parker and E. Johnson, two men who are temporarily out of work, and were found sleeping in box cars, were allowed to go.

Hayes McLaughlin, a colored individual who had been arrested on a charge of vagrancy, tried hard to prove that he was a horny-handed son of toil, but fate was against him, and he went back to the City Jail.

William Hogan, a patriarch of the genus hobo, was arrested by Deputy Constable Arguello in the river bottom on a charge of vagrancy. Hogan talked the arresting officer, however, and gained his freedom.

J. McKinley and Frank Herman, two workmen with little funds, but a laudable desire to keep clean, washed their shirts in the river in the vicinity of Ninth street. Deputy Constable Arguello spied them in the act, and took them in. They both denied any intention of wrong-doing, saying they had been told that it was all right to wash their shirts in the river in that vicinity. As they had very little money they thought they would do their own washing and save their money for food. They were allowed to go on their own recognizance, sentence being reserved.

Tom Andrews, the man who is accused of stealing lead pipe from vacant houses, was arraigned and will have his preliminary examination this morning at 11 o'clock.

Fernando Consales was charged with disturbing the peace. Miss Eloise Coronado, the complaining witness, said that last Sunday forenoon, while she was in the store of M. G. Gonzalez, corner Marchessault and San Fernando streets, the defendant, who is her brother-in-law, entered the store and used obscene and violent language to her. Witnesses who were in the store at the time testified, but their testimony was unwilling and unsatisfactory, and the defendant was discharged.

**Marriage Licenses.**

The following marriage licenses were issued by the County Clerk yesterday: Carlos N. Rodriguez, a native of California, aged 31 years, a resident of Newhall, and Josefa Persa, a native of California, aged 18 years, also a resident of Newhall.

William Franklin Shields, a native of Iowa, aged 24 years, a resident of Los Angeles, and Minnie Kincher, a native of Illinois, aged 25 years, a resident of North Hollywood, county.

Oakley V. Stephenson, a native of Illinois, aged 29 years, a resident of Los Angeles, and Lilly L. Cooper, a native of Canada, aged 20 years, also a resident of Los Angeles.

Philip J. Goltz, a native of Germany, aged 27 years, a resident of Los Angeles, and Malissa A. Van Tress, a native of Illinois, aged 21 years, also a resident of Los Angeles.

Canfield not a Candidate.

COLUMBUS (O.), Feb. 3.—Dr. J. H. Canfield, president of the Ohio State University, was asked regarding the report that his name has been presented to President McKinley for the position of librarian of Congress. He said he had received an intimation of the fact, but knew nothing of the intimation which caused the presentation. He said that he was not a candidate, but would not say whether he would accept it or not.

**DEATH RECORD.**

SWETT—In this city, February 3, 1899, Angela, only and beloved daughter of Frank H. and Lizzie P. Swett, deceased. Funeral from the family residence, No. 1216 Maple avenue, at 1 p.m. Sunday, 5th inst. thence to St. Vincent's Church, Internment New Calvary Cemetery. Friends are invited to attend.

BOYD—At her late residence, No. 301 South Bunker Hill avenue, Mary Bird Boyd, wife of W. S. Boyd.

Interment private.

LUNN—At Santa Cruz, February 1, 1899, Arthur J. Lunn.

VAN HEUSEN—At Pasadena, Cal., February 3, 1899, William Manning Van Heusen, aged 33 years.

YBARRO—In this city, February 3, 1899, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. T. de Ybarro, aged 20 months.

**SUTCH & DEERING FUNERAL PARLORS.** Nos. 506-508 South Broadway. Mrs. Spooner, attendant for ladies and children. Tel. M. 665.

**LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO.** Will check baggage at your residence or any point. No. 218 W. First street. Tel. M. 349.

**TALLY-HO Stages and Carriage Co.** is now located at 712 South Broadway. Same telephone, main 51.

## BISHOP'S

Once you eat of "Bishop's" Soda Crackers you will order no other kind.

Crimp Soda Crackers in bulk. Princess Soda Crackers in boxes.

BISHOP AND COMPANY

**SODA CRACKERS**

You can buy cheaper California wines than the

"Premier" Wines.

You can also buy cheap meat or good.

Which will you have?

Charles Stern & Sons,

Winery and Distillery, 901-931 MACY ST.

City Depot—ELLINGTON DRUG CO., corner Fourth and Spring.

**VERXA.**

**SATURDAY'S BARGAINS.**

18 pounds for \$1.00

BEST CANE GRANULATED SUGAR.

A FINE RICE, pound, .50

AMERICAN SARDINES, can, .30

MUSTARD SARDINES, 4 tins, .50

GERMAN BIRD SEED, package, .60

YOU CAN BUY FROM US FOR 5 CENTS A POUND AS GOOD AS ANYWHERE ELSEWHERE FOR FIFTY CENTS POUND.

**Our Delicacy Department**

BOILED HAM, pound, .50

TRIPE (Honeycomb), can, .10

LAMB'S TROTTERS, each, .10

SALMON BELLAGES, each, .40

DEERFOOT PORK SAUSAGE, pound, .10

PIGS' FEET, each, .10

FRESH RANCH EGGS, dozen, .25

FANCY ALMON BUTTER, pound, .25

FULL CREAM CHEESE, pound, .15c

**Apples.**

WE HAVE LEFT IN BOXES OF CHOICEST VARIETIES OF FANCY APPLES WHICH WE ARE DETERMINED TO SELL TODAY.

**Coffee.**

OUR COFFEE FRIENDS WILL BEAR US OUT IN THE SPANISH THAT WE HAVE THE BEST COFFEES IN THE CITY FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

**28 cents Pound.**

OUR LEADER JAVA AND MOCHA COFFEE—Your money back if this coffee does not please you.

**35 cents Pound.**

CHASE & SANBORN CELEBRATED STANDARD JAVA & MOCHA COFFEE—King of them all.

**VERXA.**

**WOMEN**

Who want the most for their money get it in our

**\$2.50**

Boot, button or lace; styles of toes, and that popular favorite, French last. Strong, durable, though comfortable.

**The Cummins Foot-Form Shoes**

COR. 4th & BROADWAY

**MEXICAN**

**Drawn Work**

\$1500 worth of doilies, centers, tray cloths, etc. will be sold at wholesale prices. CAMPBELL'S CURIO STORE, 225 S. Spring Street.

**Full Set of Teeth Only \$5.00.**

Teeth extracted without pain. All work guaranteed.

**Dr. R. L. H. Turner,**

Room 7-8, 254 S. Broadway.

Tel. M. 770. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Chronic Diseases**

**TREATED BY**

**Homo Alo Medical Institute,**

245 South Spring Street.

Diamond rings, pure white, perfectly cut. \$7.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50. You want to see these. Large diamonds but not better ones.

**W. J. GETZ,**

289 South Broadway.

## GIGANTIC Alteration and Expansion Sale

Superb elegance and richness. Not one piece borders on the commonplace. Fabrics that are in the first blush of popularity. These beautiful colored and solid black materials are most easily damaged by flying mortar dust, so we reduce the price before the mortar dust attacks them. Buyers will be fortunate. Not a yard worth less than \$1.50.

**\$1.50 to \$2 Dress Goods for 98c**

Black Mohair and Wool Poplins, 98c

Black Shrivelled Stripe Crepons, 98c

Black Ottoman Cords, 98c

Black Whipcords Serges, 98c

Black Figured Sollets, 98c

Black Creponettes and Fancies, 98c

Colored Matelasse Crepons, 98c

Colored Silk and Wool Bayaderes, 98c

Colored English Whipcords, 98c

Colored English Covert Cloths, 98c

Colored Mixed Matelasse, 98c

Colored Venetian Suitings, 98c

**Boys' Suits**

Boys' middy suits in brown mixed chevrons, trimmed with a deep red cloth; something entirely new; splendid suits for \$3.50.

**Special Silkoline**

The prettiest drapery stuff made, as effective as silk, 36 inches wide, an endless variety to choose from, worth 12 1-2c and 15c a yd.; special at 8 1/2c.

**Window Shades**

A good painted cloth, mounted on a reliable, self-acting spring roller, each shade warranted, size 36 in. by 7 feet, good line of colors, 40c shades; special at 25c.

**Ladies' Ties**

Ladies' Bre- tonne net ties, with embroidered and lace ends, new and pretty designs, 2 yards long and very fashionable, on sale at 49c.

**Black Jackets**

All jackets in the house are reduced in price. We cannot quote all, so only the black ones get mention today. Every one is a new style, newest sleeves and proper lengths.

Jackets worth up to \$10.00, reduced to \$7.00

Jackets worth up to \$15.00, reduced to \$10.00

Jackets worth up to \$8.50, reduced to \$4.25

**Hair Brushes**

Florence celebrated hair brushes, solid hard rubber backs, 15 rows of genuine Russian bristles, a brush which will wear for 30 years; 50c size for 39c.

**Nail Brushes**

Solid back nail brushes, 8 rows of fine bristles, long polished handle, 10c.

**Woolen Underwear**

Regular quality of women's knitted underwear. Fine wool vests and pants, finished with silk, natural gray and white; good \$1.00 values; On sale at 69c.

**Decorated China**

745 decorated plates in such shapes as bread and butter, salad, dessert, dinner and soup. Haviland, Lemong and Austrian; Regular prices from 35c to 50c each; On sale at 25c.

**Special Towels.**

150 dozen Marcellies towels, size 18x36 inches, fringed, very absorbent and durable; worth \$2.00 a yard; Tonight at 5c.

**Cream Damask.**

10 pieces of cream damask, five different patterns all linen, 60 inches wide, worth \$2.00 a yard; Tonight at 25c.

**Ladies' Shoes.**

Bright Donzola kid, button and lace shoes, with patent leather tips and new coin toes, made to sell for \$2.00 a pair; Tonight only \$1.50.

**Handy Pins.**

Your choice of a box of good black pins; a paper of American pins or a paper of safety pins; each worth 3c; Tonight at 1c.

**Handkerchiefs.**

Ladies' lawn initial handkerchiefs in almost every letter; they come 6 in a box; worth 60c; Tonight at 25c.

**Black Ribbons.**

4-inch black all silk satin ribbons, suitable for sashes and neckwear; 6c grade; Tonight at 25c.

**TONIGHT**

FROM 7 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part I.—32 Pages.

FEBRUARY 5, 1899.

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## THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our Hoe quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 3 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.



ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## CHURCH TAXATION.

**A**MONG other propositions that are being considered by the Legislature at Sacramento, is the exemption from taxation of property used exclusively for church purposes. As our readers are aware, California is the only State in the Union where such property is subject to taxation. A strong effort is being made to secure from this Legislature the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment such as shall provide for such exemption, and lift the burden of taxation from all property used, entirely for purposes of worship. This would not include any holdings belonging to a church, and held for its enrichment, but simply church buildings and places of worship, from the ownership of which there accrues to the church no actual financial profit.

It is a movement which every good citizen of the State may well hope to see succeed, for the church spires which rise throughout our land are, no less than the common schools, the indexes of our civilization, and the vote for such an amendment to our State Constitution would by no means be confined to church members, but would embrace the vote of every citizen who has the good of the public at heart.

Christian America knows what it owes to the church; it realizes that a churchless community is not an orderly, and law-abiding community; that where the church is strongest the saloon and other evils do not thrive, but that prosperity and industry are nurtured through its influence. The church has entered into all that is noblest and best in our land, into the strongest fibers of American civilization. It is the life-blood of American freedom and the vitalizing force in American progress. Multiply the church spires and the church membership of this country, and you strengthen by just so much the bulwarks of American freedom, for the church helps to make good citizens and good law-makers. In the consistent churchman no one expects to find a violator of law, an enemy of education and of human progress, for he looks upon life from its most elevated standpoint, and he sees in every fellow-man a brother. Not from the Christian church does oppression come, nor the influences which are at war with the advancement of the race. The mass of men admit this fact, and if this amendment to our Constitution is submitted by this Legislature to the people of the great commonwealth of California, thousands who are not church members, but who realize what a mighty power for good the Christian church of this land is, will vote for it, and they will help California to wheel into line with the other States of the Union, which are seeking to aid the efforts and lighten the burdens of an institution so essential to the very life and advancement of this free land.

We must not forget that the American nation

had birth in the desire for religious freedom, so that it may be recognized as the offspring of the church. Liberty was cradled here and nurtured by God-fearing men, who had fled from persecution and tyranny. The church was the strong corner-stone of our national life, and upon this we have reared a nationality more powerful and resourceful than that of any age that has preceded our own, and there can be no reasonable doubt that if this question is submitted to a vote of the people of this State, the majority will vote for its adoption. It is better to do what we can to strengthen the church than it is to pay taxes for the restraint of the lawless, and the punishment of criminals. Better to support the church than the jail and the poorhouse, which never flourish in communities where the church is strong, active and influential.

The church is a conservator of peace, of good morals and industrial enterprise. It is a broadener of human sympathies. Fill our churches and aid them in the work which they are doing to elevate the race and you empty our jails and lessen the demand for poorhouses and homes of correction. Thus the citizen who votes for the reduction of church taxes votes indirectly for law and order and the best good of the community in which he lives. He saves himself from the demands upon his purse made for the support of the lawless and worthless, and he performs his duty as a good citizen, a lover of humanity, and a friend of the race.

## TOO MUCH LEGISLATION.

**I**T is one of the evils of the democratic form of government that the statute-books are burdened with a great amount of ill-considered, crude, and unnecessary or positively vicious legislation. The legislators of the several States—and the same is true of our national legislators—seem to vie with one another in an effort to introduce and "put through" a large number of bills, restricting, regulating, prohibiting, or permitting, this or that action on the part of individuals, associations or corporate communities. These over-zealous "statesmen" proceed upon the assumption, apparently, that the more bills a member can introduce and have enacted into law, the greater is his ability as a legislator. The result of this perverted view of the case is the flooding of legislative bodies with great masses of nascent legislation, based, not upon any public need or demand, but principally upon the desires of parvenu statesmen to exploit their ideas, or lack of ideas, on the science of civil government.

Among this great mass of ill-considered legislation there are found, at almost every session of every Legislature, some measures of a positively vicious character, introduced at the instance of persons or corporations who will be benefited by the enactment of such measures into law. Unfortunately, it is not difficult for interested parties to secure the introduction into a State Legislature of such measures as they may, for selfish reasons, desire to have incorporated into the laws of the land. Still more unfortunate is the fact that it is a matter of comparatively little difficulty, in many of the States of the Union, to secure the enactment of unrighteous laws, if sufficient tact, skill, and money be employed for the purpose.

One of the pernicious methods by which so many evil measures get through legislative bodies into the statute-books arises from a practice familiarly known as "log-rolling." A member of the Legislature has one or more bills which he very much desires shall be made into law. Another member, and another, and another, indefinitely, is similarly situated. The first member may not favor the bills of his neighbor, but in order to secure votes for the measure or measures for which he is responsible, he agrees to vote for those of other members. Thus, instead of standing on its merits or falling on its demerits, a bill will often be passed, without reference to its value as a law, through the mere trading of votes.

All this, of course, is wrong—seriously wrong.

No bill should pass a legislative body save upon its merits, strictly, and its success or defeat, when put upon its passage, should reflect the honest opinions, honestly expressed, of the members of the body acting upon it.

If all the absurd, unjust, and oppressive laws enacted in the United States were enforced, we should be the most governed—and the worst governed—nation on the face of the round earth. It is not altogether certain that we are not, already, the most governed people. But our freedom from annoying and unjust restrictions is far greater than it would be if all laws were enforced. At least half, and probably more than half, of the laws enacted by legislative bodies of all kinds in the United States, lapse and become a dead letter through non-enforcement. In some cases they are so obviously unjust, absurd, and oppressive that enforcement is entirely impracticable. In other cases, an attempt to enforce a bad law is combated at once by an appeal to the courts on behalf of the person or persons brought under its oppression, with the result, in the majority of cases, that the law is declared unconstitutional, and therefore invalid. But there are many evil laws which are allowed to remain on the statute-books, and which are enforced with sufficient strictness to work much wrong, hardship, and oppression upon a people who are theoretically self-governed and are supposedly free from oppression.

It is both fortunate and unfortunate that so many laws are allowed to become a dead letter. It is fortunate, because if all these laws were enforced, and were retained on the statute-books, the American people would be under a system of oppression, of their own forging, less tolerable than that which obtains in "darkest Russia." It is unfortunate, because the non-enforcement of law naturally and inevitably breeds disrespect alike for law, for those who make the law, and for those who are charged with its enforcement.

The remedy for the over-legislation from which the American people are suffering, while easy of discernment, is not so easy of realization. It would be a blessing if about nine out of every ten laws enacted at each legislative session could be stricken out immediately after their enactment. But until public opinion so changes that it will require legislators to exercise as much zeal in securing the repeal of bad laws as they do in securing the enactment of new laws, good or bad, the evils of over-legislation are likely to continue.

## WHERE POPPIES GROW.

Close by the field where poppies grow,  
My love and I, long years ago,  
Went hand in hand, one summer day,  
In that fair land that keeps the May  
Forever hid in skies of blue,  
The morning ever fresh with dew,  
And all the light of spring-time glow,  
The golden land where poppies grow.

Here as we plucked the sunlit flower,  
We saw the secret of its power;  
In love it won, from shade and sun,  
And lived its light till day was done;  
Caught golden gleam, and in its hue,  
Still held the freshness of the dew,  
And gave no hint that winter snow  
Can blight the fields where poppies grow.

O Love, 'tis years and years ago,  
Since we have walked where poppies grow,  
Yet have you kept for me the glow  
Of that fair day so long ago.  
As hand in hand we walk today,  
You fill my heart with joy of May,  
And though our heads are white as snow,  
Love keeps the gleam the poppies know.  
MARY M. ADAMS.

## Our Club.

We're going to have the mostest fun!  
It's going to be a club;  
And no one can belong to it  
But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we'd have a reading club,  
But couldn't, 'cause, you see,  
Not one of us knows how to read—  
Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a sewing club,  
But thought we'd better not;  
'Cause none of us knows how to sew—  
Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it's just a playing club;  
We play till time for tea;  
And oh, we have the bestest times!—  
Just Dot and Bub and me.

—[December St. Nicholas.



## VIEWS OF A PROMINENT FILIPINO.

## RAYMON REYES LALA OUTLINES THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE annual banquet of the Wellesley Club, on January 21, was attended by 300 members and a number of distinguished guests. The special topic of discussion was territorial expansion, and among the more prominent speakers were Prof. Bliss Perry, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Hon. Edmund Wetmore, Richard Hovey, and Ramon Reyes Lala.

Mr. Lala, author of "The Philippine Islands" (Continental Publishing Company, New York and London), is a native of Manila, of a high-class family there, but for some years an American citizen, resident of New York. He is tall, handsome, animated, and speaks English fluently, having been educated at St. John's College, London. In New York and vicinity he is in demand as an authentic and interesting lecturer and writer on the Philippine Islands.

What Mr. Lala had to say is so timely, and of so much value—coming from a representative of the best element of the Filipinos—that his remarks are here quoted in full:

Ladies and gentlemen: I have been much interested in the admirable addresses that have gone before, and, I assure you, I am not unmindful of the honor that places me in the company of such distinguished speakers.

I have been asked to say a few words about the much-discussed and little-known Filipinos, of which long-suffering and much-maligned race I am, I believe, the only one that is also an American citizen. So you will understand that I am not here tonight to crave admission to the glories and opportunities of American citizenship. I am already annexed! And whatever limitations the republic may find necessary to put upon the exuberant ardor of those savages of Luzon, of which you have heard so much, there is at least one Filipino that refuses to be limited; who is here tonight to have his lit say.

And, I would add further, I am not here to ask you to colonize my native land. I myself have taken the initiative, and have come to colonize America. And when my countrymen hear of my good fortune, and how the Americans have rewarded my attempts to enlighten them, I am persuaded that many will come over to assist me in the good work so auspiciously begun.

Naturally, I am pleased at the interest manifested in my country, and I appreciate, indeed, the many gracious invitations I have received to lecture on the Philippine Islands. Most of them I have accepted; for I am eager to correct the prevailing misconception regarding my countrymen.

I am a Filipino, and I am proud of it! I claim the distinction, too, of being a fair representative of the remote people; therefore, I hope you will infer that we are not as black as we have been painted. We have, at best, some of the attributes of humanity; the faculty of intellect, some of the graces of civilization. We do not claim all!

The Filipinos are not a race of irrepressible savages, a noisy horde of Asiatic cut-throats, unversed in the ways of the Occident, demanding the boon of American citizenship. They are, in many respects, a gentle, ductile race, gifted, yet possessed of well-defined limitations. They are Christians, and, as such, ask for Christian forbearance. They are men, and, as such, ask for human treatment.

I have seen it stated that, in the interior of some of the Philippine provinces are many tribes of irresponsible savages—pagans and cannibals all—who, if the islands were annexed, would be a perpetual menace to the integrity of the republic; a persistent problem in the body politic.

There are a few such tribes; but they are not the Filipinos; they are the degenerate remnants of the negro aborigines, and are fast dying out. It is not with you have to deal.

The Filipinos are all of Malay origin, with a sprinkling of half-breeds, of Spanish or Chinese descent, called *Mestizos*. They are Catholics, and have, for centuries, had the benefits of Christian civilization. When, therefore, you consider how we have been oppressed by generations of priestcraft, and by ages of Spanish tyranny, the fact that we are what we are is truly remarkable.

And what can we show?

We have our own lawyers and doctors, and other professional men by the hundreds, educated, as I was, abroad, in Europe, or in America or in the universities of Manila. We have our poets, artists, musicians, who have awakened the wonders of travelers, the admiration of Europe. We have our merchant-princes and our large cities, our own architecture; in brief, our own civilization.

If this is not so grand as yours, my fellow Americans, remember we have not had the same advantages, the same fostering forces. On the contrary, we have been oppressed as no other nation under the sun; and we have longed for liberty, and pined for freedom! We were in the world; we wanted to become part of it. This divine aspiration for the expression of our nationality, in the form of statehood, found vent in many rebellions. The last, by your help, was successful; the hated Spaniard has been driven back to his European lair; at last we feel we are free to work out our own destiny along the line of our own God-given individuality.

Now, the question is, how can this be done? By annexation? By a protectorate? By independence?

Although I believe we have a great future, I cannot disguise to myself the conviction that we are not yet ready for independence. More especially because the Filipinos have not had the preparation for self-government possessed by the founders of the American republic. And I apprehend that, intoxicated with their new-found liberty, the Filipinos might perpetrate ex-

cesses that would prove fatal to the race. I feel this all the more when I consider that the revolutionary leaders—Aguinaldo and his companions, though fervent patriots—do not represent the best classes of my countrymen, who almost without exception, are for a protectorate, or for annexation.

And it is this that I, too, a Filipino, desire most ardently. Give us an American protectorate; a territorial government; the judiciary, the customs, and the executive in the hands of Federal officials; the interior and domestic administration in the hands of the Filipinos themselves. And their self-selected officials will rule understandingly and well, without friction; which would be wholly impossible for alien functionaries, begotten of a western civilization.

Of you, Americans, I, a Filipino, therefore, beg, to not leave my countrymen as you found them! You cannot, in humanity, give them back into Spanish bondage. You cannot, in justice, sell them to some European or Asiatic power to become subject, most likely, to another tyranny. They feel that they have fought for, and won, their own freedom, though acknowledging that you have facilitated it. They would, therefore, oppose such disposition to the bitter death. And a Filipino knows how to die! Let a thousand martyrs attest!

You must help them, you who have so nobly assisted in freeing them; you must make it possible for them to attain their destiny—the realization of the national self.

Naturally, some are not yet ready for all the duties of citizenship, all the functions of statehood. But under an American protectorate you can educate them to a proper appreciation of this dignity, and thus become self-supporting, self-respecting, self-governing. Then let the Filipinos decide for themselves the question of annexation.

This, it seems to me, is the only solution. One, too, in perfect agreement with the dictates of prudence and common sense; and in nowise at variance with the established traditions of the American republic and the principles of its Constitution.

So far, I have spoken as a Filipino. Now I wish to



RAYMON REYES LALA.

(From "The Philippine Islands," by Ramon Reyes Lala. Copyright, 1898, by Continental Publishing Co.)

speaking as an American citizen. I believe—doubtless with many others—we should, so far as possible, keep out of diplomatic entanglements, and avoid Old World methods. We should, therefore, never seek to become a colonizing power; but, inasmuch as the Filipinos have been virtually thrust upon us, and inasmuch as our duty to them demands some kind of government for their benefit, we are forced to make a temporary departure from the policy of the fathers, and take the islands under our protection. Humanity dictates this procedure, and humanity is the paramount law. A precedent, too, based upon justice, can never be untimely.

What need now to talk of annexation, when it is plainly impossible for generations to come? Let us rather meet present conditions with the solution of expediency, based upon right. The future—let it solve its own problems! Other and unforeseen conditions may arise that will make the solution easy. The honorable expedients of today become the lauded precedents of tomorrow. We have found it expedient in the past to annex territory; and in various ways: By joint resolution, by discovery and occupation, by purchase, by war, and by treaty; and today we are the fear and wonder of the rest of the world.

If it should some time be found expedient to annex my native land, I, for one, do not believe it would sound the death-knell of the republic, and proclaim the birth of imperialism. All these calamities were prophesied at the time of the purchase of Florida and Louisiana; the admission of Texas and the Territories of the virgin West; the purchase of Alaska; the annexation of Hawaii. And the Union still lives!

If England and Holland, with their magnificent domestic territory, are able to rule ten times their own population in their colonies, to their own enrichment and to the betterment of the natives, why shouldn't we be able to rule a few islands, containing one-tenth of ours? Especially when we consider the enormous extent of our home territory, which will ever prevent the disintegration of the republic. If one Englishman rules

ten Hindoos to his own profit, can't ten Americans rule one Malay for his salvation?

As I have said, the question of annexation should rightly be settled by the Filipinos themselves; and will in time. Yet we should first gradually help them to all precious incidentals of our American civilization. Nor should we forget our duty to ourselves and to succeeding generations of Americans. The day when we shall usurp England's place as mistress of the seas is but a few generations distant. War will soon strangle himself with his own hand. The battle of the future will be the fierce rivalry of commerce, and we should prepare for it.

The Philippines are the keys to the Orient; with them we can unlock not only riches incalculable, but make them a means of livelihood for millions yet unborn. We should take steps to improve this prize, that is the rightful spoil of a just war—a war for humanity, in which justice triumphed. There comes, indeed, a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as of men, when opportunity must be taken at the flood. This is a crucial hour; an hour that demands the display of the highest virtue. Today is the crisis in our national life. Be true to the past, just to the present, and faithful to the future. This is the problem we must solve.

In giving my fellow-countrymen the boon of freedom and the benefit of American civilization, be charitable. For their crude intelligence, face to face with freedom, will doubtless abuse the gift so generously given. Their eyes, used to the superstitious gloom of Spanish tyranny, will be dazzled by the sudden sunrise of American liberty, and, in their gropings for truth, they may stumble into error. Let us be helpful. It takes a vigorous manhood to keep step with the pace of the century.

Our national progress is full of the episodes of failure. This you know. We should, therefore, expect a few false steps in the Filipinos' tentative, groping efforts.

But I believe that Time's index finger points onward and upward, and America follows, keeping step with the heart-beats of God.

We have heard much lately about the manifest destiny of the republic. There is much discussion, too, concerning the sphere of our duty. The path we have entered has not been entirely of our own choosing. We entered upon a war partly for vengeance, partly to bring the blessings of liberty to those who appealed to us to save them from political slavery.

The magnificent results of the war have placed us in a bewildering maze of new problems, that must be met with an immediate solution. Shall we solve them with an eye to our own gain, or for the advantage of those who hail us as their deliverer? There is only one way—we must proceed along the line of duty; and that is also the line of right. For I believe it to be our mission to save, and, by saving others, we shall save ourselves.

We must accord to our new possessions all that we ourselves enjoy. We must know no other destiny but freedom; no other law but love. We cannot now shirk the tremendous responsibility that the success of our adventure has brought upon us. We would be cowards to attempt to shift the burden of our duty upon those not responsible for the present state of affairs. We have chosen, we have acted, and we must abide by the results.

It would be a short-sighted policy, indeed, that would augment the responsibilities of the next generation by the blind exploration of new possibilities for private or public gain. There are good men and true who should be chosen to see that justice is done.

Let religion, with love and peace, speak words of hope to the millions so long bound in chains of darkness. Let her succor the unfortunate, while her kindly eyes beam mercy on the erring. Let art, with her message of beauty, and science, with her passion for truth, invade the inmost haunts of ignorance, teaching those to know who have never known; helping those to think who have never thought, thus making manhood, not being, the criterion of American citizenship.

## NOT THE CANON'S WORK.

[London Academy:] Conan Doyle is himself the hero of a story in a little Irish town. The town possesses a convent ruled by a Mother Superior whose eyes have seen their best days. Going lately into the local book-seller's shop, she picked up a volume which she thought was written by Conan Doyle, a dignitary of renown in those parts. She bought it, and had it read aloud for the edification at the midday meal of the community.

The edification in the first chapter seemed far to seek. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those secluded walls. The novices were thrilled.

"Well, well," said the Mother Superior, "the dear Canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil."

Then came the awakening. Someone eagerly peering into the volume perceived that the title page bore the word "Conan" instead of "Canon." The discovery reached the ears of the Mother Superior.

"Very well," she said, "the bookseller where we bought the book is a pious man, and now that we have paid for it we should be wasteful not to read it to the end."

What she decreed was duly done; and it is Conan Doyle's fault if all succeeding books chosen for community perusal have seemed to be exceedingly dull.

## FROM THE DEPTHS.

[Unidentified:] Rev. Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, whose semi-jubilee as minister of the parish was celebrated by a dinner the other day, preached before the Queen and royal family at Balmoral, and dined with them in the evening. As is generally well-known, he is, like Zaccarius of old, a man of small stature and lame. In consequence, when in a strange pulpit, he is always provided with a footstool to raise him to the necessary height to be seen by the congregation; but the story goes that on one occasion when preaching in a country church he found that this necessary footstool had not been provided. He has a keen sense of the humorous, and when on standing up he found that he was quite invisible to the congregation, he announced as the opening psalm, "Lord, From the Depths to Thee I cried." Even his serious Scotch hearers could not repress a smile after this announcement, and the stool was speedily forthcoming.



## A BOAT THAT WILL ROLL ON THE SEA.

FREDERICK A. KNAPP SECURES CAPITAL TO BUILD A BIG BARREL SHIP.

By a Special Contributor.

**L**AST year the world was amused, then perplexed, then astonished at the effort of Frederick A. Knapp, a daring Canadian inventor, to navigate a huge boat which rolled on the sea like a barrel. The initial trip of the experimental boat convinced a number of capitalists that Mr. Knapp's invention would revolutionize the science of navigation, and now with thousands of dollars at his command, the inventor is letting contracts for the construction of the first Knapp roller boat. It will enter into active competition with steam and sail vessels of the present type for the world's water traffic. The big cylinder will be finished and launched at the beginning of next summer.

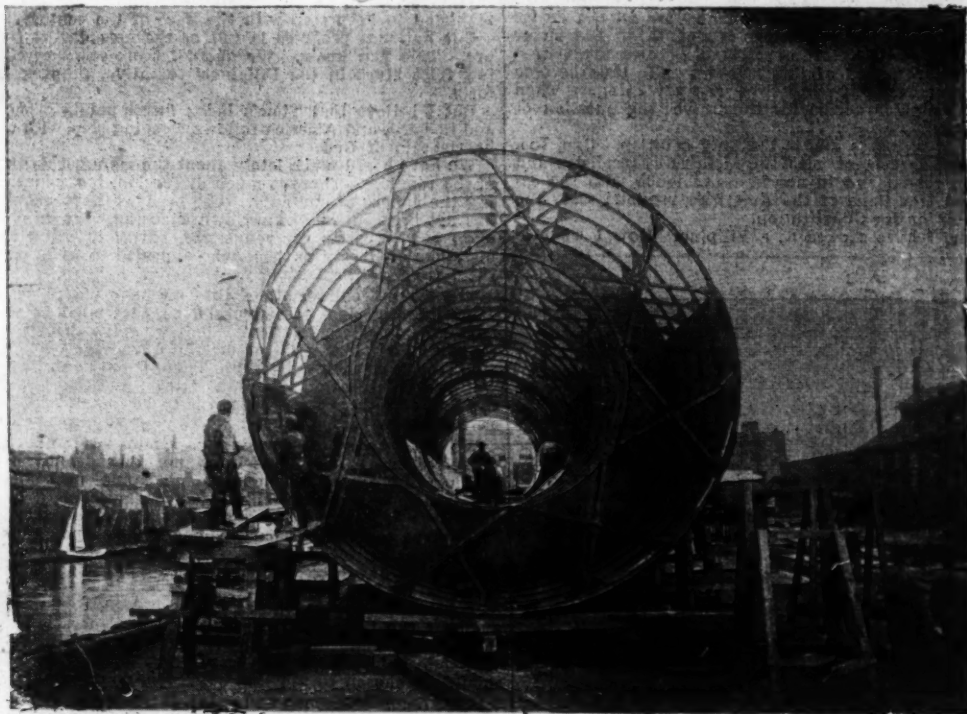
The success of the first full-sized roller boat, the initial steps in the building of which are now occupying the attention of Mr. Knapp and his associates in

heating tubes, etc., and for affording a passageway. The steering is done by rudder "drags" at each end operated from a bridge suspended outside the boat.

A knotty problem in the construction of this boat was the application of the power by which the outside cylinder is revolved. This is accomplished by a battery of three engines having a long, upward stroke, the pistons being attached to "cranks" of the big driving shaft. The points on the circle of the shaft at which the pistons apply the power are equidistant from each other, or 120 degrees apart. At each end of the driving shaft is a powerful cogwheel fitting into the cogs of the cylinder's bearings, or more properly into an internal "spur gear" rigidly connected with the solid bulkhead of the cylinder.

Above the suspended cradle of the boat is an arched ceiling hiding from view the interior of the revolving cylinder overhead. Light and air are freely admitted

"If the freight boat which we shall put into commission next summer, for the ore and grain traffic of the Great Lakes, makes no better speed than did my first crude working model it will outclass all competition on the part of the swiftest freighters now on the inland seas. That model was 110 feet long and 22 feet in diameter. Loaded to 100 tons displacement she revolved ten and one-half times a minute on the application of less than 20-horse power of steam. This gave her a steady speed of six miles an hour. The roller boat for ocean traffic will be 800 feet long and 200 feet in diameter. On the basis of what has already been done with the model in Toronto Bay, operating under an insignificant expenditure of power, I think it may be reasonably granted that adequate engines will be able to turn the



BUILDING THE ROLLER BOAT.

Chicago, will mean a complete and sweeping revolution of all deep-water transportation. If this pioneer roller achieves no greater speed than that made by the crude model which has been operated in Toronto Bay, the craft's now plowing the inland seas may read their orders to tie up in permanent quarters, for the carrying capacity of the roller boat is immensely greater on the same draught than that of the prevailing type of vessel, while the power required to propel it is far less.

To form a correct mental image of the roller boat, picture a huge barrel or cylinder 500 feet long, 96 feet in diameter and 24 feet from the hollow core to the outer surface. This is constructed of boiler plate so riveted as to be air-tight. It has an inner, an outer and a middle skin, these tubes being held at proper distances from one another by circular partitions forming air-tight compartments which make the boat unsinkable.

Not only is this great barrel the shell of the boat, but it is also its propeller—the wheel which gives the craft its actual traveling capacity. Think of a boat with a paddle wheel 500 feet broad and 96 feet in diameter! But the term "paddle wheel" is not strictly applicable in this case, for the roller boat has neither screw nor paddles. The four-inch T-rails running from end to end of the outside of the cylinder are better described as cogs which set into the water and enable the roller to roll forward over the sea instead of merely revolving without progress. The progressive action of the cylinder is similar to that of the broad-tired wheels of a country traction engine pulling its way up a hill, the cogs with which the tires are crossed biting into the roadway and giving foot-hold and pulling power.

Within the tunnel or core of this hollow cylinder is suspended the boat proper, or the portion carrying the passengers, crew, cargo and engines. The cylinder revolves around this inner cradle, the latter always remaining level. Only at the points where the "spider work" of the cylinder projects down to the "journals" or huge hollow steel axles by which the central section of the boat is suspended, does the framework of the roller come in contact with the hanging or non-rotating part of the craft. The suspended interior is divided into three lengths, two long sections separated by a short one. The short central section of the inner cradle contains the engines, one end section the first-class and the other the second-class passengers. The passage from one to another of these sections is through the hollow "journal" which is a part of the non-rotating life center of the boat. As these steel axles, in a roller boat for ocean service, are bored by tunnels ten feet in diameter, it will be seen that they are ample for carrying all the electric-lighting cables, telegraph and telephone wires,

at the open ends. Only the ends of the cradle are, of course, in the least exposed to sea and weather, and the fact that the bottom of the suspended section of the boat is high above the reach of the fiercest storm waves is calculated to inspire in the future passengers of this craft a feeling of complete security. As there will be no swaying or pitching motion the inventor promises entire exemption from sea sickness. Rocking or swaying is prevented by the perfect equilibrium of the suspended body and the great length of the craft, together with the fact that it rolls over the water "broadside on," allows little opportunity for end-to-end pitching.

The problem of the speed which the roller boat will be able to show is an interesting one, certain to provoke a wide range of comment from nautical men and engineers. Regarding this point the inventor says:

ocean boat thirteen times a minute. That means a speed of 100 miles an hour!

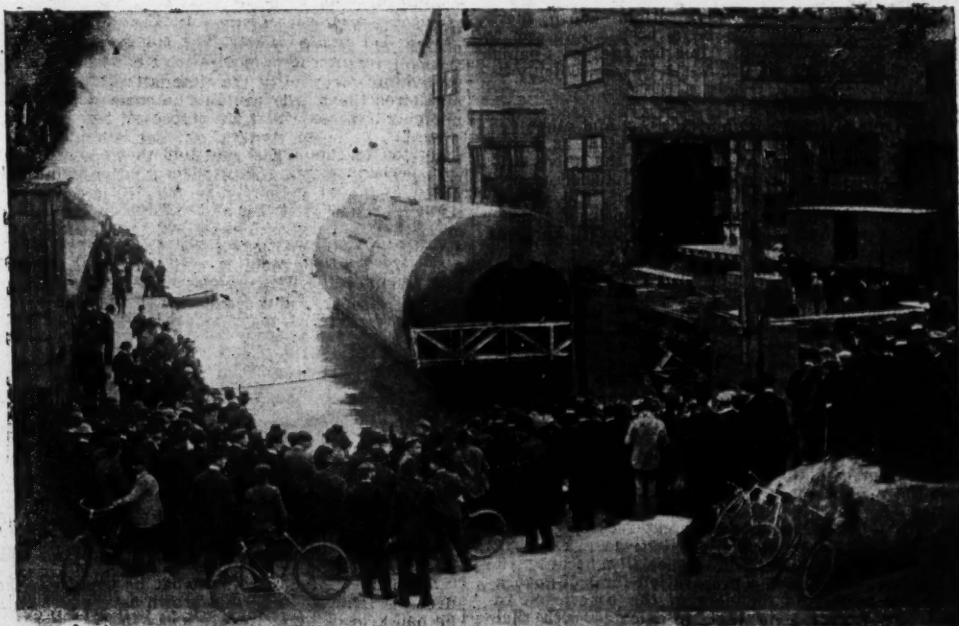
"I have constantly to meet the objection that the roller boat cannot make progress against a gale. This point is raised by engineers who are willing to grant that the boat will be able easily to attain a speed of a hundred miles an hour in still water. In answer to this I have only to say that if the boat can go a mile a minute it can keep out of the face of any gale, for storms travel in the form of a progressive circle. With such a speed as that under discussion the boat can so quickly shift her course as to put the wind at her back and get where the opposing current of the gale cannot overtake her. However, I take the position that no wind can ever stop the roller boat, because the greatest wind resistance the big ocean roller can possibly encounter is 500 to 600 tons, and this cannot have any appreciable effect in overcoming the momentum of a rolling cylinder weighing 25,000 tons. The lesser power must give way to the greater.

"And right here some engineers will exclaim that this conclusion is contrary to 'well-established scientific principles;' that momentum is not a force, not an energy; that the engines of the boat must exert sufficient steam power to overcome the resistance of the wind independent of momentum. This is answered by a simple illustration, the basic facts of which no well-informed engineer will dispute. An ordinary locomotive developing a speed of a mile a minute is mounted on Holman trucks and thereby increases its speed to two miles a minute, meeting a wind resistance of more than 3000 horse power while actually exerting only 1500 horse power of steam force.

"In this operation the engine does not increase its piston speed. While its drivers are working at the rate of a mile a minute the geared trucks increase its actual speed on the track to two miles a minute. This means a tremendous increase of wind resistance without any increase of steam power. Now what force is it that enables 1500-horse power of steam to overcome 3000-



FREDERICK A. KNAPP.



THE ROLLER BOAT IN ROLLING TRIM.



horse power of wind resistance? There is but one answer: Momentum!—the inertia of motion maintained by the continuity of the initial steam power.

"The broad and really scientific engineer invariably accepts this illustration at its full face value. It is only the theoretical rule-of-thumb man who fails to recognize its force. And this observation applies to every principle involved in the construction and operation of the roller boat. There are two or three simple and fundamental principles which help to make clear the points of difference between the present type of ship and the roller boat so far as the problem of speed is concerned. The present ship is a huge plow, the largest portion of which must be submerged in order to prevent it from being overturned. Its progress is made by forcing its way through an incompressible fluid, the resistance of which increases as the cube of the velocity up to a speed of 20 knots an hour, and beyond that the ratio of the increase is unknown. It is a question of 'brute force,' of engine power, working against the force of nature.

"On the other hand, the roller boat reverses the operation and works with nature's forces. Direct water resistance and 'skin friction' are its friends, which help instead of hinder its progress, furnishing the leverage necessary to produce the forward movement. Without the water resistance which the T-rails on the exterior of the roller meet, the cylinder would simply roll over and over without any forward movement. The stronger the resistance the more easy and rapid its progress. Then, the greater the speed of the roller the less will be its draught. At very high speed it will be practically in the position of a broad wheel rolling on a level surface.

"The weight of the big ocean vessel will be 16,000 tons, and it will require 6000 tons of cargo to put it down twelve feet into the water. Its displacement as a freighter will be so great that when it is drawing thirty feet of water it will be carrying 60,000 tons of cargo. On the same draught as the lake vessels passing through the 'Soo' the roller boat will carry a cargo three times greater. It should be remembered that the interior circle of air-tight compartments in the cylinder may be used for carrying many kinds of freight like coal, grain and ore. So long as the cargo of this character is equally distributed it will not interfere with the proper action of the cylinder, which will remain at all times an evenly-balanced fly wheel. The freight boats will be so constructed that trains may run into the boat, at the open end, unload and backed out upon the dock again. The loading and unloading of the compartments in the cylinder will be accomplished with great facility, the roller being so turned that the compartments from which grain or ore are to be unloaded will be elevated above the level of the cars, on the deck, into which the cargo is to be transferred. Unloading from the cars will be done on the same principle, the compartments for the reception of the cargo being brought lower than the cars, thus making it possible for gravity to do the main part of the work."

The absolute safety and indestructibility of the roller boat is a feature of intense personal interest to all who travel by water. The cylinder is a mammoth life preserver, and the perforation of any considerable number of the air chambers would not affect its buoyancy. The steel construction of the interior portions renders it indestructible by fire. If the machinery of the roller boat were disabled and the winds were to dash it on the rocks of a seacoast it would remain unsinkable, and the accident would not result in loss of life or cargo. Such a catastrophe as that which befell the *Bourgoigne* will be impossible with the roller boat.

Frederick A. Knapp, the inventor, is a successful Canadian barrister living at Prescott, Ontario. He has been at work on his invention since 1892.

FORREST CRISSEY.

## A PHILOPENA EPISODE.

HOW PAUL JONES STOLE A MARCH UPON HIS DUSKY LADY LOVE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Well, Paul," said I to my dusky friend, "this is great and surprising news we hear of you! Why did you not tell us that it was to be a double wedding? I thought it was to be just your sister's marriage."

"Well, sah, I'd a tole you ef I had a knowed it shore, myself. Ise been a hopin' et would a-come off befo. But you kain't neveh tell how de gals is a-goin' to do. But I tell you how it is."

"You knows Ise a-been a-keepin' comp'ny wiff Miss Emeline Brown fer mo'e 'n a yeah. Now I neveh could very well stan' de smiles of de ladies, least not to any great degree, but lawdy me! when I set my lamps on dat yaller gal, I knowed it was all off. My heart jess turned over once er twict, an' I was no gooder dan a dead man. Um! Um! When she roll up dem eyes o' hern, an' toss her haid, an' show dem white teef in one sweet smile—Um! Um!"

"Case o' love at furs' sight—on my side at leas—an' as fer Miss Emeline, she never yet owned dat it was a case on any sight—though I has my 'spicions dat maybe ef she would own up dere would be considerable of a 'case' after all."

"Well, seh, after I had de pleasure of knowen de lady fer a sho't while I takes her out to all de shows; I takes her to de festibles; I takes her to de chu'ch, to dinnehs, to sociables—I sends her candy an' I sends her flowers, an' I takes her ahm, an' I walks out wiff her on Sundays, an' de goodness knows what all I don't do to win dat girl's affections. But neveh nary word o' love could I aidge in sidewise ter her. No, sah, Misteh Paul—I don't want ter marry—less change de subjeck, er I'll change de comp'ny. An' dats de way she hole me fer a whole yeah."

"Nen et come to de place where my sisteh Lillie an' Pink Sampson gives out dat dey is a-goin' ter be married. Pink he gits ahoft o' me an' he says, 'Less make it a double-header, Paul.' But I say, 'Oh, you git out! Brush, niggeh, I hain't no marrying man—what you take me fer?' Eh, but de Lawd Amighty knows I'd a tied de knot in less'n a houah, ef Miss Emeline had a been williner."

"But all de same, I 'sides 'twixt me an' myself dat I goes to Miss lady an' make my proposition all over, an' have it settled."

"I make de furs' move. She toss her haid. I move

again. She smile an' say, 'No, sah! Misteh Paul, when you git me ter say "yes," I'll—'

"What? say I, 'marry me? Well, all right, but in de meah time, I tell you what less us do—come less have a good dinneeh."

"So she jump up, an' pin on dat hat o' hern, wiff de mille-long feddern, an' pull on her white gloves, an' give a hitch ter de back o' her skirt—Um! Um! she's a stunner. But I had on my dog, too. I had 'sided I would make a sure-nuff finish of it dat night, so I goes primed. Say! You knows dat warm coat o' mine. Dat swell affair—dat light ovehcoat—big pearl buttons—short—full, well, I had dat, an' my red gloves, an' my pats, wiff red laces in 'em, oh, Ise a warm membeh when I has on m' dog. An' I had it on to a finish dat night. I was wearin' a collah high as any cuff, an' a tie dat was so noisy dat you couldn't heah 'youseff eat."

"Well, we start down de street—doin' a furs' rate cake walk. An' we had a dinneeh dat sure nuff cost de mon."

"But as we sat dere, eatin' nuts, an' 'talkin' deep

'bout de Philippine question, I cracks a nut wiff 'two

kuhnelln."

"Now! See heah! Miss Emeline, how's dat fer a Philopena question? Now, sence ets a question of dat kind, less us eat dis heah nut, an' de philopena will be "Yes."—come now, fer you' country's sake, Miss Emeline—fer de extension of de U-nited States—fer de sake o' Ole Glory—come ahaid, Miss Emeline."

"Now dis heah lady o' mine, is pow'ful patriotic, an' when I 'peal to her in dat way, she say 'Aw right, Paul,' an' we eat de philopena togadder."

"Now, I know'd betteh dan ter catch her on dat yes right dere—fer I know'd I'd have a better oppetunity later on. An' when she took dat kuhnell from me, I know'd she hod forgot what she said 'bout when she said 'yes'—well, to be shore, I did de finishing of it, an' put in de part 'bout marrying me—an' I hain't forgot it, ef she had."

"Well, et would a done yer soul good ter see de way she watch out to keep from being caught, an' I lets her go 'long till et come de night o' Lillie's an' Pink's weddin'."

"Me an' Emeline was ter stan' up wiff de bride an' groom. An' law me, so fer as I was concerned dere wa'n't no one in all dat room dat equalled my lady fer beauty. An' de dress she wore would take away you' breff. An' I had on my dog, too. Yes, sah! Shore!"

"Well, we had a planner rented fer de 'casion, an' de lill lame music teacher was a playin' de Dewey march. Oh, we spread dat night. A feller hain't married every day, an' we wanted et done up right."

"Well, Miss Smith was a playing de march, an' de two lill pages, yes, seh! pages, come in carryin' bokays, den comed de bride, an' den Miss Emeline a follerin'."

"De groom an' I met em at de alteh, an' we stood up."

"But 'bout de time dat de bride bow her haid low, an' say 'I do,' I leans over ter my lady an' I says, 'Solemn, hain't it, Emeline?'"

"An', sah! she say 'Yes, Paul.'"

"Philopena," says I.

"She 'membered what she says den, an' in a kind of 'pealin' way she whispers ter me, 'You hain't a goin' ter hole me to dat, is you Paul?'"

"Den I whispers: 'Now what you tell me—didn't you say dat whenever I could get you to say 'yes' you would marry me?'"

"No, sah," she says, 'you said dat.'"

"Well, I knows, don't I."

"I speeks you do, Paul," she says, hesitatin' like.

"Now dere wa'n't no break in de ceremony 'tall, 'cause I had tole de preachah dat when I give him de wink, he was ter marry me an' Emeline an' dat it was as a surprise to de folks—so he neveh smelled a rat."

"So, by de time he was done prayin', we was through whisperin' an' I give him de wink, an' he tole de bride an' groom ter step aside, an' I led my lady to de alteh—an' de knot was tied—an' de ring was took from my pocket—an' it was put on her finger."

"On' dat's how it all happen. Yah! Yah! Yah!"

"How's dat fer a U-nited States Philippine question answered?"

MOSE.

## ROOSEVELT AT SCHOOL.

NEW YORK CHILDREN MAKE THE ROUGH RIDER TELL STORIES.

[New York Sun:] Col. Roosevelt went to the West Side Italian schools in New York the other day and talked to the children. He went by invitation, disappearing a lot of politicians and office-seekers who besieged his house, to keep the appointment. One of the boys had invited him. The colonel did not know his name, for he didn't sign it. He wrote that since the Governor-elect went to Randall's Island to see the children there, why couldn't he come to Sullivan street? It may have been that Mr. Roosevelt had no good answer to this, or it may have been the boy's plea to "please not tell teacher," who had told them not to worry him, or perhaps it was the postscript which informed him that "us boys are all glad you are going to be Governor." Whatever it was he went.

The West Side Italian School is at No. 24 Sullivan street. There was a policeman at the door who was startled nearly out of his wits by seeing the well-remembered agile shape in the blue overcoat run nimbly up the steps and pull the bell. Before the bluecoat had recovered himself the colonel was inside and the mighty cheer that rose from 375 little Italian throats as he was recognized, convinced the cop that he was not dreaming; that it was indeed the day of Teddy come back. Miss Satterie, the principal, had introduced the visitor to the children with the simple question:

"Who is this?"

"Roosevelt!" cried the little fellows, shoving aside bowls and spoons. They had just been eating their dinner.

"Yes, but what's his other name?" she asked.

"Teddy!" yelled the troop joyously, and Miss Satterie blushed. Col. Roosevelt laughed long and loud.

"It is all right," he said, when he could get his breath. "That's what I am called."

Then he wanted to know what he could tell the children. A little lad with very brown fists, which until then he had kept carefully tucked away in his trouser's pockets, shot both up in the air at once.

"About the horse!" he plumped out breathlessly.

"The horse?" said Col. Roosevelt, reflectively. "I sup-

pose, now, some wooden horse and Christmas"—and he felt in his pocket. But he remembered.

"Oh, yes—Texas, you mean—my horse which they said was shot under me in the fight, but it really wasn't! The bullets merely grazed it, but it went right on till we came to the first fence, when I had to jump off and let it go and chase the Spaniards on foot, and Texas went. I didn't suppose I should ever see him again, but after the fight there he was, as well as ever, only a little scratched. Wasn't it good?"

The boys, who had sat open mouthed, were not so easily satisfied, and the colonel had to tell them of his other horse, Rain-in-the-Face, too. While he talked he looked across the teacher's desk and nodded to two pictures standing there. One was of his own father, the elder Theodore Roosevelt, who was one of the earliest and staunchest backers of Charles Loring Brace in his fight for the poor children of New York. While he lived he was the children's great friend. The other was of his uncle, James Roosevelt, who to the day of his death paid the rent of the other Italian school down in Beach street. Now that he is gone it will be closed. The Roosevelts are held in honor, with reason, wherever the work of the Children's Aid Society goes on. This West Side school is one of their score of similar shelters for 6000 or 7000 slum children, the poorest of the poor foreigners. They showed the colonel their flag drill, and as they stated with raised hands that they would love the flag and defend it with the valor of true Americans, his eye kindled. Then he spoke to them from under the Christmas tree, that for once lost its attraction, and his words thrilled the little fellows visibly.

"I had a bugler in my regiment," he said, "who was an Italian, like most of you. He was a fine fellow, so brave! He blew his trumpet in our first fight out at the front, giving orders as he was told until a Spanish bullet clipped off the two middle fingers of the hand that held the bugle. He went and had it dressed and came back to help carry the wounded to the rear all the rest of the day with his bandaged hand. He was like my flag bearer, who went right on and up, though he was pelted with bullets that tore the flag to rags. They were good soldiers. Like all men that are truly brave, they were tender and good toward those who are weaker than they. We can all be that if we can't all go to the war. My regiment was a corking good one. One-fourth of all the men in it were killed or wounded, yet they never gave back an inch, never once. They always went forward. The Spaniards dreaded them with reason. But no sooner was the fighting over than everyone of them gave half of his hard tack to the starving women and children who came out of Santiago. They were good fighters, and back of that they were true men and first-class citizens. I want you all to be as they were—brave and fearless, able to hold your own, to fight if you must, but tender to your mothers and sisters and to the little ones, decent and clean. Keep like that, and when you grow up, if we have another war, I will put every one of you in my regiment."

## MEN OF NOTE.

Senator Vest once took lessons in boxing, and, like Gov. Roosevelt, is an expert at "the manly art."

Peter Joyce, a captain of police in St. Louis, has worked seven days a week for thirty-seven years without a holiday.

John Addison Porter, secretary to the President, is mentioned as a possible successor to John Russell Young as librarian of Congress.

Representative de Armond of Missouri has the reputation of being the most rapid speaker in the House, and is the dread of all the official stenographers.

Senator-elect McCumber of North Dakota is one of the bitterest fighters in the State. Personally he is regarded as "chilly," but he is a ready debater and an eloquent speaker.

John D. Rockefeller's fad is music, and it is said he plays every minute he is at home. Although greatly bothered by persons asking alms, he never refuses a man on the street.

Chief Justice James P. Sterrett, who delivered the opinion of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the Quay certiorari case, once had Matthew Stanley Quay in his office as student-at-law.

Gertner, the professional claqueur of Vienna, who accumulated \$50,000 in his unique calling, has just died of a broken heart because he lost his job, owing to his awaking from a doze and applauding at the wrong time.

Senator Davis of Minnesota owns one of the best private libraries in the country. His taste for good reading he inherits from his father, a man now well on in the eighties, who has written histories of England and Scotland.

Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Henry V. Boynton are so much alike that even mutual friends sometimes mistake them. When both were present at a recent reception it was necessary for them to run a sort of clearing-house of messages one had received for the other.

Governor J. G. Brady of Alaska as a child was a homeless waif in New York city. He was sent to a farmer in Iowa by the Children's Aid society and when he was grown his way to college was paid by the society. He went to Alaska as a missionary and now is governor of the territory.

Tesla thinks a man has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days will the last. "I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes live to such an advanced age, because they sleep so much."

M. Quesnay de Beaupaire, the French jurist who quit the Court of Cassation on account of his anti-Dreyfus sentiments, is by profession a magistrate, by instinct a politician, and in his leisure moments he is a novelist. He is the author of a batch of novels issued under the pseudonym of Jules de Glouvet.

Czar Nicholas II. is said to have an aversion to the needless slaughter of animals of any kind. He has recently forsworn the pleasure of the chase and the shooting of game, and since his suit, from motives of policy, refrains from indulging in this pastime, the birds and beasts in the imperial reserves live in undisturbed quiet.



## A BOAT THAT WILL ROLL ON THE SEA.

FREDERICK A. KNAPP SECURES CAPITAL TO BUILD A BIG BARREL SHIP.

*By a Special Contributor.*

**L**AST year the world was amused, then perplexed, then astonished at the effort of Frederick A. Knapp, a daring Canadian inventor, to navigate a huge boat which rolled on the sea like a barrel. The initial trip of the experimental boat convinced a number of capitalists that Mr. Knapp's invention would revolutionize the science of navigation, and now with thousands of dollars at his command, the inventor is letting contracts for the construction of the first Knapp roller boat. It will enter into active competition with steam and sail vessels of the present type for the world's water traffic. The big cylinder will be finished and launched at the beginning of next summer.

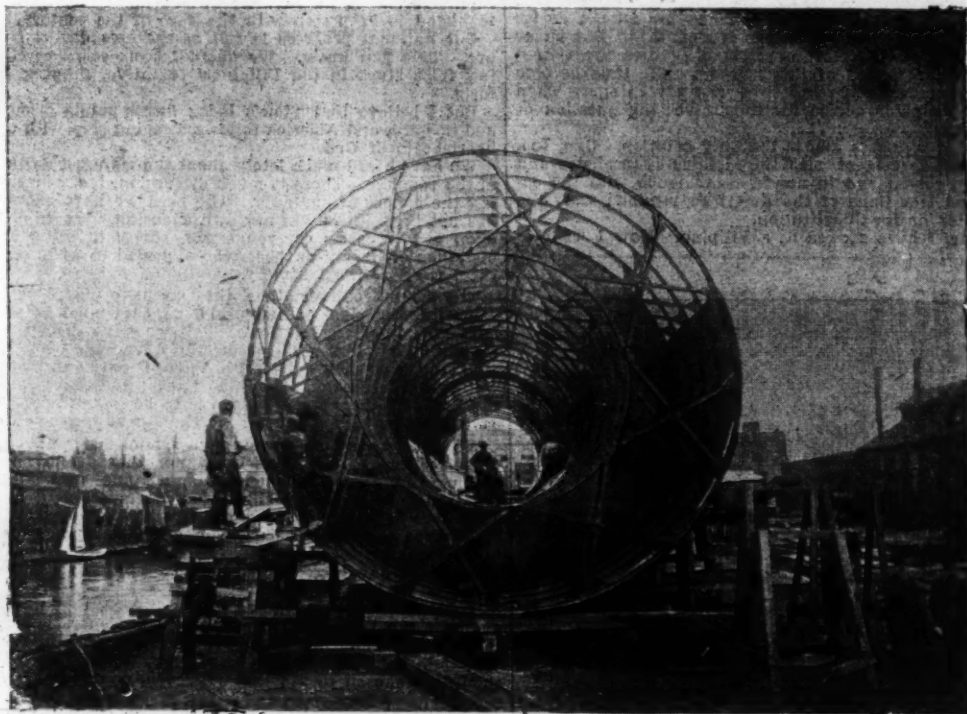
The success of the first full-sized roller boat, the initial steps in the building of which are now occupying the attention of Mr. Knapp and his associates in

heating tubes, etc., and for affording a passageway. The steering is done by rudder "drags" at each end operated from a bridge suspended outside the boat.

A knotty problem in the construction of this boat was the application of the power by which the outside cylinder is revolved. This is accomplished by a battery of three engines having a long, upward stroke, the pistons being attached to "cranks" of the big driving shaft. The points on the circle of the shaft at which the pistons apply the power are equidistant from each other, or 120 degrees apart. At each end of the driving shaft is a powerful cogwheel fitting into the cogs of the cylinder's bearings, or more properly into an internal "spur gear" rigidly connected with the solid bulkhead of the cylinder.

Above the suspended cradle of the boat is an arched ceiling hiding from view the interior of the revolving cylinder overhead. Light and air are freely admitted

"If the freight boat which we shall put into commission next summer, for the ore and grain traffic of the Great Lakes, makes no better speed than did my first crude working model it will outclass all competition on the part of the swiftest freighters now on the inland seas. That model was 110 feet long and 22 feet in diameter. Loaded to 100 tons displacement she revolved ten and one-half times a minute on the application of less than 20-horse power of steam. This gave her a steady speed of six miles an hour. The roller boat for ocean traffic will be 800 feet long and 200 feet in diameter. On the basis of what has already been done with the model in Toronto Bay, operating under an insignificant expenditure of power, I think it may be reasonably granted that adequate engines will be able to turn the



BUILDING THE ROLLER BOAT.

Chicago, will mean a complete and sweeping revolution of all deep-water transportation. If this pioneer roller achieves no greater speed than that made by the crude model which has been operated in Toronto Bay, the crafts now plowing the inland seas may read their orders to tie up in permanent quarters, for the carrying capacity of the roller boat is immensely greater on the same draught than that of the prevailing type of vessel, while the power required to propel it is far less.

To form a correct mental image of the roller boat, picture a huge barrel or cylinder 500 feet long, 96 feet in diameter and 24 feet from the hollow core to the outer surface. This is constructed of boiler plate so riveted as to be air-tight. It has an inner, an outer and a middle skin, these tubes being held at proper distances from one another by circular partitions forming airtight compartments which make the boat unsinkable.

Not only is this great barrel the shell of the boat, but it is also its propeller—the wheel which gives the craft its actual traveling capacity. Think of a boat with a paddle wheel 500 feet broad and 96 feet in diameter! But the term "paddle wheel" is not strictly applicable in this case, for the roller boat has neither screw nor paddles. The four-inch T-rails running from end to end of the outside of the cylinder are better described as cogs which set into the water and enable the roller to roll forward over the sea instead of merely revolving without progress. The progressive action of the cylinder is similar to that of the broad-tired wheels of a country traction engine pulling its way up a hill, the cogs with which the tires are crossed biting into the roadway and giving foot-hold and pulling power.

Within the tunnel or core of this hollow cylinder is suspended the boat proper, or the portion carrying the passengers, crew, cargo and engines. The cylinder revolves around this inner cradle, the latter always remaining level. Only at the points where the "spider work" of the cylinder projects down to the "journals" or huge hollow steel axles by which the central section of the boat is suspended, does the framework of the roller come in contact with the hanging or non-rotating part of the craft. The suspended interior is divided into three lengths, two long sections separated by a short one. The short central section of the inner cradle contains the engines, one end section the first-class and the other the second-class passengers. The passage from one to another of these sections is through the hollow "journal" which is a part of the non-rotating life center of the boat. As these steel axles, in a roller boat for ocean service, are bored by tunnels ten feet in diameter, it will be seen that they are ample for carrying all the electric-lighting cables, telegraph and telephone wires,

at the open ends. Only the ends of the cradle are, of course, in the least exposed to sea and weather, and the fact that the bottom of the suspended section of the boat is high above the reach of the fiercest storm waves is calculated to inspire in the future passengers of this craft a feeling of complete security. As there will be no swaying or pitching motion the inventor promises entire exemption from sea sickness. Rocking or swaying is prevented by the perfect equilibrium of the suspended body and the great length of the craft, together with the fact that it rolls over the water "broadside on," allows little opportunity for end-to-end pitching.

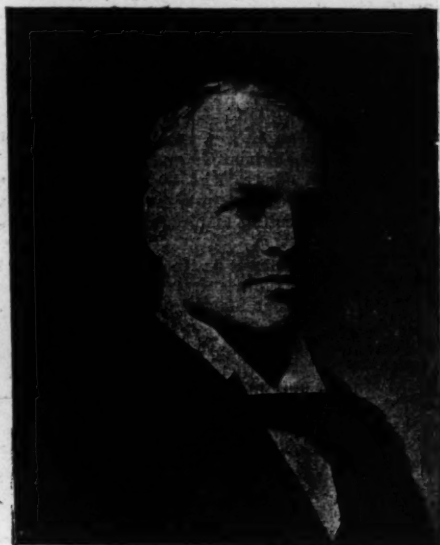
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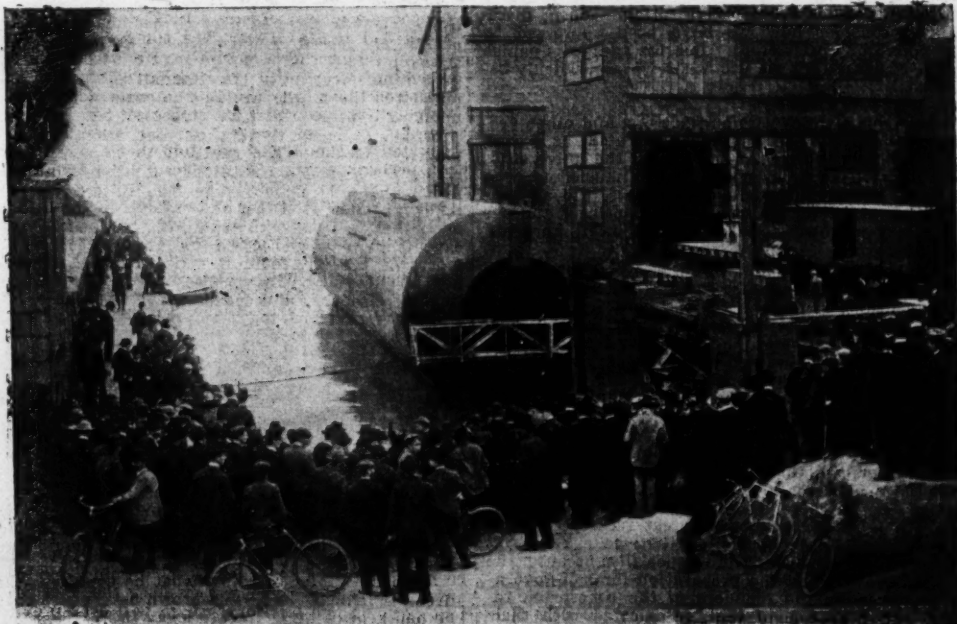
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"And right here some engineers will exclaim that this conclusion is contrary to 'well-established scientific principles;' that momentum is not a force, not an energy; that the engines of the boat must exert sufficient steam power to overcome the resistance of the wind independent of momentum. This is answered by a simple illustration, the basic facts of which no well-informed engineer will dispute. An ordinary locomotive developing a speed of a mile a minute is mounted on Holman trucks and thereby increases its speed to two miles a minute, meeting a wind resistance of more than 3000 horse power while actually exerting only 1500 horse power of steam force.

"In this operation the engine does not increase its piston speed. While its drivers are working at the rate of a mile a minute the geared trucks increase its actual speed on the track to two miles a minute. This means a tremendous increase of wind resistance without any increase of steam power. Now what force is it that enables 1500-horse power of steam to overcome 3000-



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THE ROLLER BOAT IN ROLLING TRIM.



horse power of wind resistance? There is but one answer: Momentum!—the inertia of motion maintained by the continuity of the initial steam power.

"The broad and really scientific engineer invariably accepts this illustration at its full face value. It is only the theoretical rule-of-thumb man who fails to recognize its force. And this observation applies to every principle involved in the construction and operation of the roller boat. There are two or three simple and fundamental principles which help to make clear the points of difference between the present type of ship and the roller boat so far as the problem of speed is concerned. The present ship is a huge plow, the largest portion of which must be submerged in order to prevent it from being overturned. Its progress is made by forcing its way through an incompressible fluid, the resistance of which increases as the cube of the velocity up to a speed of 20 knots an hour, and beyond that the ratio of the increase is unknown. It is a question of 'brute force,' of engine power, working against the force of nature.

"On the other hand, the roller boat reverses the operation and works with nature's forces. Direct water resistance and 'skin friction' are its friends, which help instead of hinder its progress, furnishing the leverage necessary to produce the forward movement. Without the water resistance which the T-rails on the exterior of the roller meet, the cylinder would simply roll over and over without any forward movement. The stronger the resistance the more easy and rapid its progress. Then, the greater the speed of the roller the less will be its draught. At very high speed it will be practically in the position of a broad wheel rolling on a level surface.

"The weight of the big ocean vessel will be 16,000 tons, and it will require 6000 tons of cargo to put it down twelve feet into the water. Its displacement as a freighter will be so great that when it is drawing thirty feet of water it will be carrying 60,000 tons of cargo. On the same draught as the lake vessels passing through the 'Soo' the roller boat will carry a cargo three times greater. It should be remembered that the interior circle of air-tight compartments in the cylinder may be used for carrying many kinds of freight like coal, grain and ore. So long as the cargo of this character is equally distributed it will not interfere with the proper action of the cylinder, which will remain at all times an evenly-balanced fly wheel. The freight boats will be so constructed that trains may run into the boat, at the open end, unload and backed out upon the dock again. The loading and unloading of the compartments in the cylinder will be accomplished with great facility, the roller being so turned that the compartments from which grain or ore are to be unloaded will be elevated above the level of the cars, on the deck, into which the cargo is to be transferred. Unloading from the cars will be done on the same principle, the compartments for the reception of the cargo being brought lower than the cars, thus making it possible for gravity to do the main part of the work."

The absolute safety and indestructibility of the roller boat is a feature of intense personal interest to all who travel by water. The cylinder is a mammoth life preserver, and the perforation of any considerable number of the air chambers would not affect its buoyancy. The steel construction of the interior portions renders it indestructible by fire. If the machinery of the roller boat were disabled and the winds were to dash it on the rocks of a seacoast it would remain unsinkable, and the accident would not result in loss of life or cargo. Such a catastrophe as that which befell the Bourgogne will be impossible with the roller boat.

Frederick A. Knapp, the inventor, is a successful Canadian barrister living at Prescott, Ontario. He has been at work on his invention since 1892.

FORREST CRISSEY.

## A PHILOPENA EPISODE.

### HOW PAUL JONES STOLE A MARCH UPON HIS DUSKY LADY LOVE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Well, Paul," said I to my dusky friend, "this is great and surprising news we hear of you! Why did you not tell us that it was to be a double wedding? I thought it was to be just your sister's marriage."

"Well, sah, I'd a tole you ef I had a knowed it shore, myself. Ise been a hopin' et would a-come off befo. But you kain't neveh tell how de gals is a-goin' to do. But I tell you how it is."

"You knows I'se a-been a-keepin' comp'ny wiff Miss Emeline Brown fer mo'e'n a yeah. Now I neveh could werry well stan' de smiles of de ladies, least not to any great degree, but lawsy me! when I set my lamps on dat yaller gal, I knowd it was all off. My heart jess turned over once er twict, an' I was no gooder dan a dead man. Um! Um! When she roll up dem eyes o' hern, an' toss her haid, an' show dem white teef in one sweet smile—Um! Um!"

"Case o' love at furs' sight—on my side at leas'—an' as fer Miss Emeline, she neveh yet owned dat it was a case on any sight—though I has my 'spicions dat maybe ef she would own up dere would be considerable of a 'case' after all."

"Well, seh, after I had de pleasure of knowen de lady fer a sho't while I takes her out to all de shows; I takes her to de festibles; I takes her to de chu'ch, to dinnehs, to sociables—I sends her candy an' I sends her flowers, an' I takes her ahm, an' I walks out wiff her on Sundays, an' de goodness knows what all I don't do to win dat girl's affections. But neveh nary word o' love could I aidge in sidewise ter her. No, sah, Misteh Paul—I don't want ter marry—less change de subject, er I'll change de comp'ny." An' dats de way she hole me fer a whole yeah.

"Nen et come to de place where my sisteh Lillie an' Pink Sampson gives out dat dey is a-goin' ter be married. Pink he gits ahoft o' me an' he says, 'Less make it a double-header, Paul.' But I say, 'Oh, you git out! Brush, niggeh, I hain't no marrying man—what you take me fer?' Eh, but de Lawd Amighty knows I'd a tied de knot in lessen a houah, ef Miss Emeline had a been williner."

"But all de same, I 'sides 'twixt me an' myself dat I goes to Miss lady an' make my proposition all over, an' have it settled."

"I make de furs' move. She toss her haid. I move

again. She smile an' say, 'No, sah! Misteh Paul, when you git me ter say "yes," I'll—'

"What?" say I, 'marry me? Well, all right, but in de meah time, I tell you what less us do—come less have a good dinneh.'

"So she jump up, an' pin on dat hat o' hern, wiff de mille-long feeders, an' pull on her white gloves, an' give a hitch ter de back o' her skirt—Um! Um! she's a stunner. But I had on my dog, too. I had 'sided I would make a sure-nuff finish of it dat night, so I goes primed. Say! You knows dat warm coat o' mine. Dat swell affair—dat light ovehcoat—big pearl buttons—short—full, well, I had dat, an' my red gloves, an' my pats, wiff red laces in 'em, oh, I'se a warm membeh when I has on m' dog. An' I had it on to a finish dat night. I was wearin' a collah high as any cuff, an' a tie dat was so noisy dat you couldn't heah you'self eat."

"Well, we start down de street—doin' a furs' rate cake walk. An' we had a dinneh dat sure nuff cost de mon."

"But as we sat dere, eatin' nuts, an' talkin' deep 'bout de Philippine question, I cracks a nut wiff two kuhnels."

"Now! See heah! Miss Emeline, how's dat fer a Philopena question? Now, sence ets a question of dat kind, less us eat dis heah nut, an' de philopena will be "Yes."—come now, fer you' country's sake, Miss Emeline—fer de extension of de U-nited States—fer de sake o' Ole Glory—come ahaid, Miss Emeline."

"Now dis heah lady o' mine, is pow'ful patriotic, an' when I 'peal to her in dat way, she say 'Aw right, Paul,' an' we eat de philopena togadder."

"Now, I know'd betteh dan ter catch her on dat yes right dere—fer I know'd I'd have a better oppo'tunity later on. An' when she took dat kuhnell from me, I know'd she hod forgot what she said 'bout when she said 'yes'—well, to be shore, I did de finishing of it, an' put in de part 'bout marrying me—an' I hadn't forgot it, ef she had."

"Well, et would a done yer soul good ter see de way she watch out to keep from being caught, an' I lets her go 'long till et come de night o' Lillie's an' Pink's weddin'."

"Me an' Emeline was ter stan' up wiff de bride an' groom. An' law me, so fer as I was concerned dere wa'n't no one in all dat room dat equaled my lady fer beauty. An' de dress, she wore would take away you' breff. An' I had on my dog, too. Yes, sah! Shore!"

"Well, we had a planner rented fer de 'caslon, an' de lill lame music teacher was a playin' de Dewey march. Oh, we spread dat night. A feller hain't married every day, an' we wanted et done up right."

"Well, Miss Smith was a playing de march, an' de two lill pages, yes, seh! pages, come in carryin' bokays, den comed de bride, an' den Miss Emeline a follerin'."

"De groom an' I met em at de alteh, an' we stood up. But 'bout de time dat de bride bow her haid low, an' say 'I do,' I leans over ter my lady an' I says, 'Solemn, hain't it, Emeline?'"

"An', sah! she say 'Yes, Paul.'"

"Philopena," says I.

"She 'membered what she says den, an' in a kind of 'pealin' way she whispers ter me, 'You hain't a goin' ter hole me to dat, is you Paul?'"

"Den I whispers: 'Now what you tell me—didn't you say dat whenever I could get you to say 'yes' you would marry me?'"

"No, sah," she says, 'you said dat.'

"Well, I knows, don't I."

"I speeks you do, Paul," she says, hesitatin' like.

"Now dere wa'n't no break in de ceremony 'tall, 'cause I had tole de preachah dat when I give him de wink, he was ter marry me an' Emeline an' dat it was as a surprise to de folks—so he neveh smelled a rat."

"So, by de time he was done prayin', we was through whisperin' an' I give him de wink, an' he tole de bride an' groom ter step aside, an' I led my lady to de alteh—an' de knot was tied—an' de ring was took from my pocket—an' it was put on her finger."

"On' dat's how it all happen. Yah! Yah! Yah!"

"How's dat fer a U-nited States Philippine question answered?"

MOSE.

## ROOSEVELT AT SCHOOL.

### NEW YORK CHILDREN MAKE THE ROUGH RIDER TELL STORIES.

[New York Sun:] Col. Roosevelt went to the West Side Italian schools in New York the other day and talked to the children. He went by invitation, disappointing a lot of politicians and office-seekers who besieged his house, to keep the appointment. One of the boys had invited him. The colonel did not know his name, for he didn't sign it. He wrote that since the Governor-elect went to Randall's Island to see the children there, why couldn't he come to Sullivan street? It may have been that Mr. Roosevelt had no good answer to this, or it may have been the boy's plea to "please not tell teacher," who had told them not to worry him, or perhaps it was the postscript which informed him that "us boys are all glad you are going to be Governor." Whatever it was he went.

The West Side Italian School is at No. 24 Sullivan street. There was a policeman at the door who was startled nearly out of his wits by seeing the well-remembered agile shape in the blue overcoat run nimbly up the steps and pull the bell. Before the bluecoat had recovered himself the colonel was inside and the mighty cheer that rose from 375 little Italian throats as he was recognized, convinced the cop that he was not dreaming; that it was indeed the day of Teddy come back. Miss Satterle, the principal, had introduced the visitor to the children with the simple question:

"Who is this?"

"Roosevelt!" cried the little fellows, shoving aside bowls and spoons. They had just been eating their dinner.

"Yes, but what's his other name?" she asked.

"Teddy!" yelled the troop joyously, and Miss Satterle blushed. Col. Roosevelt laughed long and loud.

"It is all right," he said, when he could get his breath. "That's what I am called."

Then he wanted to know what he could tell the children. A little lad with very brown fists, which until then he had kept carefully tucked away in his trouser's pockets, shot both up in the air at once.

"About the horse!" he plumped out breathlessly.

"The horse?" said Col. Roosevelt, reflectively. "I sup-

pose, now, some wooden horse and Christmas"—and he felt in his pocket. But he remembered.

"Oh, yes—Texas, you mean—my horse which they said was shot under me in the fight, but it really wasn't! The bullets merely grazed it, but it went right on till we came to the first fence, when I had to jump off and let it go and chase the Spaniards on foot, and Texas went. I didn't suppose I should ever see him again, but after the fight there he was, as well as ever, only a little scratched. Wasn't it good?"

The boys, who had sat open mouthed, were not so easily satisfied, and the colonel had to tell them of his other horse, Rain-in-the-Face, too. While he talked he looked across the teacher's desk and nodded to two pictures standing there. One was of his own father, the elder Theodore Roosevelt, who was one of the earliest and staunchest backers of Charles Loring Brace in his fight for the poor children of New York. While he lived he was the children's great friend. The other was of his uncle, James Roosevelt, who to the day of his death paid the rent of the other Italian school down in Beach street. Now that he is gone it will be closed. The Roosevelts are held in honor, with reason, wherever the work of the Children's Aid Society goes on. This West Side school is one of their score of similar shelters for 6000 or 7000 slum children, the poorest of the poor foreigners. They showed the colonel their flag drill, and as they stated with raised hands that they would love the flag and defend it with the valor of true Americans, his eye kindled. Then he spoke to them from under the Christmas tree, that for once lost its attraction, and his words thrilled the little fellows visibly.

"I had a bugler in my regiment," he said, "who was an Italian, like most of you. He was a fine fellow, so brave! He blew his trumpet in our first fight out at the front, giving orders as he was told until a Spanish bullet clipped off the two middle fingers of the hand that held the bugle. He went and had it dressed and came back to help carry the wounded to the rear all the rest of the day with his bandaged hand. He was like my flag bearer, who went right on and up, though he was pelted with bullets that tore the flag to rags. They were good soldiers. Like all men that are truly brave, they were tender and good toward those who are weaker than they. We can all be that if we can't all go to the war. My regiment was a corking good one. One-fourth of all the men in it were killed or wounded, yet they never gave back an inch, never once. They always went forward. The Spaniards dreaded them with reason. But no sooner was the fighting over than everyone of them gave half of his hard tack to the starving women and children who came out of Santiago. They were good fighters, and back of that they were true men and first-class citizens. I want you all to be as they were—brave and fearless, able to hold your own, to fight if you must, but tender to your mothers and sisters and to the little ones, decent and clean. Keep like that, and when you grow up, if we have another war, I will put every one of you in my regiment."

## MEN OF NOTE.

Senator Vest once took lessons in boxing, and, like Gov. Roosevelt, is an expert at "the manly art."

Peter Joyce, a captain of police in St. Louis, has worked seven days a week for thirty-seven years without a holiday.

John Addison Porter, secretary to the President, is mentioned as a possible successor to John Russell Young as librarian of Congress.

Representative de Armond of Missouri has the reputation of being the most rapid speaker in the House, and is the dread of all the official stenographers.

Senator-elect McCumber of North Dakota is one of the bitterest fighters in the State. Personally he is regarded as "chilly," but he is a ready debater and an eloquent speaker.

John D. Rockefeller's fad is music, and it is said he plays every minute he is at home. Although greatly bothered by persons asking alms, he never refuses a man on the street.

Chief Justice James P. Sterrett, who delivered the opinion of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court in the Quay certiorari case, once had Matthew Stanley Quay in his office as student-at-law.

Gertner, the professional claqueur of Vienna, who accumulated \$50,000 in his unique calling, has just died of a broken heart because he lost his job, owing to his awaking from a doze and applauding at the wrong time.

Senator Davis of Minnesota owns one of the best private libraries in the country. His taste for good reading he inherits from his father, a man now well on in the eighties, who has written histories of England and Scotland.

Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Henry V. Boynton are so much alike that even mutual friends sometimes mistake them. When both were present at a recent reception it was necessary for them to run a sort of clearing-house of messages one had received for the other.

Governor J. G. Brady of Alaska as a child was a homeless waif in New York city. He was sent to a farmer in Iowa by the Children's Aid society and when he was grown his way to college was paid by the society. He went to Alaska as a missionary and now is governor of the territory.

Tesla thinks a man has just so many hours to be awake, and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days will the last. "I believe that a man might live two hundred years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes live to such an advanced age, because they sleep so much."

M. Quesnay de Beaupaire, the French jurist who quit the Court of Cassation on account of his anti-Dreyfus sentiments, is by profession a magistrate, by instinct a politician, and in his leisure moments he is a novelist. He is the author of a batch of novels issued under the pseudonym of Jules de Glouvet.

Czar Nicholas II. is said to have an aversion to the needless slaughter of animals of any kind. He has recently forsworn the pleasure of the chase and the shooting of game, and since his suit, from motives of policy, refrains from indulging in this pastime, the birds and beasts in the imperial reserves live in undisturbed quiet.



## IN BEECHER'S PULPIT AT THIRTY-NINE.

### NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS'S REMARKABLE SUCCESS AS A PREACHER.

By a Special Contributor.

TO GRIP the hand of Newell Dwight Hillis, to meet his alert, kindly eye, to talk with him, to know him as he is, as he gives himself unreservedly to his closer friends, is to go away convinced that he is not only a great man among men, but that he is a genius. Those who have heard him preach have felt the intellectual, the spiritual man; those who have met him in quiet discussion of books or of social conditions have seen the keenly alive, the broad-thinking man; but those who know him best, who understand what life means to him, who know of his early struggles and of his later responsibilities, who are in touch with him as a charitable, loyal, warm-hearted friend, have seen the man himself, and they know that he is greater than any quality or qualities which may have brought him fame.

To be called at 39 years of age to occupy a pulpit that is larger in tradition and in requirements than any other in this country, if not in the English-speaking world, is a rare distinction. Dr. Hillis will step into the place built up by Henry Ward Beecher and added to by Lyman Abbott, with the authority of a man who has succeeded already far beyond the dreams of the country boy who struggled hard for an education, and who denied himself many comforts that his little library might gradually expand.

Dr. Hillis—the degree of D.D. was conferred by Northwestern University in 1894—is an Iowa man, so far, that is, as birthplace and early education go; the son of a preacher; but after his seventeenth year his circle of work was broadened so materially as to make him rather a man of the West than of any single State. He was born of good old Puritan stock, in Magnolia,



REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

whither his parents had migrated, the father to devote a rugged life to spreading his own conception of education and of religion. Thus the boy was brought up in a home which, though plain and barren of luxuries, gave him the impetus to follow the scholar's life. He began life, real life, much earlier than is usually the case nowadays. When but 17, after teaching a country school and managing to save a pitiful little sum, he left home for Grinnell College and an education. How he strove and struggled and all but starved, how he pinched and worried is known to few; the full story may some day be told—it may not. Dr. Hillis himself is inclined to pass over this period of his life with a reminiscent smile.

"Yes," he said, in reply to a question, "it was a little hard at times, but it didn't last long. Oatmeal gets monotonous for a steady diet, you know."

It is with considerable quiet amusement that he tells of hard knocks and odd experiences. While at Grinnell, hanging on to life and work by sheer nervous persistence, he interested himself in organizing a Sunday-school. Though but a boy he showed such marked aptitude, and his labors brought such immediate success, that the attention of a man of means was focused upon him. An offer was made him to leave college and to drive through the West organizing Sunday-schools, at a salary of \$60 a month. This would give him a double opportunity, to gain experience in his chosen field and to enable him to start a library, so he accepted.

From the start he was successful. His zeal and fervor, his magnetic personality, his remarkable gift of eloquence, all were concentrated upon this work. He drove from village to village in a covered buggy, stopping at each long enough to get the new institution fairly under way before driving on. From the Middle West he continued into the mountains, mingling with all kinds of men, sometimes identifying himself with the lowest grades of society. One incident in particular he likes to recall:

"In one mining settlement I had a strange experience. Probably some one of my former pupils had preceded me, for on entering the village I was hailed by a beetle-browed villain who announced himself as the Mayor and tavern-keeper. He asked me if I was the preacher. As I had not been ordained, I said no.

"You do preach sometimes, don't you?" he insisted. I told him that I talked on occasion.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you, we haven't heard any talking for a good while, and the boys would like it if you'd preach to them."

"It was a little outside the line of my experience, but I agreed. The tavern-keeper entertained me until the appointed hour, when he led me to the bar-room. Seats had been made by laying planks across beer kegs. The room was dimly lighted with kerosene lamps, and the air was heavy with tobacco smoke and the odor of liquor. Cowboys had been sent to scour the near country, and everybody had come. The room was packed with men; and two or three women were in the rear, one of whom held a baby.

"I talked as informally as I could, and apparently was holding their interest somewhat, when the baby began to cry. The mother was crowded too closely to be able to move at once, so I waited while she tried to soothe the child. The fact that I was compelled to wait seemed to anger one of the men, for he sprang up and demanded that the child be removed. Another answered him hotly, and in a moment the crowd was divided and the situation began to get exciting. I had no idea of what I should do to quiet the disturbance, so I said the only thing that came into my head:

"Boys, I like to hear that child cry. It reminds me of my little niece at home. I'd give \$5 right now to hear her cry."

"For some reason it seemed to touch them, for they stopped almost immediately. It has since occurred to me that my accidental remark probably aroused memories of better days in each of them.

"After the meeting, as I stood outside the tavern to get a breath of pure air, my host came out and approached me awkwardly. He started to speak, then hesitated, finally thrusting a bill into my hand.

"Here's that \$5," he said, "some of the boys say you've got to take it."

"I was prompted to refuse, but he would not permit it. Others saw the act, and they at once took up a collection of nearly \$80. Of course I could not, as they urged, keep it for myself, but it helped the work along. From their looks I almost feared that they would shoot if I refused."

But, though this work was congenial, he could not relinquish the idea of an education, and on his return he entered Lake Forest University. Here occurred some of the hardest struggles of his life. He secured a position as janitor of a local church at a salary of \$1.50 a week, the appreciative but business-like committee stipulating that one of his tasks should be to address the weekly prayer meeting. Somehow by living on next to nothing and by accepting every odd job that offered, he managed not only to eke out a living, but to accumulate a library of 400 books. He finally was appointed assistant in the university library, and then it was that he set himself the task of reading at least partially every book on the shelves in the order of their alphabetical arrangement, beginning with Addison. It was here that he built up the habit of reading, which so largely accounts for his wide information; he learned to get out the gist of a book and its style and structure without taking time to read it through, for such time he did not have. It took him three years to go through the library.

At Lake Forest he had one experience which at the time probably came closer to tragedy than his present laughing account would lead one to believe.

"I got down to bed-rock," he said, "down to where I had neither money nor the prospect of earning any, and naturally was a little blue. One day, through an accidental meeting, I secured employment on a farm near the town. The agreement was that I should receive board, lodging and \$2 a week. I got the board and lodging, such as it was, but when the time was up my employer refused to pay me." He paused, while his eyes twinkled. "If there ever was a time in my life when I gave way to unchristian thoughts—" But a smile closed the sentence.

In spite of his modesty, enough can be gleaned from his own statements to convince one of the terrible earnestness of the man through his trials. His indomitable spirit, his nervous vigor, his practical optimism, all kept him at it with a persistence that perhaps was partly outside of himself.

After college came the McCormick Seminary in Chicago, where he received his theological training, and after that the great life-work. He preached first at Peoria. His success there was so pronounced that he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, a position in such close touch with Chicago church circles that his name grew rapidly. A few years more and David Swing died; then Dr. Hillis stepped into his place in Central Church, Chicago. Many there were who said that he could not do it, that he was too young, too inexperienced, that it meant the decline of Chicago's most prominent church organization. But how he silenced his critics is a matter of too recent history to call for comment.

Dr. Hillis has published a number of books, compilations of sermons and addresses, and all have met with remarkable success. The more important of these, "A Man's Value to Society," and "The Investment of Influence," show even to the casual reader the secret of his success. His writing is like himself, keen, logical, forceful, and, better still, intensely human. Though not yet forty he has seen more than falls to the lot of most older men. He has lived through hardships into success; and the hard treatment which might have made a cynic or a failure of a smaller man, has melted him and ripened him into strong, vital manhood. And there is in all his work a gentle, tolerant humor that often crystallizes into wit.

Dr. Hillis is a very careful writer. He gives minute attention to every detail of style, and his study of the masters shows in every line of his writing. Even when carried away by the flow of his ideas he constructs each sentence with the precision that long practice has developed into instinct. In delivering a sermon, however, he is not bound to the manuscript, and often he uses

the written pages merely for an outline, breaking away from them into extended flights of eloquence.

The history of Plymouth Church is built upon the lives of two great men. Dr. Hillis, the third to occupy its pulpit, will be watched with absorbing interest by the whole country. Those who know him best feel sure that the noblest efforts of an already noble life will be devoted not only to continuing the work, but to carrying it into larger fields. SAMUEL MERWIN.

### A PINE WOODS PUBLISHER.

MRS. HELEN VAN VECHTEN IS THE ONLY BOOK-MAKER IN THE WORLD.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The pine woods of Northern Wisconsin is about the last place in the world that one would look to for the production of exquisite hand-made books; and that such should be the work of a woman from start to finish, does not lessen the anomaly. Indeed, Mrs. Helen Brunau Van Vechten of Wausau, Wis., is, in all probability, the only woman bookmaker in this or any other country. Of women writers there are many, of women book-binders not a few, while here and there women decorators are beginning to dot the literary horizon; but it remained for Mrs. Van Vechten to fall in love with the art of printing, and one has but to look through some of her "limited editions" to realize the far cry between books made *con amore*, and books made to sell.

Merely as an incidental, Mrs. Van Vechten's husband became a partner of William H. Ellis, who had just begun to issue the *Philosopher*, and who had under consideration various plans for publishing books. It soon became evident that there was too much work for the limited force of the office, and Mrs. Van Vechten, who had nothing to do, offered to take care of the correspondence. In this way she gradually became an *courant* of the business, and proved that her judgment upon all commercial points was clear, sound and far-seeing. Her taste, too, upon margins, arrangement, the use of color, etc., was invariably found to be fine and discriminating, and thus came to be the deciding voice. In short, by the mere process of evolution, Mrs. Van Vechten became the firm; not only speaking the final word in all matters involving business, discretion and artistic judgment, but doing a large part of the manual labor herself.

A single example serves to illustrate how a woman's intuition is frequently more than a match for years of manly experience. It seems that deckle-edged, hand-made paper—used in expensive editions—is, for some good and sufficient reason, not cut exactly on the square. This makes it exceedingly difficult to so arrange that the printing on one side the page shall be exactly opposite that on the other; a matter of little import to the ordinary reader, but a defect which the connoisseur is quick to discover by holding the page up to the light, and is especially noticeable in the case of decorated margins. The new firm were not long in running up against this very difficulty. Try as they would, each page upon being held to the light, revealed that on one side the margin here and there extended beyond and above that on the other. Upon advising with some of the best publishing houses in the country the universal verdict was received that the matter of uneven register was a difficulty that had never been obviated; that it was one of those minor defects due to conditions, which simply had to be accepted. This, however, failed to satisfy Mrs. Van Vechten. She continued to think, measure, plan, evolve, and finally one day said to her foreman:

"Henry, just remove that peg that holds the paper in place to the right, and let me feed from the left."

"Why, madam, that can't be done," said the printer of fifteen years' experience. "No professional printer was ever known to feed from the left."

"Well, let us try it," urged Mrs. Van Vechten.

"Impossible," replied the foreman.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Van Vechten, with a strong suggestion of command in her tone, and the unwilling foreman transferred the peg.

From the left side went through one sheet, which, when held up to the light, revealed a perfect and uniform register, not a hair's breadth difference between the two sides.

The foreman's eyes widened with astonishment as he ventured:

"Well, it did happen to strike just right that time, didn't it?"

Another and another went through until the whole edition was printed without blemish or variation, and Mrs. Van Vechten's reputation was forever established as a practical workman.

Only limited editions—from ninety-nine to 300—are issued from the *Philosopher's* press, and Mrs. Van Vechten puts through each page herself, carefully examining it as it comes out to note the perfection of the type, the spread of the ink, etc. After which, entirely unaided, she puts the book together, and prepares it for the binder. She also prints entire the monthly issue of the *Philosopher*.

Mrs. Van Vechten has taken up this work from pure love of good workmanship, and occasionally takes advantage of her equipment to bestow upon friends gifts of rare value, as when, for example, she got out an exquisite edition of Spenser's "Epithalamium" on Japanese vellum—limited to five copies—for wedding gifts. Browning's "Andrea Del Sarto," and Keats's "Odes," for private distribution, were also superb works of art.

Notwithstanding her delightful home, Mrs. Van Vechten is rather given to receiving her intimate friends in her printing office, where, although nothing has been done to modify its distinctive business character, it is not without atmosphere—that atmosphere which a collection of the best thoughts of the best minds never fails to impart; and here one has but to put out his hand to let it rest upon some "rare and treasured volume."

It is indeed worth a long journey to find in the very midst of our pine forests this spot consecrated to the noble art of book-making, and to sit with the philosophers until the hours grow small talking of those master minds whom to serve in any capacity is, to the reverent mind, a royal privilege. DELIA T. DAVIS.



## WORLD'S GREATEST PEARL FISHERIES

COME TO US WITH THE PHILIPPINES  
AND BRING TROUBLE WITH THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE picturesquely miscellaneous collection of Sultans, active volcanoes, Rajahs, Dyak pirates and so forth, handed over to the United States in the far Pacific as one result of the late Spanish war, are the important pearl fisheries attached to the group of Sulu Islands—pearl fisheries that since the decline of those of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, divide with the north coast of Australia the reputation of being the most valuable in the world. These pearl fisheries promise to furnish great opportunities for the investment of American capital.

Like many other fields of enterprise in that part of the world, the Sulu pearling grounds have, for some time, been controlled by men or companies with large capital, of which the chief is the great London jewelry firm of Streeter. These capitalists equip and send out fleets of from twenty to thirty moderate-sized schooners upon annual cruises, and employ in the pursuit besides numerous European officers and supercargoes, many hundreds, if not thousands, of native divers.

As regards the latter, a controversy has raged in the Western Pacific for many years. Several individuals whose information was apparently founded upon the best of grounds—personal observation, affirmed that many of the pearl fleet-owners were nothing but pirates of the worst type, who, while shielding themselves behind contracts with the native chiefs, in reality kidnapped thousands of the Pacific islanders and compelled them to dive on the banks, whether the latter were willing or not.

are of the finest quality, the mother-of-pearl is sometimes characterized by a yellowish tint, which renders it less valuable from a commercial point of view, as being unsuitable for many ornamental purposes, and consequently makes the industry more of a speculative nature than that carried on upon the adjacent Australian banks.

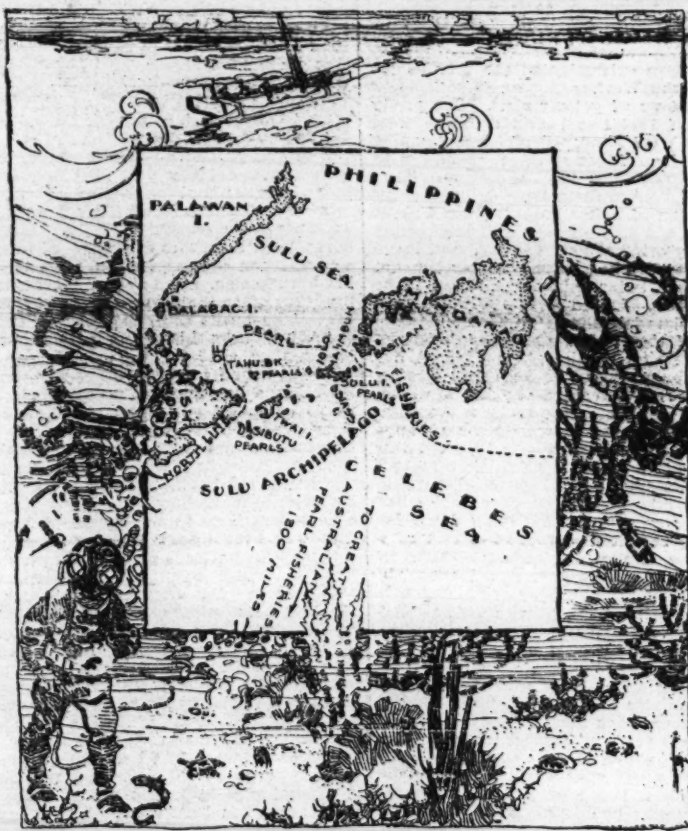
The actual diving operations are carried on chiefly by the natives, though of late years Europeans, with the regular diving apparatus, have in some instances been employed. The former method is simplicity itself. The diver being denuded of his clothes, is provided with a knife and a small net bag, in which to gather the shells, and then with a forty-pound stone attached to his feet and having drawn a deep breath, he is let rapidly down by a rope into the transparent waters. The depth at which pearl-diving is generally carried on is from thirty to forty feet, though as deep as eighty feet has been thus reached in a few instances.

Once at the bottom, the diver quickly proceeds to cut the shells from the rocks in his neighborhood, and while filling his bag remains under water for a period of sixty to 100 seconds—the record time, so far as is known, for one of these divers to remain under water, having been no less than six minutes.

While thus engaged, the divers are often subject to the attacks of ravenous sharks, which they are usually able to ward off, but they find a far deadlier enemy in the exhausting nature of their work, carried on beneath the waters of the tropics. Their lives are generally of short duration, after once adopting the profession.

When a vessel has received its full capacity of from twenty to thirty thousand shells, it is put in to the shore, where the cargo is landed and piled high on the beach for the fierce rays of the sun to assist in the decomposition of the dead fish, so that the pearls may be the more easily obtained.

During the cleaning and washing process, great care is exercised in order to discover the loose pearls, which, being nearly all perfect spheres, are the most valuable for stringing or necklace purposes; after which the



MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE PEARL FISHERIES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

As the matter so nearly affected the Australian government, they made such urgent representations to the British authorities on behalf of the native divers that, at length, a veritable martinet was dispatched as high commissioner to the Pacific, who in turn vowed that he would hang without mercy, any British subject convicted of the offense before his court.

Then the pearl-fleet owners did a very simple thing. They chose the territory in the American Union where naturalization could be the most quickly effected, and thither dispatched their principal officers to learn the science of fruit farming. When they had become full-fledged American citizens, they smilingly returned to their old vocation, being then subject, of course, to the jurisdiction of the American consular agents in those latitudes—men who, as the pearl-fleet owners declared, were so much more amenable to "reason."

This, for the time, coiled up the swinging rope of the British official, but the trouble has since remained more or less on the simmer, until now that the United States has acquired one of the principal fisheries, it will probably break out afresh, thus affording sundry prospective international commissioners a pleasant winter tour among the islands of the Pacific, before it is finally settled with justice to all concerned.

It may be information to many that the chief revenue of the pearl fishing industry is derived, not from the find of pearls—a very uncertain contingency, but from the pearl shells, or mother-of-pearl, which brings in the market \$100 a ton and upward. As an illustration of this, while the West Australian pearl fisheries netted in one year \$400,000 from the shells, the returns from the find of pearls was valued at a little over \$150,000, or about one-third.

In this respect, while the pearls found in the Sulus

shells are examined for those that may remain attached, furnishing the many quaint shapes to be seen in jewelers' windows.

Pearls of value are seldom discovered in shells under four years of age—the age being computed by the weight of the shells, eight years, it would seem, being the extreme limit of pearl mussel longevity.

As soon as the pearls have all been obtained from the find they are classified by being passed through a succession of little cells, or "baskets," as the latter are called, the holes in the chambers being smaller and smaller until the last for the reception of the "seed" pearls is reached. Having been sized in this manner, the pearls are then sorted as to color, weighed, and their value appraised.

The pearls found in the Sulus are remarkable for their fine white color and soft iridescent sheen, and up till the present have found their principal market in London, but now that the archipelago has become an outlying territory of the United States, one may naturally expect that these most chastely beautiful gems will come more into favor on this side of the Atlantic than heretofore.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

## JESSE JAMES, JR.

WEARIED BY THE ATTENTIONS OF PRETTY GIRLS  
WHO CALL UPON HIM.

[Kansas City Journal:] If sweethearts are pleasing to Jesse James, Jr., he ought to be as nearly content as any man in town. Not a single day passes that he is not visited, at his Courthouse cigar store, by good-looking young girls. They come singly, in couples, and in groups of five or six. Nearly all of them are quite pretty, and

on many of them the young man, who is suspected of train-robbing, never looked before.

The fact that Jesse James has not been in the public mind for several weeks seems to have no effect on his female admirers. He is evidently still in their minds.

For days after the announcement that young James had been arrested on a charge of holding up an express train, crowds thronged the Courthouse corridor to get a look at the alleged bandit. Most of the gazers were men. These crowds no longer come, but women continue to call almost as multitudinous as ever.

The girls who call on Jesse James have evidently planned it carefully, for they invariably come about 5 o'clock, when the Courthouse is empty, and all its offices closed for the day.

Some of them are bashful about introducing themselves, but others walk boldly up and begin a conversation on some pretext to buy something, but as Jesse keeps only cigars, tobacco and chewing gum, most of them choose gum.

Two pretty girls entered the Courthouse soon after 5 o'clock yesterday. They stopped in front of the building directory, giggled a little and cast furtive, sidelong glances at the cigar stand. Soon they ventured up. They wanted to look at some clay pipes. Jesse put a handful of them on the glass showcase. After a merry conversation that lasted half an hour and grew merrier the longer it lasted, the two girls bought four pipes. One of the girls especially was very pretty. She had brown hair, a rosy complexion and wore the smartest of hats and capes. She appeared to be 18 or 20 years old.

"What do you suppose they wanted with the pipes?" asked a bystander, after they had gone.

"I don't know," remarked Jesse, rather wearily. "Put ribbons on them and hang them in the parlor, I s'pose."

Yesterday about 5 p.m. five girls flocked into the Courthouse arm in arm. They were chattering and giggling. Jesse's back happened to be turned, as they passed the cigar stand, and after a momentary hesitation they went to the elevator and pretended that they had business on one of the upper floors, although those floors had been deserted for half an hour. In a few minutes they came down again, walked down the corridor as though they were going to pass the cigar stand and then suddenly wheeled and encircled it. One of the girls, the prettiest, acted as spokesman. Without any prefatory remarks she said to the smiling Jesse:

"We came down here to get some marriage licenses."

"Get 'em, did you?" asked James.

"Yes, got six for \$5," said the spokesman. Then all five giggled and Jesse James smiled and looked just a bit embarrassed.

"Girls, why don't you help?" said the fair leader, somewhat impatiently. "You know we came down here to talk him to death, and now you're letting me do it all." And without waiting for any reinforcement she rattled along at a lively rate, touching on all sorts of disjointed chat.

"My, wasn't she a talker?" said Jesse when they had gone.

"Ever see them before?" asked someone.

"I've seen the prettiest one somewhere, but I can't just place her."

The girls looked as though they might be between the ages of 16 and 20. They told Jesse James they were high school girls, and told the elevator boy they were visitors from the college at Parkville. All were fashionably dressed.

## AN ABSENT-MINDED JUSTICE.

[Unidentified:] The late Justice Keogh was in the last years of his eventful career afflicted with failing memory. On the occasion of a "bar dinner" at his house he went upstairs to dress, but did not reappear. The company sat patiently for some time, till at length—just as their hunger was getting the better of their manners, and an emissary was dispatched to hunt up the missing Judge—his lordship appeared and explained with many apologies that, imagining he was retiring for the night, he had undressed and got into bed. After an hour's sleep he awoke, when it suddenly struck him that he had not yet dined, on which he hurried down to the guests.

He once attended a representation of "Macbeth" in the Gayety Theater, Dublin. It will be remembered that the witches, in reply to the Thane's inquiry what they were doing, declared they were doing "a deed without a name." Catching the sound of the words, and no doubt imagining he was on the bench in the Four Courts, Keogh exclaimed: "A deed without a name! Why, it's not worth sixpence."

## A MISFIT ASSIGNMENT.

[Washington Post:] A well-known chief engineer of the navy, who doesn't have to take any dust from Gen. Shafter in the matter of avoiddupis—tipping the scales, as he does, at a trifle more than 300 pounds—was recently ordered to take charge of the mechanical department of one of the smaller gunboats on the Pacific station. The engineer didn't particularly like the assignment, but it didn't worry him to the point of suicide. He simply sat down and made a sketch of the exceedingly narrow doors that lead into the engine-rooms of the gunboat to which he was ordered, marking the dimensions of the doors in figures on the sketch. Below his drawing of one of the engine-room doors this jolly chief engineer made a neat sketch of himself, full figure, not exaggerating his Falstaffian paunch a trifle. He attached his own dimensions in feet and inches, circumferentially, to this sketch of himself. Then he put the sketches in an envelope and "respectfully submitted" them to the Bureau of Navigation. It was a sort of document that occasionally makes a hit. The inference to be drawn from the sketches was so obvious—the impossibility of the chief engineer's passage through the engine-room doors of the ship to which he was ordered was so apparent—that the assignment was recalled, and the laconic chief engineer is liable to get a flagship when the next batch of steam engineering assignments is made.

## A RARE STAR.

[Brooklyn Life:] Mrs. Outertowne. Oh! Henry! our new cook is a star! Mr. Outertowne (fervently.)—If she only proves a fixed one.



## DEER FARMING IN WASHINGTON.

A PARK NEAR THE CITY WHERE THE GRACEFUL CREATURES ARE BRED.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Deer farming in sight of the Capitol of the United States and hardly two miles from the White House, sounds like a fairy tale. Yet for twenty-five years Thomas Blagden has been raising deer in the outskirts of Washington, and over and above the boundless pleasure which he has found in it, he has discovered that a good round price keeps company with his enjoyment of his deer park. "Argyle," the Blagden farm, now practically within the boundaries of the city of Washington, was formerly the country home of famous old Count Bodisco, who half a century ago was the most popular diplomat at the capital. He was a great entertainer and improved his country place on a style in keeping with his wealth and position. The large old-fashioned mansion and extensive grounds, mark his ideas of what a country home should be. Three centuries ago all this region was the home of the American Indian. The local traditions say that Rock Creek all along the Blagden farm was a favorite resort for the Potomac Indians in shad fishing time. A sharp turn where the stream strikes a large cliff, is pointed out by the oldest inhabitants as the spot where the red man was wont to come and build fires and spear the silvery denizens of the river. In those times, too, the region abounded in game, and the Virginia deer was hunted in the magnificent oak forests where Mr. Blagden now breeds them in captivity. His stock, while it is scientifically the same species, the "white-tailed," or Virginia deer, came originally from the Adirondacks, and he has not permitted the blood of the southern deer, which are smaller, to mingle with the Adirondack stock. The place is an ideal one for animals that love high ground. "Argyle" is an elevated plateau overlooking the capital and much of it is down in a fine, close bluegrass turf. Over the trees the white dome of the Capitol stands against the blue sky, and the tall crystal shaft of the monument pierces the empyrean. The forests about the place are of magnificent towering white oaks. Springs and streams abound, the drainage being prompt although circuitous into the gorge of Rock Creek. The land given up to the deer embraces twenty or thirty acres. This is fenced in with several kinds of fence, some being the old-fashioned high rail fence, some of poles put up in rustic fashion with strong wire netting to reinforce it, and some of woven wire twenty-five strands high. Here and there Mr. Blagden has placed very pretty shelters, built of poles and thatched with straw. One of these built around a huge oak is especially artistic. No one is permitted to enter the park except the owner and his trusted men, who know the characteristics of each animal and how to deal with them if they should become unruly. Mr. Blagden's rule is to keep his deer from becoming pets. If they are a little wild he finds he can frighten them off with a club when they are inclined to resent the presence of man. In the rutting season in the sharp, cool weather of November, the bucks are especially ugly and will attack a man who ventures in their inclosure very promptly. Sometimes they fight among themselves with great ferocity at this time of the year. The problem of subsistence is not a very worrisome one. Deer are ready eaters. And, too, they are omnivorous vegetarians. The bitterest bark or root is a dainty to them. Poison ivy or oak is their choicest salad. Good old hay and corn they love for a steady diet. In this latitude they find enough to eat the year around. If the snow covers the bluegrass, they browse

"When I first went up in the Adirondacks the guides bounded deer, a practice that I am glad to say I helped to stop. It is now prohibited by law. The guides who knew the runways along which the deer would rush to water when attacked by the dogs, after stationing the hunters at good points for shooting, would go back into the woods with the hounds until they found fresh signs of deer, when they would let the dogs loose and the fun would begin. Deer, no matter how far they are from a lake or pond, will always make for the water at the first sound of the dog on their trail. I credit them with a great degree of sagacity. Undoubtedly they reason from experience that the water destroys the scent by which the dog is able to pursue them. It is also likely that they know that with their long legs they can run through shallow water where the dogs must swim. When the deer is in the water all the hunter has to do is to go out in a canoe or a boat and either knock it over the head with a paddle or shoot it. It is a cruel and indefensible way to hunt. It requires no skill and in a



THE HOVEL SHELTER.

short time it would have exterminated the deer as the buffalo have been in the West.

"Well, it was in that way I got my start. One pretty day in the summer of 1874 two beautiful fawns were driven down into Big Wolf Pond, where I was camping and we took them alive. I boxed them up and with considerable difficulty got them to Washington. They proved to be a pair and from them have descended my herd, with the exception of a few bucks I have bought now and then to avoid the possible danger of inbreeding. I named the doe in my original pair 'Beauty,' and made a pet of her. She proved to be an excellent mother and for five or six years had twins, which she raised to be large and strong animals. Indeed Beauty was too good a mother; she after a time failed to discriminate between her own offspring and that of her sister does, and she would suckle all the fawns on the place. I kept her for fifteen years and she would, no doubt, be alive today but for getting caught in a fence and choking to death.

"I began to breed deer in order to make a thorough study of their habits as a means to help me to hunt them successfully. Naturally I have learned a great deal about them which it would take too much time to tell. One of the most interesting things I have discovered and which I think no other writer on deer habits has yet mentioned, is their preparation for lying down for the night. When they are tired and want to rest they will lie down anywhere at once, but, at nightfall, when they think of going to bed, they have a very peculiar way of going about it. For half an hour or so they will graze with the wind a short distance, then swing around in a large circle perhaps four or five hundred feet in diameter, until they come to within about thirty feet of where the circle begins, and there they lie down with their heads toward their trail. I have tracked these circles on the snow many times and I am satisfied that the deer knows that a dog can track them only by the scent and that while the dog is going on around the circle the deer has a good start on which to get away.

"It is often said that you cannot breed deer successfully in captivity, or at least it is a very difficult matter. No doubt this is so unless one is to make a careful study of their wants and supply them. I have found that my deer will eat anything that grows. They like sassafras, and will eat laurel, which you know is poisonous to sheep and other animals, and are very fond at times of the bark of all sorts of forest trees. One day years ago when I kept my deer in an open field, my pet doe seemed to be crazy to lick a pair of buckskin gloves I had on. I began to wonder what on earth she did that for. Finally it occurred to me that it was the taste of the tan bark used in making the buckskin. I went out in the woods and got all sorts of bark and threw it in for the herd and they ate it eagerly. Their principle food is corn fodder, hay, ear corn, and, of course, our common grasses and the browsing they find in the woods. I have been very successful in raising deer. My herd is often up to thirty or forty head, and would be much larger if I had room and time to care for a larger number. I have not only succeeded in breeding in captivity, but I have done about as well as farmers do with sheep. One year I had five pairs of twins and every year I had one or two pairs. This in a small herd from twelve to twenty, is doing fairly well.

"There is another matter that seems to have been demonstrated here with this herd, and that is the size of the Virginia deer can be increased a good deal. Of course I have had a good many deer to kill, sometimes for the heads and horns, which the taxidermists always want, sometimes for venison for my own table, and very often for the tables of others. Now and then I sell a carcass in Washington Market, which by the way is not the best way to make money out of deer farming. You get no more than the commission men pay for the deer that come in from the mountains in the South, and of course they cannot be raised on ordinary farming land and sold for the going prices at any great profit. I have found that as the years went on the weight of the carcasses I have sold gradually increased. Almost any one of my surplus bucks nowadays will dress 150

pounds. This is fully twenty pounds more than the average twenty years ago.

"The chief demand for deer now is the ornamental one. Rich men want them for their game parks. I have sold a great many to go to Lenox and to Baltimore, and without mentioning names, I can say that pretty nearly all the millionaires in the country are interested in buying deer. At any rate, there are quite a number who have come to me for them. Up to last year I sold my surplus animals for \$50 a head. But the bother of catching and boxing them is so great that this year I have charged \$100, plainly stating to all who come or write to me about deer that I cannot take the time to attend to boxing them for less. The usual reply is: 'Never mind the price, we want the deer at any cost.' I have a series of yards and pens in which to catch my deer, for without some such contrivance I could do nothing at all with them. The fact is, I prefer to keep them as wild as I can consistently with my methods of caring for them. A pet buck is bound to be an ugly customer always. He will attack anyone who ventures in the park and if his horns are off he can do about as much harm with his sharp hoofs. When I want to catch a deer I bait him along up into a narrow runway I have about five hundred feet long, and keep him prisoner. From that yard I bait him into a small pen, and from that into a still smaller one. Opening from this last pen is a box just large enough to hold him. At the rear is a door I can drop down behind him. Here the real trouble begins. The moment the deer finds himself a captive he sets up the most awful thrashing and struggling to get out. It has often happened that while I went to the house to get a screw-driver to put the top on the shipping box the deer would die from the shock of being shut up.

"Once when I changed my herd from one park to another it was several days before they quieted down and they were continually trying to jump out. Four deer broke their legs in jumping over the fence. A twelve-foot fence will keep them in safely. Some of my fence is rail—fourteen or fifteen high, and some is woven wire. The latter I put where I want an unobstructed view of park and lawn. I was told when I began to fence my park that I would have trouble with dogs that would get in and chase the deer. We have had to shoot dogs once or twice. But usually the bucks kill the dogs. Not long ago two fine dogs got in the park and proceeded to have some fun with the bucks. They reckoned without their host. The bucks jumped on the dogs' backs and tore them so severely with their hoofs that it was a mercy to the victims to kill them.

"There are a lot of notions about deer that I have come to distrust since I have studied them closely. The old Adirondack guides tell the age of a deer by the number of prongs on the horns. As a rule the horns increase in size every year, but you can't tell infallibly how old the animal is from the prongs. I bought a buck once of a man who didn't know how to take care of him, and he was the poorest, meanest thing I ever saw. His horns were little bits of things. I thought he was only a yearling or a two-year-old. But the next year, when his horns came, after five or six months of good feeding, they were immense—one of the finest pairs I ever saw. The bucks drop their horns every year. Up in the Adirondacks this occurs in December; here in Washington they shed them from January 15 to April 1. There is a belief among old guides that the bucks hide their horns because they usually find them under brush heaps or under old logs. The fact is that when the time comes for the horns to be shed the head is very hot and the animal undoubtedly suffers pain. In the effort for relief he rubs against logs or brush heaps until the horns come off. Some people wonder where the horns go to after they fall off. It is a fact, you seldom come across them in the woods. The probability is that insects and mice gnaw them to pieces and eat them up.

"When the antler is dropped, the periosteum which surrounds the pedicle or process of the skull on which the antler grows, the edge of which was left naked and bleeding, commences extending itself over the naked end of the bone. In a few days it has closed over. It remains in this state until spring, when vegetation begins. Then the horn begins to grow, assuming the appearance of a great blood-blister. As the horn grows it remains soft and has a covering of what is called velvet or fur. When the growth is finished externally, the circulation of blood along the antler becomes slower and at last ceases. The horn then begins to harden, and the buck rubs off the velvet on small trees and brush. It often hangs in long threads and the animal will reach around and eat them. A buck is quite as dangerous with his horns off as before. He fights then with his feet. His strength is remarkable. There is little fat on him and he is all muscle. He has very little weight to carry that is not muscle. I keep all my surplus bucks by themselves and one, usually the largest, runs with the herd of does. In the spring when I put him in with the other bucks they all seem to have a grudge against him and one after another they attack him fiercely. Then you may see a pretty sight. The two bucks rise up on their hind legs as straight as two prize-fighters and strike at each other with their hoofs. Sometimes the battles are savage and prolonged for several days.

"There is a belief among many sportsmen that the bucks kill the new-born fawns. I have never seen anything like a foundation for this idea. The does are wonderfully affectionate, and will protect their young with their lives. The bucks will defend does and fawns when attacked by dogs, and will fight desperately for them. One of the prettiest things to observe in the does is their habit of hiding the fawns. When the doe feels that the young one ought to rest and the mother still wants to graze, she will lead the fawn off in the woods or under brush, and begin to crouch as if she would herself lie down and take a nap, all the while bleating in a low peremptory way as if she were telling her child to go to bed. The fawn will lie down obediently as a well-trained child and put its head outstretched flat on the ground. There it will lie until the mother comes and calls it. You might walk up and step over it, yet it will lie there as if a dead thing until the doe returns."

While Mr. Blagden was talking he strolled around the park, pointing out the different deer and telling of their peculiarities. He showed his ingenious series of pens in which to catch them and finally carried a pair of corn out and fed the dozen bucks that are kept by themselves in front of the mansion. For a time they were shy of the strangers present, but at length appetite got



AT FEEDING TIME.

on the twigs of the sassafras and the red bud. They demand no barns or blankets and have no shelter but the grand old woods and the rustic hovels that Mr. Blagden has put up here and there.

"My interest in deer began," said Mr. Blagden, when I asked him for the story of his park, "with hunting them in the Adirondacks back in the early '70's. I went up there for my health and camped and hunted and fished all summer long. The life in the pine woods, breathing the scent of the pine and tramping over the mountains or canoeing on the beautiful little lakes that are scattered all over that region, built me up physically and I have continued to go there every summer for the past twenty-eight years. I now own the pretty cabin at Saranac Lake, where President and Mrs. Cleveland spent their honeymoon and have a camp about ten miles farther up in the wilderness where, with my guides, my boys and I spend two months every summer hunting and fishing.



the better of caution, and they gradually came and began to eat.

"I gave an entertainment out here once," said Mr. Blagden, "that will not be forgotten for many a day. Some years ago when deer were not so scarce and high-priced as now, I had a number of surplus bucks to dispose of, and I invited a lot of my friends out for a deer hunt. I penned five bucks at the lower end of the runway and about forty yards below in those thick woods yonder, I had a platform built up for by guests to shoot from. At a signal a buck was let loose, and the man who drew the first shot had his chance. It was a grand sight, the way those bucks shot down that runway. There were some good marksmen in the company, but they had to turn loose a good deal of lead before they brought down those deer. One buck was hit sixteen times before he got his quietus. Another got away entirely. At the foot of the runway he leaped a twelve-foot fence and struck out for Piney Branch. A crowd of boys from town had climbed up in the trees to watch the fun and they jumped down and took after the buck. He went in a circle around to the Zoo Park and that night returned here. I found his tracks in the snow all around the park. Then he made a circle in the opposite direction from the first and went up Seventh street and out past Brightwood. That night he came here again and tried to get back in the park. Failing; he went several miles up Rock Creek Valley. I got after him that day and tracked him a long distance, but could not get him. That night he came back once more and, after trying all around the park to get over the fence, at last he came to a snow drift where there was a crust strong enough to hold him up and there he succeeded in jumping back among his comrades in the park. That fellow showed the characteristic sagacity of the deer kind. When I was following him up Rock Creek Valley I lost the track very often. The snow had melted a good deal by that time and when he got to a stretch of bare ground he would give a tremendous jump off to one side out of the snow onto the ground. I saw a doe do the same thing up in the Adirondacks. She came down to a little inlet from the lake and sprang into the water. Then she gave a tremendous leap sideways out on land and ran off into the woods. My son, who was stationed on the other edge of the lake, brought her down. She threw the dog off completely. When he came along and found the scent stopped, he turned back on the track until I got him and took him on through the woods and put him on fresh scent. As long as the doe's feet were wet she left no tell-tale odors to guide the hound.

"I could give you an almost endless talk about deer, but I am afraid I would tire everybody out with my hobby. From first to last, my deer park has given me and my family and my friends continual pleasure. As I said, too, there is beginning to be a profit in deer-breeding. I did not go into it for this, however, but simply to learn all I could about them in order to hunt more successfully. They are very little trouble after you are once fixed to keep them. They are always beautiful, and as civilization encroaches on their native haunts, deer in captivity are all the more interesting."

JULIUS A. TRUESDELL.

#### THE BOYS CALLED HIM MIKE.

[Toronto Saturday Night:] "Where's the boy?" inquired Mr. Spadina, cheerily, and it occurred to him that it was about time for his seven-year-old son to bid him good-night.

"The boy," replied Mrs. Spadina, severely, "is in bed."

"Not sick?"

"No, he is not sick," said Mrs. Spadina, in a tone that implied something even worse. "I've been waiting for an opportunity to tell you all about it, but have not had a chance until now. It just means this, that we must move away from this neighborhood. It's no place to bring up a boy, and I just won't stand it. We must get a house in some part of the city where Harold will have nice children to play with."

"But what's the matter?" asked the husband with concern. "What has happened?"

"Well, I'm telling you just as fast as I can. This afternoon when the doorbell rang I was in the hall and answered the door myself, for I saw a boy there. On opening the door the boy said to me: 'Please, can Mike come out and play ball?' I told him that we had no Mike here, and said that he had called at the wrong house. 'No,' he said, 'I mean Mike, you know—your boy, Mike. I guess you call him Harold,' he said."

"Now, what do you think of that? Well, you may be sure I told that boy what I thought of him, and he began to whimper and said that Harold had licked him—that's just what he said—Harold had licked him yesterday for not calling him Mike, and everybody called him Mike at school. And it's worse than that, for they call him Mike Spad—not Harold Spadina, but Mike Spad."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"I marched out into the dining-room, where Harold was eating some bread and butter," continued Mrs. Spadina, "and I went for him, and do you know that child sat up in his chair and said that he'd rather be called Mike than Harold, and that since his chums had started to call him Mike Spad, the other gang's afraid of him. Well, I just sent him off to bed at 5 o'clock, and he's there yet. Mike Spad," she added with intense feeling on each word.

"The little scamp!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"We have been talking of getting a better house in some other part of the city for a long time," said Mrs. Spadina, "and I'm sick and tired of this place. We can't send him over to that school any longer, with its rowdy names and its gangs and its fighting. Harold has clearly been fighting, for the boy said as much."

The father was looking silently at the ceiling and puffing at his evening cigar. He generally thought matters over before giving his decision, and Mrs. Spadina cautiously went upstairs, where she found the formidable Mike Spad sound asleep and with the clothing kicked off him.

And Mr. Spadina blew a whiff from his cigar and said: "At school they used to call me Bump." And presently he smiled and, knocking the ash off his cigar, he chuckled: "There's good stuff in Mike. I wonder how big the boy was that he walloped!"

And the important point is that, of the son, the mother and the father, one was as true to human nature as either of the others.

## HOW SNAKES WALK WITH THEIR RIBS.

### A TRACK IN THE ROAD TELLS WHETHER A SNAKE IS VENOMOUS OR HARMLESS.

By a Special Contributor.

ONE of the questions about snakes which children most frequently ask is, how do they walk, for they cannot comprehend how these reptiles, without either legs or wings or fins, can move rapidly on land, in water or in the trees.

If we begin to think about the question, we will find that it is not so easy to answer. Grown people believe that they settle the problem by saying that snakes don't walk nor run, but just wriggle along. This answer, however, is imperfect, and does not solve the puzzle, for it is quite true that snakes can and do sometimes walk in line perfectly straight, without any wriggling or sinuous motion whatsoever.

Most commonly, however, they glide, and this method of progress sometimes gives them such swiftness that a nimble runner finds it difficult to overtake them. Without arms or claws, they can climb where even the active squirrel would fail to find foothold, and so well can they swim without fins that some of them subsist almost entirely upon the fishes they catch in the water.

Thus, then, the question to be made clear is, how is this walking without legs accomplished? What muscular force is used in that graceful and mysterious gliding, and how is it applied?

This problem of how snakes move is a mixed one, and like all complex questions, is difficult to answer. In order to make it simpler to the understanding it is well to begin by laying down the statement that in serpent locomotion, muscular force is applied in three different ways:

First—A foot-like movement of the ribs.

Second—A lateral movement of the spine.

Third—A combination of both.

For the better comprehension of these three ways of movement, and for giving at the same time a clear idea of the wonderful capacities of snakes for getting about, it is well to take a few typical instances of serpent locomotion and through them come at the secret means of each gymnastic feat of these legless, finless, wingless reptilian athletes.

South Africa is preeminently a country of snakes, and it was there that I studied my first lessons in serpent life-history—from Nature herself, while rambling through bush and veldt.

On a sultry afternoon when the hot wind was blowing dry and stifling as from the mouth of an oven, I sat in the shade of a feather-leaved mimosa in a rocky ravine near Grahamstown. No sign of life was stirring save the sunbored lizards careering over the hot rocks. The birds were silent as at midnight and kept themselves hidden away in the shaded retreats. The country was yellowish with drought and the only evidence of joy in nature was the all-pervading and continuous noise of the cicadas. Soon a snake made his appearance. He was a large puff-adder—a viper whose very name inspires terror in the inhabitants of South Africa, for he is one of the most deadly that the earth produces. He was full-grown, about three feet long. His body at the middle was as thick as a man's arm, and tapered off suddenly to a short tail. His head was broad and flat, while his neck was thin. On the back he was of a deep velvet black with large half-moons of golden yellow all the way down from head to tail. Beneath he was of a golden yellow, but little of this could be seen as he moved with deliberation. He came out from the bushes by my side. While he passed along among the obstructing stones his course was more or less winding, but when he began to go over the clear ground he astonished me by progressing with his backbone perfectly straight. In very truth he was going in a direct line and was actually walking. He was not more than ten yards from me, and as I put up my opera glass to observe him carefully, I saw clearly how it was that he could go forward without any deviation or wriggling. There were motions—wave-like motions passing along his sides. The fact was that his ribs were moving backwards and forwards like legs beneath his skin. Their wave-like movements were very similar to the undulatory motion of the legs of the millipede. I had observed this motion before in my caged snakes, but had never heretofore understood it.

I determined, therefore, to catch this puff-adder, take him home, put him into a glass-fronted cage and make a more close observation of this curious and unsuspected method of locomotion. Before I stood up to go toward him he was advancing at his slowest—a walking pace, let us call it—but when he saw me stirring near him, he accelerated his rate of progress—broke into a run, as we may say, for the rib-waves began to pass along his sides at a much livelier rate. Still with this simultaneous increase in speed and in rib-motion he never once bent his spine or deviated one jot from his straight-line course.

Having satisfied myself of this through the opera glass, I took hold of my stick and approached him. As I drew nearer he became alarmed, gave up his direct-line progress and took to the gliding method and went off rapidly with the common sinuous motion usually adopted when in flight. Hitherto he had left a straight groove marked behind him on the sand; now he left an S-like trail. In comparison with his previously dignified march, this hurried, winding flight was like the course of a drunken sailor flying before an angry policeman.

When I came up with him, he stopped abruptly and prepared for battle. He gathered himself into a sort of coil, held down the point of his nose, and began blowing or puffing so loudly as to be audible at a distance of fifty or seventy yards. I had to take great care in catching him, for by accident or carelessness I might have got a bite, and a bite might have meant death

within ten minutes. The stick which I used was about six feet long, and at one end was bent off at a slight angle. This bent-off part I placed across his neck and with it pressed his head against the ground. Then holding the stick with the right hand and keeping it securely pressed down with the left knee, I took him round the throat with my left hand and carried him off homewards, holding him all the time firmly but not tightly round the throat. On my way home I went cautiously, taking care not to stumble or fall or get caught in thorny brambles, for he had his fangs always ready to nip me. For the most part of the journey he struggled but little to escape, and he did not lash his body around me as the long, thin snakes do, but hung perpendicularly from my hand. My fingers got so tired from keeping him grasped in one position, for I had to walk some miles, that I thought several times that I should have to let him go. At last, however, I arrived safely home, and got him into his cage, dropping him in tail first—a very dangerous proceeding, which, in my imperfect knowledge of snakes at the time, might easily have cost me my life.

Once in the cage—a large one with the entire front of glass—I had every chance of observing in close proximity his methods of moving. I sat at the table with the cage upon it within a few inches of my face, and could watch narrowly every muscle in play. The rib-motion was what I particularly desired to understand, and he gave me opportunity for studying it at this very close range. For, although when first put in the cage he coiled himself for defense and commenced puffing loudly, still he soon lost apprehension of danger, for I sat as motionless as death so as not to frighten him. At first he lay quiet and watched me. Then he began slowly moving about in his prison, seeking for means of escape. He went cautiously all over the cage, examining with his inquisitive tongue the front, the back and the sides, searching for some hole or crevice. Sometimes he would reach up to feel along the top, and sometimes he would try to climb against the glass of the front; and it was at those times I could best see the curious rib-motion and was enabled to understand how it was made to propel him.

If any one will take up a dead snake and examine it, he will find that while its back is covered with small scales, its whole nether surface is crossed by great single plate-like scales extending right across from side to side. Now, for each of these ventral plates, as they are called, the puff-adder had a corresponding pair of ribs fastened by muscles one to each of its ends. So therefore, when he wished to move a ventral plate he simply lifted it forward by means of the two ribs attached to its ends. Then he would move the next pair of ribs with their plate, and then the next with theirs, and so on, each pair of ribs carrying on its proper ventral plate. Thus each ventral plate beneath a snake is, as it were, the sole of a foot, and its attached pair of ribs act together as a double leg to move it.

The wave-like motion apparent on the outside of my puff-adder's body was caused by the ribs being moved in succession beneath the skin, beginning with the first pair moving with their plate, then the next with theirs, and so on until the wave of movement had passed down the whole length of his body. But wave would succeed wave, for before the first wave of movement would reach the ribs near the tail, another fresh wave would have started to pass downward from the neck, so that the undulatory motion was continuous and successive, each wave of plates moving along beneath him and following another, the whole series of movements carrying him forward smoothly, slowly, deliberately, and in a line as perfectly straight as if traced by a ruler. This walking movement is not peculiar to the puff-adder alone, for it is often to be seen in all thick, heavy-bodied snakes, and the shorter and thicker they are, the more apt they are to progress by rib-motion. When they wish to hurry they stop the rib-motion and commence to glide as other snakes do.

In 1891 I had a boa-constrictor of ten feet long, which used often to walk thus in a perfectly direct line, and indeed it was at such a time while he was walking with his ribs for legs, that I measured him, for at no other time could I get him straightened out.

This rib-walking is the common method of slow movement with all the heavy-bodied vipers. The hog-nose snake also progresses in this way, but all of them will take up the quicker gliding method of traveling when alarmed or otherwise unduly excited. The long, thin snakes rarely or never use the rib movement, but seem to confine themselves almost entirely to gliding. Therefore, when we see the track of a snake crossing over a dusty road we can hazard a guess whether it was a venomous or a harmless snake that made it. If the track be almost straight it was caused most likely by a copperhead or rattlesnake, walking at leisure. If the track be winding, a harmless snake has probably crossed over there, progressing by his usual method of gliding.

G. R. O'REILLY.

#### A CABBY'S REVENGE.

A stipendiary magistrate in a town in Yorkshire, who was not given to err on the side of leniency, once had before him a cab driver who was charged with furious driving, says London Tid-Bits. After some severe comments on the man's conduct, a heavy fine was imposed.

A few days after the trial the magistrate, who had been detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train, when, seeing an empty cab handy, he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a very gentle trot.

"I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this."

"It can't be done, sir," replied the driver. "Ye see, if we drives faster we're had up afore the beak, and we gets fined; so we has to be careful."

He did not alter his pace and neither did the "beak" catch his train.



## NAVAL MANEUVERS IN THE WEST INDIES.

ADMIRAL CERVERA WILL AGAIN BE CHASED TO HIS LAIR.

By a Special Contributor.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON will meet the Spanish again in the West Indies; but this time the enemy's ships will be some of our own designated for that duty.

Some very important tactical lessons were learned during the recent war, and the fruit of them will be matured during the coming maneuvers.

Our ships went into the war with Spain with very little experience in the way of squadron evolutions in their modern, magnified sense; and while their war-time practice put them separately in touch with the material side of conflict in some ways it did not give them that familiarity with concerted action in fleet formation so important before a well-trained enemy. Scouting was done only by detached vessels that did not strictly keep "in touch"—as the naval phrase puts it—with their own ships—cable bases being, as a rule, resorted to for information and then subject to error in transmission and, perhaps, delay.

An overwhelmingly disproportionate number of hits were made by the guns of moderate and light calibers, while the shot of the big guns rarely found lodging in the enemy. Why was that? has been reasonably asked; and the forthcoming evolutions are expected to give us the answer.

The signal question is a very vital one, and some innovations are to be practiced; while the practical question of defense against torpedo-boat attack is to be carefully studied, for it is commonly admitted that many were the times when a daring foe could have worked havoc in our fleet by stealth and dash—in fact,

that very thing of "getting touch" with the enemy and warning the waiting fleet in time for action is, perhaps, the most trying task of all those leading up to an engagement. During the civil war, the Confederate sailing bark Tacony enjoyed two weeks of uninterrupted successes against our home-bound merchantmen. No less than half a hundred vessels, mostly steamers chartered at extravagant figures, were sent in pursuit of her. Hundreds of tons of costly coal were burned, engines were driven almost to destruction, and untold miles of aimless steaming directed up and down the whole expanse of our coast without success. The ship was finally burned, but by her commanding officer on shifting his battery of one small gun to a better prize. In the China-Japanese war the contending fleets that fought the battle of the Yalu, really stumbled upon one another without previous touch; and from Eastport, Me., to the Gulf of Mexico we were in a ferment till Cervera was first discovered at Curacao, only to slip unmolested past our fleet and into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

No science of naval warfare has been more neglected than this very important one of scouting with the least expenditure of coal, while covering the widest field of observation. To the heavy ships, then, the waters to be patrolled will be divided into four areas, and each ship will cover its own expanse of sea while keeping within about an hour's signaling distance of its nearest companion. In day time, signal distance would mean not over nine miles, while at night, with the added certainty of reach peculiar to the electric code, the distance could be greater. With the vessels about forty miles apart, they could cover an area of observation of quite a hundred and sixty miles, and still come within signal distance within an hour. Sweeping in diverging, spiral courses, like the sparks from a pin-wheel—where the direction and speed of the enemy were known, it is possible to cover even a greater area. This is what has been termed the "curve of search," and while hardly susceptible of the positive results claimed for it in

sultant speed may mean that nice maintenance of position and certainty of action and swing at the critical moments. These are things that could not be practiced in the face of the enemy, but still they are accomplishments that must be met in a foe that comes well prepared.

In an extended series of target practices, it is the purpose of the squadron to throw more light upon the relative performances of the batteries while under the strong excitement of actual conflict; and the matter, in part, resolves into a discussion of the peace-time systems of target practice. With us, heretofore, thoroughly moderate weather has been essential to target practice, and it has been under such conditions that our shooting has been done. A target, composed of four three-cornered sails having a height of ten feet and a spread of the same, offers a pyramid front to the ship. Two observers, in anchored boats about a thousand yards from the target and on a line parallel with the direction of the passing ship, form the base ends of a triangle of which the target is the apex. When all is ready, the ship steams by at a rate of about eight or ten knots, and firing begins with the passing of the first boat and ends with the approach of the second a thousand or fifteen hundred yards away from the first. Should the target not be touched, these two observers plot, by angles, the fall of the shot, and, at the end of some days when the returns are completed, the gun captain knows how near he came to that tiny white spot in the distance. His own eye, alone, must be the judge for his next try, and, with the guns of 8-inch, 10-inch, 12-inch and 13-inch calibers, that may not come for a minute or two or perhaps before the vessel has turned and come down the course again. With the rapid-fire guns, it is different, the splash of the shot falls so quickly one after the other, that it is easy to correct the aim and to guide the projectiles almost like the stream of a hose to the objective.

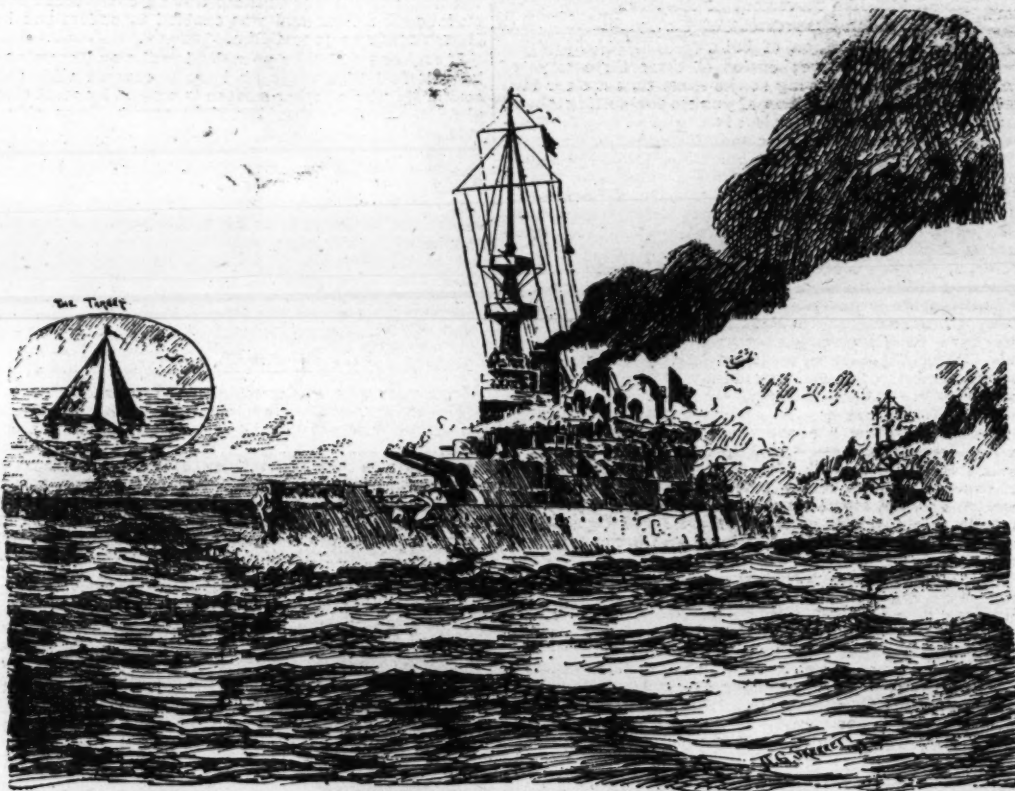
In the British service, a target, with a total fronting of quite fifty-five feet, is placed before the gunner, and his chance of seeing his work, if he has made a good line shot, is just about five times as good as that in our service. After he has made his score, the ship passes close enough to the target to let him see his work, and then, not a week or more hence, he knows where and how he erred, if any. Besides, as the weather need not be moderate enough for open boats to live in it for observation, such as is required with us, he may fire in any sort of weather and get just that kind of practice in a rolling sea that won our battles in the war of 1812.

It is understood that the great gun exercises in the squadron of evolution will be patterned very much on the order of the British method, and considerably better results are prophesied in consequence. In our recent fights, especially when destroying Cervera's fleet, the number of hits for each caliber of gun—not the percentage of hits for shots fired, has been marked; yet, in all likelihood, the margin between hit and miss for the great guns may have been materially narrower than that between the great bulk of the rapid-fire weapons. With a wider target—not a higher one, it will be possible to train the gunners of the heavier weapons to do more execution upon an enemy's hulls.

Peace-time evolutions as well as the clouded confusion of battle have shown that flags as a means of hasty communication are far from ideal or reliable. A puff of wind may spread the flags only edgewise, while smoke or haze may render their colorings and forms uncertain. The New York, which will be Admiral Sampson's flagship, will carry a topmast semaphore, composed of four parallel arms, pivoted at right angles to the run of the mast. Everyone is familiar with this railroad system of signaling. Well, in the case of the arms on the New York, they may be tilted up on one side and down on the other, and vice versa, and in that way form either the letters of the alphabet or the numerals for 1 to 0. With these mutations it is possible to make a great many combinations of letters and numbers with facility and speed, and to dispatch messages with a rapidity and certainty impossible with flags even when all the "hoists" are set ready to be rushed aloft. The signalmen on the other ships will be expected to be familiar with semaphore reading, and orders, and movements will be dispatched in this way to prepare the way for general adoption of this system throughout the service. These semaphore signals can be read accurately much farther than those made with flags, and it is always possible to know that the reading ship has a fair sight of the moving arms. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the importance of this matter, and every facility that adds to the means of direction and communication at the disposal of the guiding head of a fleet in action, is just one more advantage that may tell when the tide of battle needs but the slightest impulse to make it set for or against one's enemy.

Darkness and gloom far more than the so-called confusion of day-time battle are the friends to torpedo boats in their stealthy work, for, in naval parlance, a boat expected is a boat destroyed. Much as has been said about the two-fold character of the searchlight in its double work of perhaps discovering an approaching enemy while certainly disclosing its own ship's position, still the work of the lights before Santiago certainly showed how they kept Cervera from coming out in their broad paths of luster, and there is little doubt but that they are really the only reliable means of guarding against torpedo boat attack. The eye is precious uncertain, for under the anxious stress of conflict, the shadows of passing clouds are apt to multiply into threatening craft, and more than once such ghosts have drawn the fire of nervous watchers. The faulty working of the New York's electric signals, after the Porter came within hailing distance and striking reach, came within an ace of bringing destruction upon her. It was only by the determination of the captain of that tiny craft to make sure even in the face of that falsifying signal that the ship before him was not a friend—and that in defiance of a hostile shot that one of our mightiest ships was saved to us. Had a searchlight covered the path of the approaching torpedo boat, all doubt would have vanished, while the smaller craft would have been wary, indeed, in coming within the sweep of its disclosing rays.

In the coming maneuvers, the steam launches of the several vessels will simulate torpedo boats, and their duty will be to try to creep up within about 700 yards of the watching ships. The ships, in turn, will work their searchlights in combination, so as to form a complete wall of light around the whole fleet, while other



IN FORMATION OF "LINE AHEAD" ATTACKING TARGET IN PASSING.

one of our own vessels was saved from one of our own torpedo boats only by the courageous hesitation of the captain of the latter.

The squadron Admiral Sampson will take to the Antilles will consist of six ships, the battleships Indiana and Texas, the armored cruisers Brooklyn and New York, the recently-rehabilitated protected cruiser Chicago, and the gunboat Machias, which, for the purposes of the evolutions, will be considered the Chicago's classmate.

The vessels are grouped to act in concert, according to their types, and special functions will fall to the lot of each pair of ships.

To begin with, Admiral Cervera will be searched for again—the Chicago and Machias representing his ships and the speed they were equal to when they reached this side of the Atlantic, and this time, unhampered by dragging monitors, Admiral Sampson hopes to catch the foe before he reaches a guarded haven. The undertaking is not an easy one even though free of the menace of actual conflict, and the work will be a novelty to the ships engaged.

The two unarmed ships will be sent off to the southward of Cuba for a run of about sixty hours to a point mutually agreed and known to the ships that are to intercept them. Then, on a fixed date, and within a given margin of hours, they must start toward Cuba, following one of two routes open to them and leading directly to their port of refuge. To the armored cruisers Brooklyn and New York, acting in conjunction with the Indiana and the Texas, will fall the work of covering the approaches to the objective port while advancing to "get touch" with the enemy, so as to bring them to action against the united forces and well out on the high sea.

This may seem an easy thing to the popular mind, but

theory, it affords an economical and systematic way of covering a given expanse of water.

The wake of a fleet is unmarked on the trackless deep, and the footprints and signs of a passing army are missing as guides for the following squadrons. The enemy must be detected from afar by the swiftest vessels, which, while keeping an eye on the quarry must be able to call in their wake the ships that are to bring the foe to conclusions. It is an easy thing to lose one another at intervals of forty miles on such a monotonous waste, and it is only by skillful navigation and ceaseless vigilance that unity of action may be assured.

To begin with, in the matter of evolutions, pure and simple, it must be borne in mind that each ship has its personal characteristics of speed, turning radius in which it is possible for her to swing, and also a period in which she can come to a halt from full speed and gain motion backward. These things must be harmonized among all the vessels by repeated drilling till they become as a body impelled by a common impulse. Then like a squadron of cavalry, they must be able to charge, to swing, to turn, to glide into single file, or to sweep around with a thundering front like so many giant horses—the horses, in this case, being masses ranging from 1200 to 10,000 tons, sweeping on with the impetus of quite fifteen knots, where the mere passing brush means well-nigh certain destruction. To handle the giants with certainty requires the keenest eye and the coolest kind of a head, and yet, just such precision, at a decisive moment, may wrest victory from a more powerful but clumsy foe. The proficiency is not alone on deck and at the wheel, for down in the engine-rooms, away from the sight of the passing waters, rests the great responsibility of timing the strokes of the thundering engines and so gauging their turns that the re-



lights, not so engaged, will wander restlessly beyond and try to pick up any moving form creeping in from the distant gloom. Some novel experiments will be tried, and the results are sure to give us valuable data, while adding to the utility of the searchlight.

Beside these special exercises, there will be all of the ordinary routine work of squadron evolutions. The ships will be cleared for action and special duties assigned those not directly engaged at the guns, such as the stress of actual battle has shown wisest; the crew will be mustered for abandoning ship, and the boats actually lowered with their complements just as though the ship was to be deserted; and there will be target practice with the torpedoes.

The layman can hardly grasp the meaning of all this work, but it represents the mechanical precision which means everything to the efficient management of these modern fighting masses of manifold machinery. Everything is complex, and each man has his appointed place and a duty to be faithfully and accurately performed; and in the day of conflict that intelligent discharge will be felt from every responsive division of that great craft centering in that nerve-center, the conning-tower, where the guiding brain force must direct all.

These practice evolutions are not inexpensive excursions—they are a tax upon the treasure of the government and the vital forces of the men that manage them; but to them no personal cost is too dear for the attainment of service efficiency, and we laymen don't grudge our contribution when we realize the meaning to our welfare and the honor of our flag. R. G. SKERRETT.

## THE MORNING SERMON.

DO THE VOWS STILL HOLD?

By Rev. George H. Hubbard,

Pastor First Congregational Church, Enfield, Mass.

"Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay."—Ecclesiastes, v. 5.

THE month of February is now fairly opened. For the past four or five weeks numerous persons daily have been joining the now vast company of pilgrims who are silently wending their way toward the Valley of Humiliation. Who are they? They are the victims of a great delusion. Five weeks ago their hearts were swelling with the conscious virtue of many freshly-made and beautiful resolutions. They may have doubted neither their purpose nor their power to keep these vows through the year, but each new day has swelled the list of those defeated ones who look with despair upon

Vows and promises unkept,  
And reap from days of strife  
Nothing but leaves.

The shores of February are piled mountains high with the wrecks of January's broken vows, yet every returning New Year's-day saints and sinners together launch their little barks of resolution upon the stormy sea of time, only to be dashed in pieces by waves of forgetfulness or temptation or utter inability.

There are few things more pitifully ludicrous in all the effort of mankind to achieve its own moral regeneration than the persistence with which, year after year, men and women brace themselves for a new struggle with sins, petty or gigantic—armed like the king's jester, with the lath sword of good resolutions; or like so many Dame Partingtons, mop in hand, defying the Atlantic. And when the fragile sword is broken or the incoming tide proves itself too much for mop and dignified remonstrance, there comes the perennial surprise and disappointment, as keen and real in each case as though the same thing had not occurred times without number from the year 1 to 1899.

If only matters of trifling importance were involved we might look upon this as simply an oft-repeated and somewhat tiresome comedy or farce. But in view of the deep earnestness of the actors often, and the vital nature of the struggle in which many of them are engaged, it becomes a real tragedy. When we consider that character and happiness often hang upon the issue of the struggle, that the keeping of these vows means freedom and their breaking means slavery to human souls, that every lapse means not merely temporary disappointment and vexation, but real loss of power and courage for future struggle against tyrant sin, then the matter is plainly serious to the last degree. It demands earnest thought and most sober treatment.

Why is it that the vast majority of New Year's resolutions are sooner or later broken, however carefully and prayerfully made and however manfully kept at the first? Why is it that the most vital and unselfish vows share the same fate as the most trifling and childish? Why is it that the vow itself often seems to be the chief source of temptation for its own breaking—that the very fact of determining not to do a thing fills us with increased desire to do it? Or that the determination to do seems to make the doing doubly difficult?

The reason is found in the very nature of the system itself. Vows and resolutions of the kind we are considering are utterly opposed to the spirit and teaching of Christ. Salvation by vows is no part of the gospel scheme. Jesus preached the salvation which is by faith. And the two methods are as far apart as the poles. You cannot imagine Jesus Christ making good resolutions. The mere suggestion is absurd. St. Paul made some resolutions at one time, and, like the rest of men, he broke them. You remember what he says about it: "The good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." And in his despair he cries, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" But having found a better means for achieving the conquest of evil, he exclaims joyfully: "I thank God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord!"

Here, then, we have a contrast—the religion of self and the religion of Christ, the religion of vows and the religion of faith, the religion of resolution and the

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religion of consecration. The pith of the whole matter lies in the contrast between these two words, resolution and consecration.

Resolution is for the most part negative. Consecration is always positive. If we could gather up the myriads of good resolutions that have been made this year and classify them, we should have two very unequal lists. First, there would be a very long catalogue of negative resolutions. Thousands upon thousands resolve January 1 to abstain during the year from some unwise or sinful indulgence; or determine to overcome some evil habit, or to remove some hindrance from the pathway of their lives. They had but one thought—to get rid of something, to cast out some evil. On the other hand, we should find a small number of positive resolutions. They are comparatively few who resolved to do something. Only about one in a hundred, perhaps, included among his resolutions any plan for definite and worthy achievement during the year. At least ten men have framed for themselves a whole decalogue of "I will nots" for one who has whispered in his inmost soul, "I will."

Now, this negative form of most resolutions is the first element of their weakness. A negative resolution is not seaworthy. It will go to the bottom in the first storm. One cannot conquer sin, still less attain to holiness, by the method of "shalt not" or "will not." Who strives simply to expel some evil from his life, and to keep it out without filling its place with an equivalent good, is attempting the impossible. Each life has a definite capacity, and that capacity must be kept full. Not a habit nor an appetite nor a passion in any life but represents some need of the nature. Remove any one, though it be the least of the most harmful, and it leaves a vacuum which must be filled. Neglect to fill it, and the evil will surely return with multiplied force.

Today there is many a life with one or more empty corners. Manfully the unclean spirits of habit and desire have been driven out. Heroic is the struggle to keep them out. But it is useless. They receive reinforcements daily, and the struggle against them can only end in failure. It is the inevitable result of all purely negative effort.

Consecration, on the other hand, is positive. It drives out the evil by filling the life with the good. Let one occupy his time and thought and power with active service for God and his fellow-men, and the evil will be crowded out and kept out without any direct thought or effort on his part. There is a wonderful and blessed truth embodied in Dr. Chalmers's phrase, "The expulsive power of a new affection."

John B. Gough conquered his appetite for strong drink not solely or chiefly by the direct effort of his will against it—though this may have been a necessary first step—but by giving himself, heart and soul, to the rescue of others who had fallen under the same curse. It was by filling his life with positive effort for others that he kept the demon outside the door. And many a man who is vainly struggling against some sin would find it conquered almost without a struggle if he would forget himself in the effort to help other struggling ones.

Again, resolution works chiefly at long range. Consecration is hand to hand. How many New Year's resolutions take in the whole twelve months at a single sweep? Another element of weakness. The burden of a year's duty is too great for any man. It is like carrying a load at arm's length. Who does the duty of a single day faithfully lives magnificently. The man in the moon is not more secure from the stone hurled by a child than is the temptation of next December from the puerile cast of our January resolutions. But, after all, it is not so much the futility of trying to reach the distant sin as it is that in our effort to reach it we shoot quite over that which is near. Through much gazing at the horizon the soul becomes far-sighted, and falls into temptation close at hand, because it is unseen.

Consecration is immediate. It is a matter for today. There is no such thing as anticipating consecration. All true consecration deals with the duty and the need and the temptation of the present hour. Of the future it says, "Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself." The consecration of today is the best preparation for victory tomorrow. But the resolution for conquest tomorrow may be the sufficient cause of defeat today.

The most significant point of contrast yet remains. Resolutions are only partial. Consecration is complete. Resolution deals with single sins or failings, and these often of minor importance. Consecration aims at the conquest of all sin by uprooting it from the heart.

Now, it is easier to fulfill the perfect ideal than an imperfect one. Of all the tasks which men have set for themselves, the most hopeless are theirs who have resolved to do right in part. Whoever consecrates his life to God, with the firm purpose to do right in all

things and at all times, may claim all the promises of God, and may feel confident of omnipotence; but there is no promise of divine aid to him who qualifies his striving, and is content with imperfection. He must fight his battle single-handed, and he has given the enemy a fatal advantage at the outset. He has admitted the thin edge of a wedge, which, if driven home, will cleave the noblest character and rend the strongest purpose asunder.

Broken resolutions are worse than useless. But there is no broken consecration. Who makes resolutions must keep them himself. Who consecrates his life to Christ, is kept by the power of God unto salvation. Let us, then, as we look upon the failures of the past month and of past years—the shattered fragments of our "good resolutions"—not trust in our own strength alone, but rely upon divine help to meet successfully the remainder of the year, and of life, one day at a time, saying confidently, with St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

## WOMEN OF NOTE.

Every book given to Queen Victoria is especially bound for Her Majesty, and the royal arms are stamped on the cover.

Mrs. Fuller, wife of the Chief Justice, is in very poor health, and during this season will take no part in the festivities of Washington.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the military Governor of Santiago, is organizing there a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Mrs. William Astor of New York recently paid \$30,000 for a set of Dresden china, and so brittle are the plates that no one of them is ever allowed to touch another.

The Empress of Japan has a great admiration for all things European, and every year numbers of dresses are sent to her from Paris. These sometimes cost \$20,000 and more.

Mrs. George P. Greeley of Vermont is a sister of Admiral Dewey, from whom she has received, during the latter's entire service, a letter written at each port at which he touched.

Mrs. Schley, wife of the admiral, declares that since her husband's return to Washington she has hardly had a chance to see him, so numerous have been the demands upon his time.

Most of the chairs in Mme. Adeline Patti's boudoir at Cralg-y-Nos are draped with ribbons of all colors, taken from innumerable bouquets which have been thrown to her. Some of the ribbons are very many years old and much prized.

Lucinda M. Morton, widow of Oliver T. Morton, Indiana's war Governor, and who is in straitened circumstances, has arranged to sell her late husband's library to the Indianapolis School Board for \$450.

Mrs. George Weldon, who has buried herself in the seclusion of a French convent for the past ten years after numerous exploits as a public redresser of private wrongs, is again up in arms in behalf of Dreyfus and proposes to bring revelations of spiritualism to his aid.

Mrs. M. Fleming, recently appointed curator of astronomical photographs, is the first woman whose name has ever appeared in the catalogue of Harvard University among the officers of that institution. Mrs. Fleming has a staff of a dozen women in her department of the observatory.

The Journal Official lately contained, in a list of pensions granted to the widows of French officers, the name of Berthe Amelle Bertincourt, widow of the late Col. Henry, who committed suicide in prison after having been arrested in connection with the Dreyfus case. She gets £1667 a year, or about \$333.

The Empress Dowager of China is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable specimens of Chinese art. Strange as it may seem, Her Majesty is also said to be fond of wrestling, and frequently indulges in this rather virile form of exercise. She is well read, is fond of European music and has some skill as a pianist.

The advent of Queen Wilhelmina to the throne has not put an end to her studies. She continues to pay frequent visits to the museums, especially to the fine collection of prints in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, accompanied by one or more experts, and now Profs. J. de Louter and J. J. M. de Groot of Leyden have been appointed to instruct Her Majesty, respectively, in the principles of political economy and in the customs and institutions of the natives of the East Indian archipelago.



## CARE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

**S**IDDI MOHAMMET TA'EIBER, fully trained in the religion of wisdom in the temples of the Djains, in India, has consented to contribute to this department a series of articles explaining the wise, but simple, sanitary methods employed for countless ages by the sages of the Orient to preserve perfect health and to gain full control over body and mind. In India this knowledge is called the Hathi-Yogi. It deals chiefly with the breath, considered as the great life principle upon which all else depends, and gives the foundation of truth, upon which rest so many western theories of physical culture and development. In the following article, the subject is treated in a general and prefatory way, a few principles being laid down as simply and plainly as possible, to be followed by a full development of this sane and moderate science of right living, in future articles from the same pen.—[Ed.]

Health is the great question which is agitating the minds of people today. Children are given a knowledge of aches and pains before they are instructed in self-control; they learn of death before they learn of youth, and to all the questions that are asked concerning the one important question, as many speculative answers are given as there are grains of sand by the seashore.

The direct ways to good health are only three. First, the controlling of the five appetites of desire, or of the physical senses governing these, thus cultivating the force of mind and not the force of physical desire. Secondly, to understand the law of good health, a man must first understand himself as an individual, for no one has a greater right to do so, and if a man knows not himself, how can it be possible for another to understand and help him. The third way to good health is the full comprehension of breath as the life. If one should fast for awhile the body gives out first, then the mind, and lastly the breath; that is, if the fast were to be continued for a sufficient length of time to allow of starvation. Thus we see that breath is the cause, and that all the rest of our physical existence is dependent upon it. We can live without legs, arms, sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, but no one can live without breath.

In the next place, all physicians agree that the confidence of the patient is the first and most desirable thing to obtain. By this means they are enabled to commence a cure on the metaphysical instead of the physical plane of action; thus working from within, at the very start and not from without, and indirectly teaching the first lesson of the law, to heal oneself.

Hardly any drug produces the same effect upon two different, and, metaphysically speaking, no two mental forces act alike upon the same personality, for the simple reason that there are no two people alike. Therefore, there are no two minds alike. No two diseases call for the same treatment, except in the one particular of cleanliness, which is nature's remedy for all diseases, as no disease germs can exist where cleanliness reigns. Incidentally, this great principle shows the falsity of all theories which advocate vaccination and vivisection. These are simply the practice of medicine and surgery run mad. Nothing sane or cleanly exists about either of them, and both tend to degeneration instead of to elevation.

In the future, the first questions a practitioner will ask when diagnosing a case will be: "What is the state of the mind? What is the nervous temperament? What is the disposition? What is the diet?" In answering these questions in a general way, we will say: "Mind, active; temperament, even; disposition, cheerful; diet, vegetarian."

Now, people of this type, as one can readily see, suffer very little from the so-called ills of the flesh; but those whose minds are inactive, temperament uneven, disposition melancholy, and whose diet consists of meat and stimulants, are forever subjects of disease. As there is such a wide difference in these two classes of people, which for convenience we will hereafter designate as A and B, so necessarily must the treatment differ as widely in character.

It can readily be seen that an active, cheerful, philosophical patient will naturally help himself to recovery, as he depends upon himself, in a great measure, for health; but the other class, the inactive, uneven and melancholic temperament, will depend upon others as long as they can. And as long as physicians, whether allopaths, homeopaths or metaphysicians, will continue to rob people of their self-reliance by acting as propping posts for aches and pains, just so long will the class designated as B call for treatment.

All diseases are the result of psychological inharmony, therefore it becomes necessary to find the notes that are out of tune and to readjust the interrupted scale. This can be done only with the breath. As has before been stated, all sense is dependent upon breath. Now the five physical senses of touch, sight, hearing, taste and smell, rest upon the five intellectual senses, perception, retention, intuition, analytical and imaginative; these intellectual senses rest in turn upon the five psychological senses, called the knowledge of in, out, up, down and back. These fifteen senses rest upon the breath, or the "great sense."

The great physical difference that exists between the two classes, A and B, lies in the so-called lung capacity and muscular control. It is but reasonable to imagine

that, if people are able to control the members of the body, it should be possible to control each and every organ. Not only is this possible, but it has been practiced from the earliest times by the wise people of the Orient, and must form the foundation of the physical breath culture of our own day.

Good health can be born alone of individual endeavor, and is to be obtained only through an absolute knowledge of oneself. To that end, we must begin with the physical senses, as these make known to us certain elements which, either physically or mentally, we lack. That which is lacking must be restored by the process of dieting, aided by the perfect comprehension of the purpose for which we are dieting. It is not the quantity one eats that does the good; the virtue lies in the preparation of the food and the manner in which it is eaten. Instead of quickly swallowing our meals, it would be well to mentally digest our food as a preliminary to the process of physical digestion. In this way we should understand why we are eating, as it is the food we eat that creates the activity of the mind, and the full comprehension of mind makes possible the control of the senses.

What is needed in the human race today is greater lung capacity, and greater knowledge of the same, as the lungs are the force pumps, and the mind the engineer of this most delicate engine called the human being.

As a rule, the class called A is free from disease. This is not so with class B, and as the first class gives the physical phenomenon of good health, we must learn from it what is lacking in the other. Seeing that the latter class has less lung capacity, less energy, etc., it must first be aroused to activity, both physical and mental, and given instructions as to how the energy thus acquired may be distributed through the different parts of the system that are affected. This must be done through the breath, as the breath is the physician, the mind the medicine, and the thoughts the patient. Little breath is a poor physician; less mind a bad medicine, and poor thoughts a bad patient.

In the article following this, directions will be given for specific breathing exercises, with full explanations of their beneficial effect upon the system.

**VARIOUS VIEWS ON VACCINATION.** A medical correspondent sends us the following communication, in which he criticises the anti-vaccinationists for creating an unnecessary alarm among the public:

The writer heretofore proposes to throw his contribution in the shape of oil on the troubled waters. He has been an active general practitioner of medicine since March, 1855—nearly forty-four years. During all this time he has never witnessed such a colossal excitement, built on such a pigmy foundation, as the present furor on vaccination, has aroused in the city of Los Angeles. And why? In a short conversation with one of our leading editors he said, that while he wished "in his paper to deal fairly with the physicians pro and con, he thought, and very justly too, that so much discussion in widely circulated papers, would lead the outside world to the conclusion that Los Angeles was a plague-stricken city, and would certainly, if only temporarily, injure the business of the city."

This is certainly good and considerate on the part of the editor, and beneficial to that class of physicians who have the public good really at heart, and whose manifest duty is first to allay the apprehensions of his patients, and next, to prevent panic fears among his neighbors; but unfortunately for mankind, generally and specially, there is a very-much-too-numerous class of properly dubbed alarmists. These blatherskite, quasi-medicos can arouse the serious apprehensions of whole communities by their palaver, pens and pretensions, while the demoralized patient stands ready to deliver. It is difficult in a moral point of view, to discern the difference between this sort of doctor and the road agent who curtly tells his patient: "Throw up your hands." The patients in both cases are coerced by a moral fear of their lives, and consequently, "stand and deliver."

But the serious aspect of all this discussion seems to loom up in a petition to the City Council to ignore the State law and interdict compulsory vaccination for the public school children. Could the alarmists score a better victory, if it were possible, than to have the City Fathers nullify a law that has been enacted and enforced by every civilized and enlightened country since the discovery of Jenner? Understand the writer does not charge the committee that signed and presented the petition to the City Council as alarmists. He does think that they are unnecessarily alarmed; but the alarm is unnecessary for Los Angeles is not, nor cannot be plague-stricken. The writer believes in vaccination as a preventive of smallpox for the following reasons, deduced from his experience as a medical student and physician since 1853. The Kentucky School of Medicine in Louisville, had, in the term of '53 and '54, a good faculty, Drs. Bullitt, Bush, Dudley, Peter, Mitchell, Breckenridge, Flint, Powell and Cummings. Then a student in this college, the writer, wishing to learn all he could of so-called pestilential diseases, notified the dean of the faculty of his desire to visit the pesthouse. He was promptly advised to be revaccinated. Wanting a consensus of opinion he consulted all the professors and all seemed to have the seven-year theory of extinction by regeneration, and, of course, advised revaccination. This was performed by the demonstrator in anatomy, Dr. Cummings, and it went apparently through all the stages of "taking." But when presented to the old pock-marked superintendent of the pesthouse, he shook his head and said: "I advise you to try it again." "But, I have been twice vaccinated," said I, showing the scar made at the age of 6 years. He merely glanced at it, and said: "That will do, come in." He was asked what was the difference between the scars. He said that the last operation was not successful, the scar was not a vaccine scar.

"Why, it appeared to take, the professors all said it was taking."

"I don't care what they said, it's not a vaccine scar, and won't do to trust to."

"Well, my object in coming here at some risk is to learn; please tell me the difference in the scars—that is, why you exclude me on the new one and admit me on the old one?"

"Look yourself, close enough and you can see the new scar is a smooth, slick one, like that a burn would make, while the old one is full of minute pits—yes," and he counted, "yes, there are thirteen. When a scar has from seven to any number above, it's all right."

"Those little pits?" And I could plainly see them for the first time, when my attention was called to look for them.

Ever after, the writer has followed this method of judging the efficacy of a vaccine scar, and it has invariably proven correct. On returning to graduate during the winter of '54 and '55, the changes in the faculty of the Kentucky school decided the writer to finish from the medical department of the Louisville University. Drs. L. P. Yandell, S. D. Gross, I. Lawrence Smith, Austin, Flint, Sr., Lewis Rogers, H. Miller, B. R. Palmer and T. B. Richardson, the best faculty then in the United States. The same pesthouse experience was gone through. All the professors advised revaccination, all advanced the seven-year limit, but the writer relied on the old superintendent of the pesthouse. He said my scar of the year before was no good," but the old childhood credentials, the little pits, nearly double the regulation number, would pass anywhere.

The old man seemed to regret that he didn't have but one case of confluent smallpox, but that was bad enough for a dozen. A Portuguese girl, got the disease at New Orleans, or on the Mississippi. She was simply a mass of corruption. No vaccination. Two cases of varioloid, with the regulation scars, completed the exhibition.

In all his experience for forty-four years as a physician, the writer has been guided by the brief but conclusive lessons learned in the pesthouse. He has very seldom been brought in contact with pure variola, but often with varioloid, and in every instance of the former there was no vaccine scar, and in every case of the latter, there was the well-pitted scar of proper vaccination. Indeed, it is rare now that a doctor sees a case of smallpox vaccination. Improved sanitary regulations have almost exterminated it, and it is effectually destroyed as an epidemic factor. Then why all this consternation on the simple question of vaccination? The assertion may be truthfully made, that ten persons, including doctors have not seen a case of smallpox in Los Angeles during the prevalence of all this excitement.

Then the idea of vaccine matter inducing syphilis is too absurd for serious consideration. Many septic conditions of the blood may be aroused, but they were there before, and would have been developed by any other exciting agency, and are not due to vaccine virus. In 1868, the writer vaccinated in Carlinville, Ill., nearly five hundred public school children. There was no bad result in any case; only about 2 per cent. did not take. In conclusion, the alarmists should quiet down and cease to fear that smallpox or vaccination can ever hurt them in a community so exempt from contagion as Los Angeles, and they will be happy.

In regard to this it seems that the charge of alarming people should not be laid against the anti-vaccinationists, but rather against those who ordered the compulsory performance of an operation which a great many of our citizens consider to be useless and frequently dangerous.

As to the proposed nullification of the compulsory vaccination law that is exactly what the British Parliament has done after a quarter of a century of discussion.

As to the opinions expressed by this correspondent in regard to the efficacy of vaccination there are, as The Times has previously shown, many differences of opinion upon this subject even among experts.

Following are some more views on the opposite side of the question, supplementing those published in this department last week. They are from a pamphlet on vaccination recently published by a Kansas man:

"Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bart., M.D., M.P., in the House of Commons, 1878, says: 'The president of the local government board cannot deny that children die under the vaccination act in a wholesale way.'"

"Dr. Stowell, M.R.C.S., of London, thirty years a vaccine practitioner, says: 'More than ridiculous—it is irrational—to say that corrupt matter taken from boils and blisters of an organic creature could affect the human body otherwise than to injure it.'"

"The American Association of Physicians and Surgeons in convention discussed the vaccination subject and set it down as follows:

"(1.) That vaccination renders those who have been subjected to it more susceptible to smallpox than but for that operation they would have been.

"(2.) That in all epidemics of smallpox which have occurred since the general practice of vaccination it has been the vaccinated and not the unvaccinated who have been the first to be attacked, and from whom the disease has spread.

"(3.) That the epidemics of this century have increased in virulence in proportion to the spread of vaccination.

"(4.) That the fatality among the attacked is somewhat greater, age for age, among the vaccinated than among the unvaccinated.

"(5.) That, in the words of Alexander von Humboldt, vaccination has been a progressive, dangerous influence upon the race of England, France and Germany, and this degeneracy in the United States, having vaccination for one of its causes, is an unavoidable conclusion from the facts.

"Sir James Paget, surgeon extraordinary to Her Majesty, says: 'The progress of the vaccine infection of the blood shows us that a permanent morbid condition is established by the action of these specific poisons.'"

"German authorities: 'Prof. Bock, M.D., of Leipzig, says: 'I have in forty years' practice seen far more evil than good from vaccination.'"

"Dr. Hoeber, Hamburg, affirms that 'vaccination is extremely prone to develop disease; that it lowers the



natural powers of resistance in the child, and that scrofulous and other diseases follow.

"Alexander von Humboldt says: 'I have clearly perceived the progressive and dangerous influence of vaccination in England, France and Germany.'

"Dr. Carron, Paris, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and a member of the Academy of Sciences, has long since refused to vaccinate at any price. He says that vaccination is a 'bauble with which doctors rock—to a fatal sleep—the gullible children of the world.'

"F. D. Blue of Indiana, in an open letter to the Commissioner of Health of Chicago, Ill., has this to say about vaccination causing cancer:

"The great increase of cancer calls forth from you an exclamation as to the cause. Do you know that vaccination (since cowpox direct from the cow is used) has been known to cause this disease and has been so published by several physicians, one of them going so far as to say that in fifty years' practice he has never known a case of cancer in an unvaccinated person? Is there not a possibility that increased vaccination in your city may be a factor in this increase? It is to be noted in passing that the increase of cancer, according to the last census, is much greater in cities where vaccination is practiced than in the country. I suppose you know that in Germany, one of the best vaccinated countries in the world, the same complaint is heard, and societies have been formed to prevent the spread of the disease. Vain hope, so long as vaccination direct from the cow is practiced."

"Mr. Blue, in his letter, mentioned another important point, as follows:

"Many smallpox epidemics commence with vaccinated persons. Your report shows the first seven cases vaccinated. The Encyclopedia Britannica gives many such epidemics; some where scores of vaccinated cases occurred before an unvaccinated case. The recent case of smallpox at Yale was a student vaccinated but six weeks previously. You see there is evidence that if it were possible to keep clear of vaccinated persons we might reasonably expect to have much less smallpox. Is there not a slight possibility you doctors are doing as did the inoculators (who were also scientific medical men,) spreading, instead of curing disease?"

"Dr. Banerjee of India says that in Calcutta 10,000 people died of smallpox in 1895; everyone of them vaccinated."

"The Lancet records how thirteen children were infected with severe syphilitic symptoms. The Academy of Medicine appointed two able medical commissioners, Dr. Henri Roger and Dr. Depaul, who, after a careful investigation, reported to the academy that the children 'whom they examined were undoubtedly suffering from secondary syphilis,' by vaccination. Just think of it! Putting that loathsome private disease of syphilis into your children."

"On the 30th of December, 1889, fifty-eight recruits of the Fourth Regiment of Zouaves at Algiers were vaccinated with syphilis."

"On the 25th of May, 1883, fifty-eight recruits were vaccinated at the Hospital Dordrecht, Holland. Seven were found to be seriously injured, whereof three died. After an official investigation the Minister of War, Mr. Weitzel, admitted the fact, and issued a circular notifying recruits that thereafter revaccination was not obligatory in the Netherlands army. This regulation, I may state, had been previously abrogated in the Swiss army, for similar reasons."

"In the appendix to the official report of the German Vaccination Commission of 1884, is a memorandum drawn up at the Imperial Board of Health, Berlin, in which it is affirmed 'that very serious damage by vaccination has occurred.' Thus up to 1880 fifty cases have become known in which syphilis inoculated with the vaccine virus caused illness to about 750 persons. At Lebus, in 1876, fifteen school girls were infected with syphilis by vaccination."

Mention was made last week of a case of a schoolboy in Chicago who was dying as a result of compulsory vaccination. An Associated Press dispatch from Cleveland, dated January 29th, describes another case as follows:

"An investigation is being made into the cause of the death of William Negelast, aged 11, which occurred on Friday. The lad was vaccinated at a free dispensary on January 4. On Thursday he called to see the physician. His arm was terribly swollen. That night he was attacked with symptoms of tetanus, or lockjaw, and died the next morning in terrible agony. Three physicians attended him at the last, but could do nothing for him. The doctor who vaccinated him said he used pure lymph and applied antiseptic treatment, but when the boy came to see him on Thursday, his arm was very filthy."

It may be claimed by those who favor vaccination that such cases as these are quite rare. Even granting this, and especially when considering that many eminent physicians entertain serious doubts as to the efficacy of vaccination, it must certainly be granted that the desirability of a compulsory enforcement of the practice should be made a subject for serious debate, and is at least open to question.

**LEMONS FOR THE GRIP.** Many simple remedies for the grip are being recommended. Recently there was published a statement that powdered sulphur, placed in the shoes, would serve to keep away an attack of the disease. Another recommendation, made by a correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, is for the use of lemons. There is no doubt that this fruit, which is so plentiful and cheap in Southern California, is not appreciated by our people at its true medicinal value. The correspondent referred to says:

"It may interest your readers and the public in general to know that during the great influenza epidemic in London, in 1889, the Board of Health of that city advised the public affected with the disease to make an abundant use of hot lemonade."

"The perspiration caused thereby is, in most cases, sufficient to relieve the patient of severe colds and saves him from taking refuge in quinine or other drugs, which often leave unpleasant results."

"In bronchial troubles the acid of lemons relieves the

irritation in the throat, acting at the same time as a natural disinfectant."

"Fresh lemon juice, even when diluted in small proportions with water, will kill the therein-contained cholera bacillus; hence it is not surprising that it will also destroy the so-called influenza bacillus."

**DANGERS OF QUININE.** For a number of years quinine has been the main standby of the regular school of medicine, in cases of malaria. It has long been known that this, like other powerful remedies, is not free from injurious after effects. Now comes no less an authority than Prof. Koch, and states that great danger attaches to the general use of quinine. Following is from a Berlin letter in the Chicago Record:

"Prof. Koch's recent studies of malaria in tropical countries and in Italy have led to his conviction that the malarial fevers of Italy are identical in cause and general character with those of East Africa, and it is believed that science is on the eve of a decisive victory over this whole group of maladies by means of liquid injections of quinine into the pulse vein."

"Prof. Koch pronounces the indiscriminate use of quinine as a prophylactic in malarial countries to be attended with great danger, and in many cases the indirect cause of the virulent 'black-water' fever. He gives two reasons for condemning the very general practice among persons going from temperate to tropical latitudes of saturating their systems with quinine, taken in regular and often excessive doses. In the first place, this treatment seriously weakens the action of the heart, and, secondly, the system, having become inured to the drug, fails to respond to quinine treatment in case of actual sickness. A person debilitated by the injudicious use of quinine may take malarial fever and die like any one else."

"Prof. Koch goes even further and asserts his belief that the increased death rate in certain parts of West Africa is due largely to the increased and indiscriminate use of quinine, which in late years is much cheaper and easier to procure in those parts. It is well known that the German school of doctors has long favored the use of arsenic instead of quinine as a remedy for certain fevers, in sharp disagreement with the opinions of physicians in some other countries, notably the United States. The statement now made by Prof. Koch that on the western coast of Africa, where all forms of malarial fever are especially virulent, cases of the intermittent type which have resisted even heroic doses of quinine have yielded to the administration of arsenic has been the source of much gratification to his professional brethren in Germany."

"Prof. Koch also notes the curious fact that in Africa and India he found the women withstood exposure to the malarial climate much better than men. During a season of appalling mortality on the gold coast, when men of all degrees of health and experience in tropical latitudes were dying every day, there was hardly a death among the women."

**CURE FOR APPENDICITIS.** That appendicitis may, in most cases, be cured, in a simple way, without a surgical operation, is the opinion of a Dr. Hutton, who says, in the Medical Record:

"This paper is a protest against the current surgical theory and practice that all cases of appendicitis must be split open. This protest is based on twenty-seven years' experience as physician and surgeon, including service in three hospitals, one western fort, five years in mining surgery, five years in railroad surgery, twelve years in general practice on the central western plateau of Minnesota and four years in this great city, which—unique in the speed of its rise, unique in the snap of its people, unique in vast tributary territory and population—is decreed by the fates to be the hub of the earth in the near-by future."

"My experience is that appendicitis and all other belly-aches for which men now operate are promptly amenable to proper medical treatment. I can recall 100 cases treated with symptoms of this malady—or of typhilitis or perityphilitis, as it was formerly called—but I have never yet met a case of it in which I felt it was my duty to cut or which terminated fatally. Influenced by the prevailing craze to cut, time and again in coming to new cases of this kind I have thought: 'Now, sir, your time has come; in this case you must cut.' But, presto! simple medical treatment again prevailed. Later on I shall cite other unimpeachable practitioners who share my views that medical treatment avails in this malady, one showing forty-nine out of fifty-one cases successfully treated—being more than 96 per cent."

"My treatment for appendicitis is free calomel-and-soda purgation, supplemented by hot applications, to be followed by a saline if action is too slow."

**SATIRIZING THE QUACKS.** In the Capital, Hogaboom has the following amusing skit on the quack doctors who make such impossible claims as to the cures which they say they are able to effect:

"The celebrated Scandahovian and Timbuctoo specialists having lately arrived in the city and opened an institute for the treatment of all the ailments of man, with the exception of politics, they requested me to set forth to the public, in a modest and unassuming manner, some facts regarding their marvelous power over disease."

"Bear in mind that the doctors do not charge one cent for their services until after they discover how much you are worth. Then they soak it to you accordingly."

"Are you nervous?"

"Does your hair pull in the morning when you wake up?"

"Do you suffer from loss of sleep when there are a couple of cats in your back yard?"

"Do you have a feeling of fullness after eating, too much?"

"Do you cough when your throat tickles?"

"Is there a burning sensation after eating a mouthful of hot pie?"

"Does it make you tired to shovel wet sand?"

"Do you have a bad taste in your mouth after eating store eggs?"

"Does your heart flutter when you come home late and find your wife sitting up for you?"

"Do you have a feeling of faintness when the collector comes around with a six-months' laundry bill?"

"Do you feel tired in the morning when you get up and find that the kindling wood is all gone?"

"Do you have night sweats when your wife tells you that her mother is coming to pay her a nice long visit next summer?"

"Do you get cold feet when somebody asks you to buy a ticket to a prize-fighter's benefit?"

"If you have any of these symptoms you are suffering from catarrh of the feet. It will lead to consumption and death! The doctors can save you!"

"The doctors have handled thousands of similar cases and never lost a patient, except one who was struck on the head with a pilledriver, after taking eighty-seven bottles of the doctor's remedy. He died happy."

"Remember the doctors do not ask for one cent of money until after you have deeded them all your property."

"The doctors are world-renowned. They have cured the sick and afflicted of every civilized land beneath the sun. In fact, the inhabitants of Mars have lately signaled to the doctors to come over there and open a branch dispensary, but the doctors have decided to stay on earth until sickness and disease shall have become things of the past. All they ask is your confidence, and what money you have."

"The doctors guarantee to cure everything except hams."

"The doctors are expert specialists. They offer you complete relief. They will relieve you while you wait. If you are not completely relieved at the first trial, come back and they will relieve you of the balance. They never fail."

"Updee S. Dunup, a well-known rancher of Apache, writes:

"Gentlemen: For forty-eight years I suffered terrible agony. I could not sleep daytimes or stay awake at night. I was completely run down, and thought I would have to let out the ranch on shares and move into town and let my wife keep boarders. I tried several different physicians, but they seemed to think that if I wasn't so confounded lazy I would get along all right, and they could do me no good. A neighbor told me how you had cured his wife of consumption, Bright's disease, catarrh of the shoulder blades and cancer, in three days' time. I resolved to give you a trial, though I had little faith in anything. You at once pronounced my case a very complicated one. I not only had Bright's disease of the kidneys, but I also had Bright's disease of pretty nearly nearly everything else, including the stomach, liver and lights, and I also seemed to have a number of other people's diseases beside those of Mr. Bright. I commenced taking your treatment and inside of twenty-four hours I was cured. I cannot tell you how thankful I am. I sometimes wish I could get two or three more fatal diseases so that I could come to you to be cured again. You are at liberty to make whatever use of this you may see fit."

"The doctors are specialists in all diseases of the skin. They can skin you without the use of instruments and without keeping you from your business."

"The doctors also make a specialty of the diseases of men, women and children. Do not wait until you are dead (broke) before consulting them."

"Mrs. Jane Onderdonk of Azusa writes:

"I have been ailing ever since I was born. I took ninety-two barrels of patent medicine, but it seemed to do me more harm than good. I suffered untold agony. I had falling of the eyelids at night, and could not sleep without lying down. I tried a good many physicians, but they could do nothing for me. I lost a pound of flesh a day for seventeen years and my friends all gave me up for lost, and began to wonder what they would wear at the funeral. I finally got so bad that my husband had to chop all of the wood and milk the cow. I heard of you and the wonderful cures that you were making, and determined to try you. I gained over forty pounds the first day. It was wonderful. All the physicians I had tried before could not tell me what my trouble was. You told me at once that I had catarrh of the hip joint. I am now entirely recovered, and I owe it all to you."

"The doctors are now permanently located in this city, and may be consulted at any time. They can cure everything except poverty and dampishness. Call or write."

#### THE TRUTH.

[Detroit Free Press:] "You're a very observing man, Blanks. Why is it that the multimillionaire who gets the plumber making such exorbitant charges and getting enormously rich is never worked any more?"

"It won't go. People have found out that it is no joke."

"Bread is the Staff of Life."

## ..Aerated Bread..

This is the Bread that is being used more and more daily. The different societies have taken up this subject and are discussing its hygienic properties. The Meek Baking Co. is the only one on the Coast that makes this bread. It goes into the machine, then the large baking ovens without being touched by the hands. All physicians recommend it for invalids and dyspeptics—well people, too. Our wheat-meal aerated bread is especially adapted for those having weak stomachs, as the dough is made without foment, close grained and free from sourness.

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## AT THE THEATERS.

If the tale of Aladdin's lamp were true, it could not be much more wonderful than the life story of the girl who calls herself Papinta, a name now very familiar to all, but absolutely unheard of five years ago. Tomorrow evening on the Orpheum stage, Papinta, acknowledged the cleverest dancer and most original in the use of colored light effects, will make her bow to a Los Angeles audience, and beyond doubt will add another to the long string of notable successes she has won since a certain day of the year 1893, during the World's Fair, in Chicago.

Then an ordinary, unknown girl, she essayed a serpentine dance in one of the halls of the Midway, and she has never stopped since. Cold-blooded vaudeville managers, with an eye singly to dollars and cents, influenced not at all by artistic effects that never affect the box office, calculate upon Papinta as the "strongest" single vaudeville performer in America.

A glance through the girl's scrap-book, filled with all manner of "stories" from the pages of the metropolitan papers of the land, interspersed with the oddest sort of

N. Y. A gentleman who has been a frequent caller at the Daniels home this and other years tells of an interesting episode in connection with the new house.

"Daniels' present house is founded on a rock," said this authority the other night. "Its cellar was made by blasting and covers a superficial area of about one hundred feet square. I happened to be visiting Daniels the summer before last. The blasting was then at its height. One blast having sent a stone through the roof of what Daniels called his bungalow, it was arranged that warning should be given prior to setting off another blast, and that everyone in the bungalow should upon the instant make a dash for the bathroom, this, being situated in the farther side and on the first floor, he called his bomb-proof. It mattered not what anyone was doing. Were we at meals, or listening to one of Daniels' inimitable stories, immediately we heard the cry 'Blast!' we would begin our stampede for the bomb-proof. Sometimes Daniels and I would sit up until the sun began to get ready to do business for the day, for Daniels is essentially a night owl who prefers darkness to daylight, especially when surrounded by companionable people. At such times, after tumbling into bed and our first sleep, we would frequently be aroused by one of the shrill cries of warning. With a promptness which would have done credit to the members of the fire department, every blessed soul in the house would spring out of bed and make a swift dash to the bomb-proof. There we would remain until the blast had blasted and the rocks, after a journey through the air, had returned to earth. Then we would go back

feet and with a cry of 'Come on everybody!' led the way at a Nanck Hanks clip to the bomb-proof. When he had reached that place of security and shut the door, Daniels placed his back against it, looked at us with his big eyes opened to their fullest extent and remembering the last words of his interrupted prayer, drawled out in a most tomb-like voice: 'But I guess we're just as safe in here.'

Barton Hill's venture in vaudeville is not a makeshift or temporary choice of a field in which to labor. The veteran actor is frank in saying that he believes the artist is allowed such scope in vaudeville for the exercise of the initiative, in every respect, as is denied simple players in other fields. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the opportunity afforded him, and to so many others, to work out their salvation in vaudeville, and is now negotiating, together with Chas. Willard, his present colleague, for a new comedy, in which he will play a French character part. Apropos of this latter statement, it is not generally known that Mr. Hill numbers among his scholarly accomplishments that of an almost perfect command of the French language. His new comedy will be the offering made when he and Mr. Willard appear at the Orpheum next year.

The advent of Janet Waldorf in "Romeo and Juliet" will be hailed by many as one of the theatrical events of the season. She is still fresh in memory from last year, and now comes to recapture old admirers and win new ones. Her undoubted ability was recognized here last year, and has since been indorsed and certified by the East and West alike. Her managers very sensibly have surrounded her with appropriate setting, the company being an excellent one and the costumes new and correct. During her engagement at the Burbank beginning Sunday, Feb. 12, Miss Waldorf will present "Romeo and Juliet," "The Hunchback," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Lady of Lyons."

### THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Frank Daniels's enterprise in bringing his entire New York company with him here to produce his two big comic-opera successes, "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye," will undoubtedly be appreciated by the music-loving people of this city. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the fact that those who love humor in its purest and most contagious quality will be delighted with Frank Daniels, for to see him on the stage is to laugh, and to listen to his exquisite drolleries is a sun-burst of mirth. Since last here Frank Daniels has quit farce comedy for the bright light of comic opera, and he has the verdict of the eastern press on the happiness of his judgment in making the change. According to this verdict, Frank Daniels is now regarded as one of the three leading men in comic opera, sharing the honors with Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper.

The operas which Daniels will produce here are from the creative fancies of those two clever young Americans, Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, the authors and composers of the popular "Serenade," which the Bostonians have made familiar to this city's lovers of light opera, and of "The Fortune Teller," which is now touring the East successfully, and will be seen here either late this season or early next. The two operas which Daniels will present here were written expressly for him. They abound in the most catching of melodies and rich choral effects, written in the happiest vein of Victor Herbert, and for which he has been accorded first place among the comic-opera writers of this country today.

Like Daniels, the stories which the librettist has written for these two operas, are things unique unto themselves alone. One, that of "The Idol's Eye," is lodged in distant India, where the wealth of ancient lore is so great as to have afforded the librettist abundant material with which to weave an interesting tale. The plot of "The Wizard of the Nile" is placed in Egypt, during the reign of King Ptolemy, and that it is not the same story which one has been wont to hear of Cleopatra can be easily guessed from the fact that at the opening of the opera that peerless princess appears as one wholly unconscious and ignorant of love. In both operas Daniels succeeds in mixing himself up in apparently inextricable complications. In one opera he is an American balloonist floating over the world in search of adventure, and in the other a wandering fakir on the banks of the historic Nile.

Daniels will produce both operas here on the same elaborate scale which won for him the praise of the New York press. He brings his own scenery with him in two large baggage cars, and also the same large cast of principals and chorus which gave him such excellent support in the Broadway Theater, New York, last fall. "The Idol's Eye" will be presented on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, Feb. 8, 9 and 10. "The Wizard of the Nile" Saturday afternoon and Saturday night. The sale of reserved seats opens tomorrow (Monday) morning.

All London and New York have laughed at George Edeson's new comedy, "Two Married Men," which will appear at the Los Angeles Theater tonight, tomorrow and Tuesday evenings. It is full of mirth-provoking situations, bright and sparkling dialogue, novel specialties and pretty girls. The company contains such well-known comedians as J. Rush Bronson, Harry Devere, Ray Southard, Jack Ellis, Chas. Lambert, Will H. Schilling and Joe Harkins, and among the clever actresses are Miss Ray Lewis, Sisters Grierson, Lillie Kenwick, Edith Lysle and Hattie Wescot. This play is a laugh-provoker and tells the ludicrous story of a man who has married a forgiving young wife and an unforgiving mother-in-law. In a Broadway café he meets a beautiful woman, an actress, who, having forgotten to bring her purse, is much embarrassed in paying her check. The situation is relieved by the offer of the young man to pay the check of 60 cents. She gives him her card, asks him to call at her flat in Brooklyn, and her servant will repay him. After some time he does call, and meets his fair charmer as she is about to take a drive in the park. He is invited to accompany her and accepts, the two dining together later at the Olympia. From this time complications arise which lead to many extremely humorous situations, he receives at his own home many messages, all of which are signed "Sixty Cents." Finally he receives a call from



PAPINTA, AT THE ORPHEUM.

tributes from frantic admirers driven into temporary imbecility by her dancing—tributes of poesy, verses from sophomores, verses from clubmen, from newspaper boys, offers of marriage, and interviews so multitudinous that their bulk precludes their perusal, reveals one notable phase of her career. These are but the outward trappings, however, of success. They are simply tokens of the hold the dancer has gained upon her public—a hold retained and strengthened with the passage of every season.

The surest touchstone of Papinta's real success, and a criterion from which there is no chance of appeal, is the anxiety shown by the vaudeville kings to "book-her." Not a single idle week except when rest was imperative, is Papinta's record for the past four years. She comes to the Coast now, playing seven weeks, an almost unprecedented season vouchsafed to an act of the description of hers.

The performance she gives, the dances under and above the brilliant, many-colored electric lights, have been analyzed many times by many people, that their peculiar charm might be discovered. But the analyses have been bootless of result. The only patent, tangible fact is that there is magnetism and attraction potent enough in the dancer's performance to make thousands of persons wild with enthusiasm.

Frank Daniels, the comic-opera comedian, who will be seen at the Los Angeles Theater this week supported by his entire company in the production of "The Idol's Eye," the comic-opera hit of last season, spent the bulk of his vacation at his big new summer home in Rye,

to our beds with chances of being aroused once more before we had had our full-share of sleep.

"The funniest incident in connection with those flights for safety was due to Daniels suddenly taking to religion. Daniels is not given to much observance of the forms of religion, and he naturally astonished us by remarking one evening that in view of the danger he ran through living so near the blasters, he had determined to hold prayers every morning.

"It may not do any particular good," he said, "but on the other hand it may. At any rate, it will not do any hurt. Besides, it will give us another means of killing time."

"We laughed and passed it off as a joke, never dreaming that Daniels would put such a plan into operation. But next morning, after waiting for all of us to assemble, he announced solemnly that we would now hold prayers. Seeing that he was in earnest, we all got down on our knees and he began. I shall never forget that prayer, not so much for the words thereof or his method in delivering them, as for the way he ended.

"Oh Lord," Daniels started, in his deepest voice, "we thank Thee for the light of another day. We rejoice in the knowledge that Thy protecting hand is ever stretched out to guard us and protect us from danger. We feel secure, oh Lord, in Thy love and perfectly safe." Here Daniels was interrupted by one of the old familiar warning cries: "Blast!" Like an old race horse who springs forth at the judge's word "Go!" like the old actor who, after playing one part for many years, replies instinctively to his cue, Daniels sprang to his



his quondam acquaintance, and in order to get her out of the house before his wife and mother-in-law return, he agrees to meet her again.

To meet and discourage the attentions on the part of the actress becomes the sole aim of the husband and his friend, an old-time bachelor acquaintance. The latter had a matrimonial experience which he adjusted by making his wife an allowance.

The two married men meet in the house of the actress



BELLE ARCHER, AT THE BURBANK.

in Brooklyn, one being there for the purpose of putting a stop to the embarrassing actions of the latter, the other to pay his wife her usual monthly allowance. The wife and mother-in-law appear on the scene, and to the astonishment of all, the actress is discovered to be the wife of the sympathizing friend. They become reconciled to each other and all ends well.

In each of the three acts many bright specialties are introduced.

A rare treat is in store for lovers of Hoytian humor next Monday evening at the Burbank Theater, when "A Contented Woman" will make its initial appearance in this city. The production is a sumptuous one, and all the scenery used in the piece during its phenomenal run at Hoyt's Theater, New York, will be seen here. This scenery is all of a special design, and from the brush of the well-known scenic artist, Arthur Voegtlin.

The piece is heralded as a bright and rollicking satire on politics as treated by women in some of the Western States, where the law gives them the right to vote and to hold office. It is written in this author's most humorous vein, replete with witty dialogue, sparkling music, absurdly funny situations, and a host of vaudeville features that are said to be new, and many of them bordering upon the sensational order.

The plot of the piece is as follows: The scene is laid in Denver, where women are allowed to vote. Benton Holme has been nominated as the Reform party's candidate for Mayor. The only element which he fears will interfere with his election is the women. Holme has been recently married, and is very much in love with his wife, Grace, played by beautiful Belle Archer, who returns his affection ardently. The serpent in this little paradise in Denver is Aunt "Jim," a relative of Mrs. Holme, who is a woman's-rights advocate. Holme is irritable over the coming campaign, and his one fault, his lack of belief in the capacity of woman, comes to the front.

The fact that his wife sews a button on his coat two inches from where it should be causes him to lose his temper. Just when Grace is mourning over the fancied cooling of her husband's love, Aunt "Jim" offers her the woman's candidacy for Mayor. Thinking that she may be able to show her husband that she is good for something, she accepts the nomination. With her acceptance, the first act ends.

The second act shows the interior of the house, with the headquarters of the two opposing candidates on opposite sides. Through both this and the following acts the various phases of the campaign are shown. The ward heelers of both parties here congregate to talk over the chances for the election of their respective candidates.

The third and fourth acts take place on the day of the election. In the third act Grace goes to the polls to cast her first vote; she returns in tatters and rags, and covered with mud. Her husband wants to know where the American man is who could so treat a woman; Grace replies that it was not the American man, but the American women.

In the last act the bulletins show that the vote is going to Grace. It is then she decides that she does not want to be Mayor, and when she finds she is really elected, she shows the real woman by saying that she will not be elected. At last her brother, who has kept in the background enjoying the fun, informs her that as she is not of legal age, all of the votes cast for her are void, and that her husband is elected in spite of the fact that the most votes were cast for her.

This will be the first time "A Contented Woman" has been played at popular prices in any city in the country, and its presentation at the Burbank scale of prices is due to a substantial guarantee from Manager Shaw. The play has received more flattering newspaper notices from the most prominent critics from New York

City to the Coast than any attraction of the same order that has visited California this season. The engagement is for six nights and two matinees, commencing Monday and ending Saturday night.

Papinta is featured on the Orpheum's new bill for the coming week, as chief attraction of a number that ordinarily would command the place of honor on the bill. The famous fire dancer is expected to prove the magnet, however, and is accordingly placed in the point of prominence. She comes to the Orpheum after an absence of eighteen months, in which time she has perfected a number of new dances, and added novel features to those that were favorites when seen here. Her "Danse du Diable," in which are shown the most startling effects, as of a woman on fire, yet unconsumed, with smoke, sparks and all the concomitants of an incarnate fire fiend—this is the piece de resistance of her act, and is calculated to create a sensation, as it has wherever seen. Other special movements and features have been conceived and executed by Papinta, and among these is a dance called "Danse Jardinere," a thing so weird and unique as to baffle description. It is only second, in effect, to the "Volcano Dance," which with the lily dance and two other special movements, with special light effects, make up Papinta's terpsichorean repertoire.

The three Avolos are xylophone players who have never before been seen or heard here. Their playing of this favorite musical instrument is said to be so vastly superior to that of other performers as to merit unique distinction in what is considered a very well worked field. They play classical music, as well as popular, among their favorite pieces being the William Tell overture.

Max Cincinnati, a juggler who stands really unrivaled in his particular field, is usually given the leading place on any vaudeville bill, so great are his merits considered. But for the fact that the greatest of the great, in vaudeville, are his companions on the programme, he would doubtless be similarly honored on the Orpheum's new bill. He is said to juggle the strangest articles in the strangest way, doing his work with a finish that constitutes its chief charm.

Wilson and Leicester, a handsome duo, man and woman, former opera singers, will tell a charming love story in song.

The four Arbras, acrobatic musicians, who have been the principal feature of the past week's bill, are retained, as are also Johnny Carroll and Addie Crawford, the comedians, and Carter De Haven and Bonnie Male, the juvenile sketch artists. The bill as constituted is believed to be the strongest offered this season.

"Tennessee's Pardner" will be presented at the Burbank Theater for the last time tonight. The play is a sweet story of western life with the surroundings which must inevitably be found in a rough mining camp correctly portrayed, without, however, losing any of its delicious flavor. It is one of those plays which show the sunny as well as the seamy side of human nature. It is a comedy drama of absorbing interest, a tender and diversified picture of life in the Nevada sand hills just as Bret Harte found it there. Humor and sentiment are effectively commingled, and the play is set in an admirable framework of scenic embellishment. "Tennessee's Pardner" has been accorded an enthusiastic reception at every performance during the week, and its success is well merited.

Commencing with the matinee performance of Hoyt's "A Contented Woman" next Wednesday afternoon at the Burbank Theater, the management, in compliance with a general demand from the patrons of the house, will issue a limited number of reserved seats for the matinees. It has been the custom to reserve nothing but the boxes and loges for the matinees, but in future



FRANK DANIELS.

the entire orchestra will be reserved. No advance will be made in the price heretofore charged for admission tickets, and under the new arrangement patrons of the theater can secure reserved seats for the matinees a week in advance.

#### PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Arthur Gregory, now playing the part of Uncle Tody in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," will be seen in this great character during the week's engagement of Miss Belle Archer and her big company at the Burbank Theater.

In line with its apparent policy of interspersing high-class musical acts in its vaudeville bills, the Orpheum is to present to Los Angeles music lovers soon a violinist of Europe, Giacinta Della Rocca. Her art is de-

clared not inferior to that of the finest musicians ever on vaudeville stage.

Nat Goodwin is thinking of going to England in the spring, if Charles Frohman's theater can be procured. If he goes he will give "The Cowboy and the Lady," by Clyde Fitch, as the English like local American roles, but would not care for the plot of "Nathan Hale," in which the British are villains.

Three years ago two girls were attending school in a convent together. One of them was Jane Corcoran, who plays Tennessee Kent in "Tennessee's Pardner" so charmingly, and the other was Grace George, who made such a hit in "The Turtle" that now she and William A. Brady, the manager, are married.

The Orpheum is to soon have as a star card on its bill that California favorite, Milton Nobles, with his wife, Dolly. They are now in San Francisco, playing with evident success Mr. Nobles' comedy, "Why Walker Reformed." The piece is said to be the best short sketch, of a humorous character, ever played at the San Francisco house.

Miss Eugenie Taylor, one of the members of the Belle Archer Company playing at the Burbank the coming week, is a daughter of a prominent family in St. Louis, Mo. Miss Taylor, who is very talented and who is known very well in the East for her striking beauty, will be remembered by those who have seen the "Jack and the Beanstalk" company as one of the "Beauty Trio."

"I expect," said John Kendrick Bangs, "to see the day when B. F. Keith will make princely offers to famous authors to appear at certain hours daily and do their 'turns.' I really believe we shall yet see the time when Mr. Keith will make some such announcements as this: 'At 11 a.m. will appear Richard Harding Davis, who will recite a selection from "Soldiers of Fortune," and Hall Caine, at 2 p.m., will read a selection from "The Christian." This is by no means as absurd as it may sound, for the fact is that high-class vaudeville is today the most progressive, the most elevating and the most promising form of theatrical entertainment, and promises more than any other to raise the standard of public taste."

Jessie Wood, who makes pictures and remarks in the New York World, says Mrs. Leslie Carter is the finest figure on the stage, and of Lillian Russell: "Lillian has a sweet Christmas-card face, and you cannot even call her 'well preserved,' for she doesn't suggest that she has ever been steamed or ironed out or canned or pickled, or that her ice-cream beauty has ever depended on any aid other than thick mutton chops and old ale. But Lillian has no beauty below the chin. She could not possibly wear three-quarters of a yard of silk and a corset lace with the confident effrontery of Edna Wallace Hopper, and she moves her grand-opera amplitude with the soft heaviness of a nice white elephant."

The balcony scenes are getting in much deadlier work this season. Mme. Sembrich was singing Juliet to the Romeo of Jean de Reszke last week when the balcony toppled and would have fallen had not De Reszke had the strength to support the structure until the stage carpenters could come to the rescue, and a similar accident in a stock-company production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" had even more serious results. Christian, in the person of F. A. Connor, was climbing to the balcony of Roxane, played by May Asquith, to claim the kiss Cyrano's eloquence had won for him, when down came Roxane and the balcony on top of him. Miss Asquith and Mr. Connor were both badly shaken up and had some scratches and bruises, but after a twenty-minute session with a surgeon they proceeded with the play.

Another old English actor, who bore an excellent reputation in his day, has just died. He was George Melville, whose fame, although he played much in London, was associated chiefly with the famous company which made Bath and Bristol theatrical centers thirty or forty years ago. Many well-known players got much of their early training in this organization. Among them may be mentioned the Terry sisters, Arthur Stirling (who died a few days ago), George Rignold, Lady Bancroft, Miss Henrietta Hodson (now Mrs. Labouchere), Mrs. Kendal, the late John Rouse, Arthur Wood, Emily Thorne, Fanny and Carlotta Addison, Jane and Susan Rignold, the Robertsons, the Wiltons, Juliet Desborough, Charles Coghlan, and Louisa Thorne. Mrs. Kendal was only 7 years old when she appeared as Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at Bristol, in 1855.

#### HOYT AND MCKEE'S PLANS.

Hoyt and McKee are already at work preparing for their spring production. It is, of course, a new play by Mr. Hoyt, and in it he will again depart from musical farce and the essay comedy of the style of his previous successes, "A Texas Steer" and "A Midnight Bell." In selecting "A Dog in the Manger" for the title of the new piece Mr. Hoyt clings to his favorite initial "A." The first act is already completed and work is progressing on the second. Joseph Coyne has been engaged to originate the principal comedy role and William De Vere and Louise Gunning are already selected for prominent parts. W. H. Currie, who will hereafter devote his time largely to executive work for Hoyt and McKee, has retired temporarily at least from "A Day and A Night" to give his attention to preparation for the new production. It is understood, furthermore, that Mr. McKee is carefully studying the list of availables for an important feminine character. It is announced that the first performance of "A Dog in the Manger" will take place at the Park Theater, Boston, on March 20th, when it will have a spring run.

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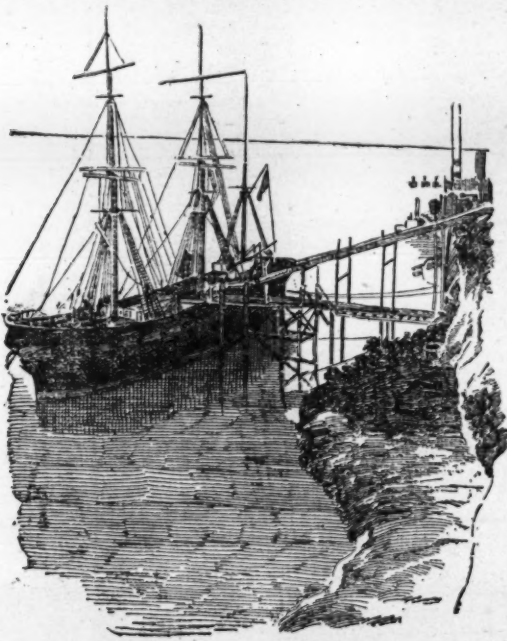


## UP THE PARAGUAY.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES INTO  
HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASUNCION, (Paraguay,) Dec. 17, 1898.—Asuncion is in the very heart of South America. It is almost as far inland in a straight line from the Atlantic as Chicago; and the distance I had to travel on the rivers to reach it is greater than from Omaha to New York. Within the past few months I have penetrated the basin of the Rio de la Plata to a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles. At Buenos Ayres I was almost two hundred miles from the sea, and in coming from there to Asuncion on the Parana and Paraguay rivers I traveled 1115 miles. On the first day out we steamed by the mouth of the Uruguay River in entering the Parana. Eight hundred miles



LOADING GRAIN AT ROSARIO.

further north we came into the Paraguay River, upon which I traveled more than three hundred miles. The Paraguay is still navigable by small steamers for 1400 miles north of this point, and just opposite it is the mouth of the Pilcomayo, which rises in the Bolivian Andes, and in a tortuous course flows through 1500 miles of unexplored wilds before it empties into the Paraguay. The Parana itself is over two thousand miles long. It rises in the mountains of Brazil and flows a distance of more than twelve hundred miles before it swallows up the Paraguay at about eight hundred miles from its mouth.

The river system of the Plate, or of the Rio de la Plata, is one of the most wonderful of the world. The volume of the stream is greater than that of the Mississippi. It is surpassed only by the Amazon. It drains a basin more than half as big as the whole United States, and one which in fertility of soil and salubrity of climate is only surpassed by the basin of the Mississippi. The basin of the Plate is over two thousand miles long.

It is bigger than the basin of the Mississippi, and it is a question whether it has not more cultivable territory. Upon it tens of millions of cattle and sheep are pastured, and its wheat fields compete with ours in the markets of Europe. It has the most extensive plains of the globe, and it is a vast expanse of fairly good land.

It is a white man's country. The basin of the Amazon is tropical and malarious. That of the Plate is largely in the temperate zone. Its northern parts are like Louisiana or Florida, and in the south the summer climate is as temperate as that of our Middle States.

It is the Mississippi basin reversed, the source of its rivers being in the hot country, where there are coffee and sugar lands and rubber trees, and its mouth in the rather cool lands of Uruguay and the Argentine, noted for their fields of wheat and corn.

This vast basin is formed in the shape of a great horseshoe, with the opening toward the Atlantic; the Andes and the strip of highlands which crosses Brazil form the back and upper rim of the shoe, while the slightly sloping plains of Patagonia bound it on the south. In it are included the best of the Argentine, all of Uruguay and Paraguay and large portions of Brazil and Bolivia. The most of it has been built up by the Parana or Rio de la Plata system, and today these rivers are still at their great work of earth building.

You see this plainly in the Rio de la Plata proper. It is more a great bay of liquid mud than a river. It is 120 miles wide at the Atlantic and narrows down to twenty-nine miles at Buenos Ayres, which is 480 miles inland. The width at Montevideo is about sixty-five miles. The Rio de la Plata is so full of silt or mud that it discolors the Atlantic for many miles out at sea. We noticed the change in the color of the ocean long before we entered its mouth, and the water seemed to grow thicker as we sailed to Buenos Ayres. The channel is fast filling up with a sandy mud, and the Eads jetty system is proposed. As it is now, the rivers bring down a quarter of a million tons of mud a day, and the sediment is so great that all the water used by Buenos Ayres is filtered by the city.

It took our steamer twelve hours to cross the Rio de la Plata to Montevideo, and from there to Buenos Ayres the ride required one night. At Buenos Ayres the steamers land you at the new docks, and passengers are not now taken ashore, as formerly, in carts or on the backs of men. The port of Buenos Ayres has, in fact, as fine docks and quays as any city of the world. It has within the past ten years spent \$30,000,000 gold upon their construction, and ocean steamers drawing seventeen feet sail right into great walled tanks, along which the chief railroads have tracks; so that the wool, grain, hides, sheep and cattle can be transferred directly from the cars to the steamers which are to take them to Europe.

It is at these docks that you get steamers which carry you far up the rivers into the interior. There are river boats of all kinds lying at the wharves. Some have just come in loaded with oranges, wood, hides and wool and others are just starting out. There are sailing boats as well as steamers, and you soon appreciate that the interior traffic of the South American continent is enormous.

There are two lines of steamers which have a weekly service between Buenos Ayres and Asuncion, so that you can take a ship for any of the ports twice a week. There are steamers also which go regularly every day or so up the Uruguay for a distance of 500 miles, and twice a month a Brazilian steamer leaves for the province of Matto Grosso, far in the interior of Brazil. These ships carry you to Corumba, where you change to a smaller steamer, and in twenty days from the time of leaving Buenos Ayres reach Cuyaba, the capital of Matto Grosso, 2504 miles from Buenos Ayres and 2700 miles from the Atlantic. The Parana is navigable by steam for more than 1200 miles, and were it not for a strip of falls and rapids along the eastern edge of Southern Paraguay, it could be navigated for many hundreds of miles further.

The boats going up these rivers must all draw not more than ten feet, and those to the upper ports cannot have more than from five to nine feet. Even then they are liable to be grounded in the sand by low water. You frequently see statements that ocean steamers can go

by the Parana far into the interior of South America. This is not true. Steamers of sixteen feet can go up the river as far as Rosario, a distance of 300 miles from Buenos Ayres and about five hundred miles from the Atlantic, but above this ships would stick fast in the mud. As it is, our steamer, the Saturno, which was at the time drawing only ten feet of water, stopped at night again and again on our way to Asuncion for fear of the sand banks.

There is no good chart of the Parana. The river often changes its course, and it is always building up and



ON THE PARAGUAY.

tearing down bars and islands within its channel. The waters carry so much mud that a snag will form a bar, and a wreck will soon build up an island. One of the largest islands in the river near Rosario was started by a submerged hay barge, and further up the stream there are hundreds of islands the soil of which has gathered about the water-logged trees which have floated down from the forests of Paraguay and Brazil.

Put on the thinking cap of your imagination and take a trip with me up through the thousand islands of the Parana. You may have seen the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence. They are nothing in comparison with the ten thousand islands of this wonderful river. There are, indeed, so many islands that they have never been counted. The river for hundreds of miles is a great inland sea, so wide in places that among the islands you cannot see the banks. Some of the islands are covered with willows, feathery reeds line their shores and gnarly trees hang down low and mirror themselves in the water. Others further up the river are forest grown. Few are cultivated, although it has been said that there is enough good soil upon them to raise food for all Europe, and on a few there are cattle and sheep.

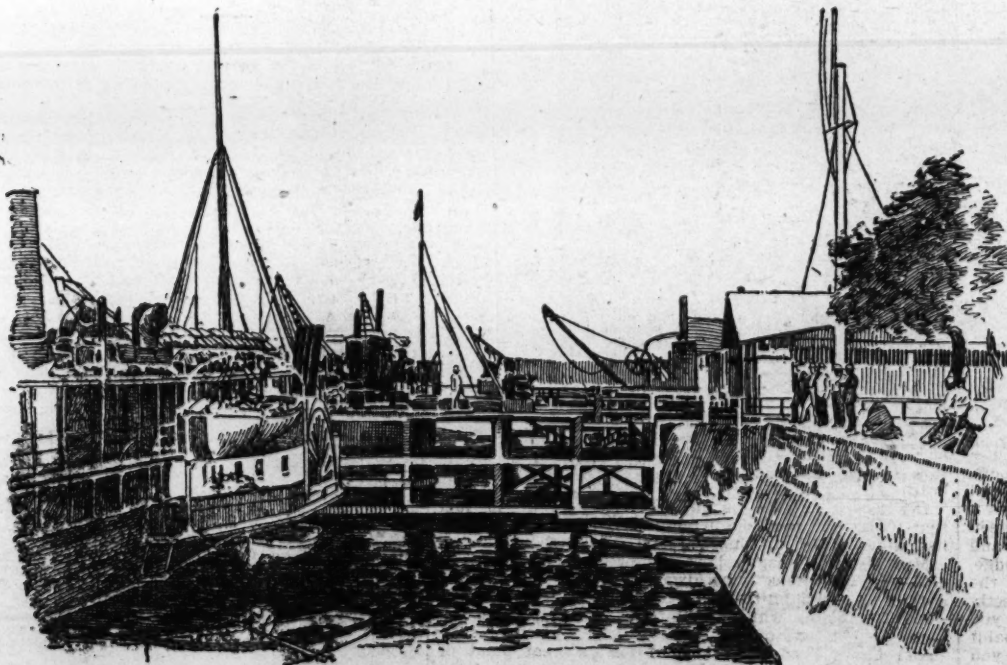
Most of the islands are great fields of grass, and of these some are not fixed but floating, and they glide by our steamer down the river almost as fast as we steam on our way up it. These floating islands are called came-lots. They are great masses of grass, weeds, and flowers which the rushing floods have torn from their foundations and are carrying down to the sea. Some are so firm that they will support a man, and upon them tigers, jaguars and snakes are often carried to the islands about Buenos Ayres.

Just after leaving Buenos Ayres we steamed through the delta of the Parana. This delta is about twenty miles wide, and it extends up the river as far as Rosario, a distance of 300 miles. It is peppered with islands, some of which are covered with forests of peach trees, and others with gardens kept by Italians to supply the markets of Buenos Ayres. Many of the houses are raised upon piles to be out of the way of the floods and the tides when they carry, as they sometimes do, great waves in from the ocean.

At the entrance to the Parana we pass the Island of Martin Gracia, the Gibraltar of the River Plata, which once belonged to Uruguay, but which is now the property of the Argentine Republic. It has a naval school and a fort upon it, the batteries of which are worked by electricity. It is one of the historic points of the Rio de la Plata, and as we go by it we recall the fact that this same tour was first made by the white man who was the first to set foot upon the soil of the continent of North America. Sebastian Cabot in 1526 plowed his way through this same labyrinth of islands, and after a long voyage on the Parana reached the Paraguay and sailed up it to a point some distance beyond Asuncion.

If Sebastian Cabot could take a trip on the boats which now sail up the Paraguay he would think them more wonderful than anything he met with in his travels. His voyage was made in a sailing boat. Ours is in a comfortable steamer of 800 tons. It took him months to sail up the river. We make the trip in six days. His lights were tallow dips, ours are incandescent globes lit by electric dynamos. The Saturno was built in Glasgow and it is as comfortable as the average passenger steamer of the Great Lakes or the Mississippi. The cabins are good and the dining-room is like a parlor. The fare is not expensive, \$60 paying for the round trip, or an average of about \$5 gold per day.

The meals are good, but the Yankee stomach finds it hard to accustom itself to the times at which they are served. The first breakfast given on vessels is nothing but three swallows of coffee and a crust of bread and butter. At 11 a.m. a real breakfast is served, and at 6 p.m. comes dinner. Sandwiched between luncheon and bedtime there is tea at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m. The breakfast at 11 a.m. and the dinner are much the same. The breakfast begins with soup and ends with fruit,



LANDING AT ASUNCION.



cheese and coffee. As to the dinner—well, here is a sample dinner bill of fare:

Ox tail soup.  
Bologna sausage with potato salad.  
Puchero (the meat that was cooked to make the soup.)  
Fish.  
Curried chicken and rice.

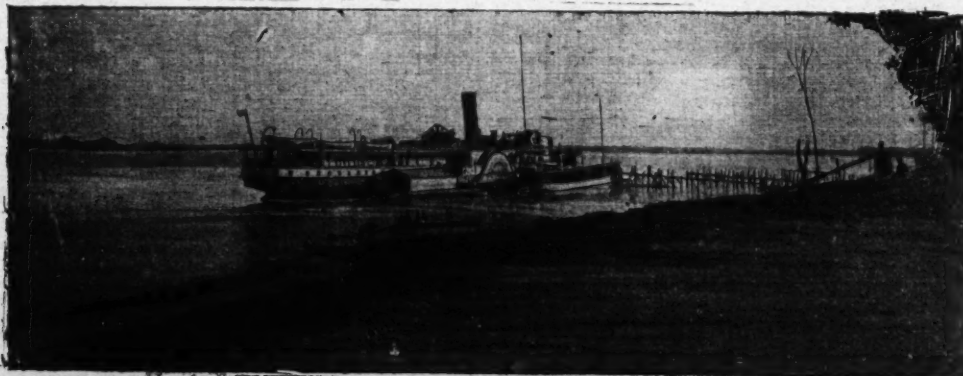
Beefsteak and potatoes.  
Guava jelly.  
English walnuts, almonds and raisins.  
Black coffee.  
Oranges.

The meals are much alike, but we always have a variety as great as that above stated. Two kinds of wine are served with breakfast and dinner without extra charge. Dinner is the chief event of the day. The passengers all dress for it. The men put on their black clothes and most of the women wear evening dresses.

There is better form in dressing among the passengers than in manners. Some of the men who wear kid gloves all day and who put on black coats for dinner eat with their knives and tuck their napkins in at the collar as though they were babies and needed bibs. The toothpick is universally used between the courses. The men smoke cigarettes through the meals and with their coffee, and I noticed that one or two apparently very elegant ladies made no bones of expectorating on the floor between their bites. One old Argentine papa, who has two pretty knife-eating daughters, drinks his soft-boiled eggs out of a glass. He also polishes his plate with his napkin at every course. But I don't blame him for that, as I do that myself. It is a necessity on the Parana. The most of our passengers are rich Argentines, on their way to Paraguay for the winter. They go there for the season, as we go to Florida, to get away from the cold. All speak Spanish, and, with the exception of ourselves, there are no English or Americans.

It is not long after reaching Buenos Ayres before we come into the great wheat fields. We pass Rosario, the second city of the Argentine, and its greatest wheat port. It is built on a bluff eighty feet above the river, so high that the masts of our steamer are below the foundations of the houses. As we go by we see ocean steamers at the wharves with iron chutes extending down into them.

Down each chute a stream of wheat bags is galloping, the wheat flowing from the cars directly in the holds of the steamers. But I have already written of the wheat industry. We see signs of it everywhere as we go onward. We pass big mills and huge grain elevators and go by towns which owe their existence to the wheat fields. A greater part of our way is between the provinces of Santa Fé on the left and Entre Rios and Corrientes on the right. Santa Fé wheat is known all over the world. The province is larger than New York and its business is wheat raising. Entre Rios and Corrientes are bounded on the east by the Uruguay, being embraced by two of the most fertile rivers on the globe. These provinces are known as the Argentine Mesopotamia. They are very rich and their soil is of wonderful fertility. Each is of about the size of South Carolina. Entre Rios is growing very fast. It now has about a quarter of a million people, but upon its pastures 4,000,000 cows and about five million sheep are feeding. This is an average of twenty sheep and fifteen cows for every man, woman and child in the province. At five to the family this would be 100 sheep and 75 cows per family. Suppose we had a State every family of which possessed 100 sheep and 75 cows. It would be the banner State of the Union. The stock, however, is not equally divided, and much of it is in the hands of large holders.



ON THE PARANA.

The Parana is one of the grandest rivers of the world. Its beauties increase as you travel up it, and the calm, quiet picturesqueness of its surroundings grows upon you. The sunsets are gorgeous, painting the clouds in every color and shade of rosy pink and red, and often make a great golden canopy over the dark-blue Parana. The morning sun strikes the dew drops upon the fresh green fields and feathery grasses and gives you a shower of diamonds on an emerald field, while at night the heavens and earth are clad in the gorgeous glories of the semi-tropics. You pick out the Southern Cross from among the stars and wonder at the tropical brilliancy of the Milky Way.

As you travel toward the equator the vegetation changes. The trees are larger, the grasses more luxuriant and the islands have great bunches of feathery green and ferny bamboo. The country grows wilder. Now you see a white farmhouse cut out of the forest, and now stop at a little town consisting of thatched huts, one-story brick buildings, roofed with red tiles, with always a church spire rising over the low roofs. After three days' journey you reach Corrientes, and then leave the Parana for the River Paraguay.

The Paraguay is not so wide as the Parana. Between Corrientes and Asuncion, a distance of between two and three hundred miles, the banks are not wider, I judge, than those of the Mississippi above St. Louis, but the waters are equally deep. The river seems perfectly navigable. You often go so close to the bank that you can see the birds of brilliant plumage which inhabit the woods. There are plenty of crocodiles, and you now and then get a shot at one as it scuds through the

water to swim out of the way of the boat. There is good shooting. Flocks of wild ducks rise from the bends of the river and the lagoons at every few miles, and curious birds fly about the steamer. Along the left bank of the river, in what is known as the Chaco, there is little else than virgin forests, and you are told that these are inhabited by jaguars, and that you could not travel a mile or so back from the coast without meeting tapirs, peccaries, monkeys, and wild hogs. The Paraguay side is also wild save that here and there you pass little towns, at some of which the ships stop to load and unload freight. You now get your first sight of the Paraguayan people, of whom you meet more and more as you sail onward, and finally come to anchor in the Bay of Asuncion, at the wharves of the capital of Paraguay.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS PLAYERS.

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE IDENTIFIED WITH SHAKESPEAREAN ROLES.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

THE recent engagement in this city of Messrs. James and Ward and Miss Kidder, and the appearance of these favorites in various Shakespearean roles has brought to mind some of the famous people who in past days represented the heroes and heroines of the great master.

Two famous Juliets of former times were the fascinating Mrs. Bellamy, who played Juliet to the Romeo of the passionate Garrick, and the talented Mrs. Cibber, who played the same part to the Romeo of Garrick's rival, the handsome Barry. "Davy," unsatisfied with the profits that he received as manager and part owner of the Drury Lane Theater, and jealous of the popularity of his rival, separated from Barry, who went to Covent Garden.

The September of 1750 saw the two houses presenting the same play and great was the discussion as to the merits of the respective actors and their Juliets. One lady gave her opinion thus: "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo, so ardent and passionate was he, I should have expected that he would have come up to me in the balcony; but had I been Juliet to Barry's Romeo, so tender, so eloquent, so seductive was he, I should certainly have gone down to him." An old sailor, who sat in the gallery of the Drury Lane one night, cried out after Bellamy had sighed, "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" "Why? Because Barry plays the part at the other house to be sure!"

Three years subsequent to this season, Miss Nossiter succeeded Mrs. Cibber as Juliet. Now the ideal became the real, and Barry made love to his fair Juliet in earnest. Their happiness was short-lived, however, as Miss Nossiter died soon after, leaving Barry a fortune of £3000.

Frances Anne Kemble made her debut as Juliet, in which play her mother personated Lady Capulet.

She describes the nervousness, the trembling, the tears with which she awaited her cue and the comforting words of Keely, who said, in that irresistibly comical lachrymose voice of his: "Never mind 'em (the audience,) Miss Kemble! Don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!"

After describing the brilliant success of this, her first

yours in it. The contrast never failed to arouse the desired applause."

That able critic, William Winter, in speaking of John McCullough's conception of Othello, pays a beautiful tribute both to his ability as an artist and to his ability as a man. He says: "If acting ever could do good, John McCullough's did. As the Moor, his performance was well nigh perfect. His splendidly self-poised nature bore him bravely up in those brave characters (Othello, King Lear, Virginius, etc.) and made him in each of them a stately type of the nobility of the human soul."

In a representation of Othello, given at the Dramatic Festival in Cincinnati, John McCullough took the part of Othello; Clara Morris, Emilia, and Mary Anderson that of Desdemona. In her "Memoirs" Mary Anderson recalls the following incident, which occurred during this performance:

In one scene Desdemona and Emilia were alone upon the stage awaiting the entrance of the Moor, but he did not appear.

"To fill in the pause, I remarked: 'Here comes my noble lord.' Another pause, but no Moor in sight. Miss Morris, equal to the occasion, said after another wait: 'I will go and seek the Moor.'"

"The stillness after that grew oppressive and was becoming unbearable when I saw Miss Morris with Othello in tow. Springing to my feet, I cried with transport, 'Oh, be praised, ye heavens, here comes the noble Moor at last!'"

It seems that McCullough, having forgotten the scene, was changing his dress for the next act.

That famous actress, daughter of an Irish bricklayer and a washerwoman, Peg Woffington, made her first bow to a public audience as Ophelia. The last role in which this vivacious and fascinating favorite was seen was Rosalind.

Struggling against the faintness which was assailing her throughout the play, she managed to reach the lines, "If I were among you I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," when, her voice fading away and a mist stealing over eyes and brain, she fell into a companion's arms and was carried a helpless paralytic from the scenes of her triumphs.

As Portia—that beautiful woman and magnificent actress, Sarah Siddons, made her first appearance at the old Drury Lane Theater. Strange to tell, but true, at first she made an absolute failure. She, who as Lady Macbeth, drove audience, critics, nay the whole town, wild with enthusiasm!

It is told of her in this role that one exceedingly sultry night she dispatched a boy from the theater with the command to bring her "a glass of beer at once."

The boy obeyed to the letter, appearing upon the stage with the beer, as Miss Siddons was in the midst of the sleep-walking scene.

Undismayed, the boy exclaimed: "Here's your beer, ma'am."

The boy was dragged in disgrace from the stage; the audience howled, while Lady Macbeth, with entire self-possession, completed her part.

While speaking of Lady Macbeth, it were well to remember one of whom America may well be proud—Charlotte Cushman.

She first essayed this character when a slip of a girl in New Orleans.

Being destitute of proper costume, she was hurried with a note to an actress of the French Theater.

This woman, a short, fat person, of not more than 4 feet 10 inches in height, and ample of bust and waist, roared with laughter at the thought of her clothes fitting the tall, lean girl of 19. But they were made to answer, and here Miss Cushman first appeared in the character with which in after years she became so closely identified.

The great tragedienne's later days were a battle against an insidious disease; but all the depressions of such a fate failed to dim the earnestness of her life.

She went to her death with heart unhardened and faculties undimmed.

"They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts."

EDITH L. LANE.

## In Exile.

Somewhere in California, now, I know,  
That Spring is triumphing; her warm, green fields,  
Riot with yellow poppies, all aglow—  
The gladdest flower that ever lifted up  
Its saucy stem from vale or breezy hill,  
To rock the living sunshine in its cup!  
And somewhere, too, the lupines blossom out  
In brave long clusters, blue as break of day,  
And just as wet and perfumed. Ah, no doubt,  
The buckeye trees are white with perfume, too!  
Oh, to be there, in California, now!  
For but a day—an hour—to get away  
From these stern landscapes, barren and unknown,  
From this dull sky of cold, eternal gray.  
This land where stubborn Winter holds the throne  
Of timid Spring, and blights each budding spray.  
Why, there, in California, now, I know  
Must bloom deep drifts of scented, pink white clover,  
Where drone the drowsy, clumsy, tumbling bees,  
And idle butterflies go shimmering over.  
Oh, would I were in some green cañon, there,  
Where hairy, nodding, little "cream-cups" bend  
Above the solemn violets; I'd tell  
Them—Midas-like—a secret, to the end  
That they in turn should tell it to the world;  
'Tis this: Though *Mr.* (ah, far!) compelled to roam,  
The heart of California's child, for aye  
Will call that land of flowers and sunshine—home.

MARION HILL.

## SOME EPIGRAMS BY DR. HILLIS.

[Unidentified:] Dr. Hillis of Chicago, who has succeeded Dr. Abbott in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has a colloquial style in his essay-writing that suggests Henry Ward Beecher, and will probably suit the taste of the Plymouth constituency. In a paper on "Ruskin's Message to the Century," he remarked, speaking of men's disposition to look upon art as a fad to be left to women: "Man has a genius for egotism. He can take the columnar I and turn it into a hitching post for women to tie to." He told a story about a young man named Lord, who called himself, Lord, Jr., so that he might not be mistaken for the Almighty.



## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

INDIRECT good results are already manifesting themselves from the fact that a symphony orchestra can be and is maintained here, in that three of the most valuable artists in the city are planning for a series of chamber music concerts to be given in the near future. The patronage given the symphony concerts has proved to these artists that there are lovers of the best in music among the residents of Los Angeles, and has encouraged them at the same time, to try to cater to the refined taste indicated, in another branch of the art, which is no less important in its way as a factor toward the musical growth of any place. In all the larger cities of the East there are chamber music organizations, trios, string quartettes, quintettes, and so on, which maintain a high standard in their programmes, and present good classical music as it should be presented, with high artistic, musicianly, intelligence and excellence.

Thus it is, that the Kneisel Quartette in Boston, the Dannreuther Quartette in New York, the Spiering Quartette in Chicago, and similar organizations in other places have, by their scholarly interpretation of the master composers of all times, introduced them in the most interesting, satisfying and comprehensible way, to the concert-goers in their several cities. These little bands of earnest, conscientious artists have all begun in a modest way with a small following, and it is a matter of history that each has met deserved and conspicuous success. It is easy to be seen what a powerful factor for good such object lessons are in a community. Students, and musicians, music-loving laymen, and those who "don't care for classical music because they haven't been educated up to it," all in their separate ways can and do derive benefit as well as enjoyment from such concerts, and it is the best thing that could happen to Los Angeles that this opportunity is about to be given the people here; an opportunity of which too prompt and general advantage could not be taken.

The trio of artists who are about to take this important step are Miss Blanche Rogers, piano; S. W. Jenkinson, violin, and Paul Jennison, cello. Full details and arrangements will be announced later, when the plans are more nearly perfected. At present, as far as formulated, the series will consist of six concerts, given fortnightly, with programmes made up of "high-class music, and all who have the interest of good music at heart, will gladly welcome the announcement, and show by their support the proper appreciation of so important, so invaluable, so rare an opportunity for enlarging their musical knowledge or gratifying their cultured musical taste as the case may be.

The symphony concert which was to have been given this week, has been postponed to the afternoon of Tuesday, February 14, when the orchestra, under direction of Conductor Harley Hamilton, will present a well-arranged programme. The opening number will be the well-known "March de Cortege," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba." The second number, excerpts from "Il Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo, introduces the Prelude Intermezzo, and airs cleverly arranged into concert suite. The soloist for the sixth concert is the charming vocalist, Miss Anna Virginia Metcalf, who will present Jules Massenet's "Pleurez mes Yeux," from "Le Cid." Miss Metcalf presented this number with the Thomas Orchestra at the musical festival which opened the Omaha Exposition, and received commendable press notices from all the Omaha papers and was highly complimented by Prof. Sherwood and other artists who participated on that occasion. The symphony to be presented is Beethoven's Seventh. It is full of romantic interest and is considered the most picturesque of the immortal nine. Composers of all ages have made use of the popular air in their orchestrations. Richard Wagner, in expressing his opinion on this symphony, declared it to be the apotheosis of the dance, the ideal embodiment in tones of bodily movement. The closing number of the programme is Weber's "Jubel" overture, which was composed for the festival held in Dresden in September, 1818, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Frederick Augustus the First of Saxony. This overture was played on September 11, 1818, and has since been a favorite concert number.

This is one of the best programmes that Mr. Hamilton has presented for consideration, and the rehearsals are showing most promising results.

Emil Sauer, says an authoritative New York critic, is the apotheosis of temperament, tenderness and tempo. He possesses the singing quality of the Polish player Paderewski. He is a marvel of technique. He not only understands all the possibilities of the keys, but has complete mastery over the pedals. He is plentiful in color, warm and generous and subtly shaded. His touch is elastic, his feeling is delicate, his delivery is clear and eloquent. Emil Sauer holds first rank among the virtuosos of a noble instrument, and it is happily to be noted that his merits have been instantly recognized and cordially approved by a city which, in musical taste, is surpassed by no other.

Here is a story related by Sauer to a contributor of the Musical Courier, which he characterizes as the "success of his life," and is therefore interesting in more ways than one. Here it is:

"On my way from Constantinople to the Kanbeas our steamer, a small mercantile ship from the Austrian Lloyd, was overtaken by a terrific storm, so we were delayed thirty-six hours. I and my secretary were the only passengers on board. The vessel carried a big cargo of corn destined for all the different harbors on the small Asiatic coast. After the third day of our journey the captain told me that we never would reach Batum in time for my concert in Tiflis. Detained by the wish of the Sultan in Constantinople, and already twice postponed, it was hardly possible to disappoint the public

the third time. What was I to do? I found a remedy myself. I went on land in Samsun and explained my case to the general agent of the Lloyd, at the same time Austrian Consul, and now happened the most extraordinary case. To hear my name was enough for him to give an immediate order to pass all the other ports and to bring me first to Batum. The steamer discharged the goods a week later, after I had already given the third concert in Tiflis. This story has the advantage of being absolutely true, and I call this the greatest success of my life."

Although the exigencies of the war prevented Sousa from making his long contemplated European tour last summer, the "March King" has maintained a conspicuous position at home through the strife. The patriotic music played by Sousa's band in the spring aided materially in stirring up the martial spirit, and when hostilities broke out Sousa promptly offered the services of his men for escort duty for troops going to the front, this being the only time the Sousa band has ever appeared on parade. Sousa has played notable benefit concerts for the Red Cross Society without cost to that noble organization, and in other ways contributed toward promoting the welfare of the troops. He was offered a place on the staff of Maj.-Gen. James H. Wilson, with the rank of captain, and accepted on condition that he might serve without remuneration, but the early end of the war prevented the organization of the Sixth Army Corps, to which Capt. Sousa was assigned. The Sousa marches, particularly the stirring and patriotic "Stars and Stripes Forever," were played by all the bands in the land and naval forces of the United States, and by the jubilant natives of the invaded countries. Sousa will be in Los Angeles with his great band, March 14 and 16, when two concerts on each date will be given at Simpson Auditorium.

## MUSICAL MELANGE.

Christine Nilsson recently visited her native village, says Musical America. She first went to the little home of her father, called Snugge, and bade all the neighborhood to a grand entertainment. Cottlosa, another village, was her next destination, and there she put up at the inn where forty-five years ago she had sung, a barefooted child, for pennies from the passers-by. Lastly Christine went to Lofholt, where long ago her father labored as a farm hand. Like Jennie Lind, Christine Nilsson was ever a generous woman, and on leaving her old home she distributed gifts of money most lavishly among the friends of her childhood's days.

At the recent meeting of the Wagner Society of Weimar, it was decided to discontinue the meetings and to wind up the affairs of the society. The cause given is rather interesting: The society has prospered for more than thirty years and its finances are still in excellent condition. But the ultimate objects which were responsible for the foundation of the society, namely, the popularizing of Wagner's operas and the securing of a fund to erect a festival playhouse at Bayreuth, where Wagner operas are to be performed, have long been attained and since nothing more can be done toward these objects, the society will disorganize, its entire property being donated to the Wagner Museum at Eisenach.

E. A. Dithmar, in the dramatic department of the New York Sunday Times, says that a man who writes theatrical gossip for a London paper gravely declares that he knows a manager who was greatly concerned lest the music for a tank play he was putting on should be inappropriate. The director of the orchestra suggested several suitable numbers from "Lurline" and "The Lily of Killarney," and so on. But the manager could not be satisfied. He wanted something that should have direct relevance to the great water illusion. At last his conductor, in despair, suggested in a grimly humorous moment the overture to "Tancredi." "The very thing," said the manager; "why didn't you think of that before? Put it down on the bill, my boy, in big letters—the overture to 'Tank-Ready!'"

Mascagni's greatest passion and delight is to conduct an orchestra, for which he himself says he has a natural talent. But what is more interesting is to watch Mascagni composing his works. His wife, Signora Lina, Mimi (his eldest boy), Dino (another son), and Emilia (his little daughter), all have their parts in it. When the maestro is feverishly writing notes and rushing to the piano to catch an inspiration, his wife follows him to and fro, while the children climb on his knees, he unconsciously running his fingers through their curls. As soon as he has fixed on a melody he gathers the children in his arms and they all roll indiscriminately on the floor, the shouts, humor, laughter, tears making such an uproar that at last Signora Mascagni interferes, scolding her husband and telling him that a grave musician should give a better example to his family. She bundles away the children and he returns to his desk, but a few minutes later the scene repeats itself.

According to the New York Press, one of the most interesting auditors at the Metropolitan concert last Sunday evening was Olga Nethersole. The English actress supplied in her box that picturesque element which was lacking on the stage, and formed a spectacle of continued fascination to the people who were so favorably seated that they could consider her poses. She was dressed in a tight-fitting gown which displayed the graces of her figure, and the rapturous attitudes in which she listened to the music illustrated those charms still more completely. While David Bispham was singing she leaned back in the box as one who had no interest in man, but was possessed by the spirit of St. Cecilia. It was a correct and logical pose, because Mr. Bispham, although the best of baritones, is not only lacking in good looks, but carries himself with a dignified air which destroys all hopes of feminine romance. The tenor, being of fiery quality, aroused Miss Nethersole into a mute but eloquent show of enthusiasm, and her sighs over M. Pol Plancon caused draughts in the auditorium. The actress is not confined in admiration to our sex, but has a fine opinion of her own, also; for when Mme. Eames came out attired in a daily hint from Paris Miss Nethersole declared plainly by her manner, gestures, and pose that she regarded the prima donna with approval. By these signs it was evident that Olga

has other qualities than were discovered by most of the critics in her performance of "The Termagant," for a young woman so carried away by music as she appeared to be on Sunday night is not to be measured by the drama of Monday.

Mme. Carreno, the great pianist, is an enthusiastic American in the "Yankee" sense, and never allows a slighting remark made in her presence against the country that has been the scene of a major part of her career, says an exchange. Among other artists whom she has called to task for uncomplimentary remarks regarding us was Sarasate, the violinist. "But you are not an American, you come from South America; you are one of us," he said in surprise, after she had read him a lecture. Her reply was that she considered herself a Yankee; that the United States had been better than any other country in the world to her, and that it was, besides, "the greatest country in the world." Of American audiences Mme. Carreno says: They are the quickest of any in appreciation; they do not need to be told whether a thing is good or bad; they decide the matter for themselves. It appears a thing of natural instinct; they seem to feel whether a performer is up to the standard or not; for, take the smallest towns and you will find the applause properly gauged. As for myself, I can only say that before I went abroad and made a name for myself the people of the United States loved me; they did not need to be told whether I did things well or not. They believed in me by their own standards, and I love them.

Ben Woolf, in Musical Courier, has this to say of Blanche Marchesi and her singing:

"What was most pleasing in these performances was the artist's versatility of style and the extreme beauty of phrasing, the discreet intensity of dramatic feeling, and the justness of expression that mark her singing. Her voice is large, but by no means remarkable for sweetness and purity. Its lower notes are rich and sonorous, but her higher tones are veiled. Nevertheless, such is the musicianly color she imparts to her efforts, so fine is her artistic intelligence, so deep and sincere is her sentiment, so completely does she identify herself with the spirit of both text and music, so large is her style, and absolute is her command of the art of musical expression.

"She has immense temperament. In all the essentials of style, especially in regard to phrasing, nuance and warmth, in the success with which she appeals intellectually to the intelligence of her hearers, in the truth of her pathos, the grace of her humor, her art quite overleaps the conventionalities of the concert room and reveals an artist strong in individuality and with an almost singular power of appealing unerringly to the emotions.

"If I may use the word, 'brainy' seems to describe best the quality of her performances. She has a regal stage presence, and this, with the stately refinement of her bearing, is not without a special charm in the impression she makes. In the 'know how,' and skill in making her possession of it indisputable, she is an artist to her very finger tips."

The fourth season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, which closed last week, has evidently been a most successful one, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. There were twenty concerts, two each week, but the business men who have backed the venture through three years of difficulties and disappointments evidently conclude that in Victor Herbert, their new conductor, they have a man worthy of all confidence and encouragement, for they have not only reengaged him for next season, but give him seventy men instead of fifty, as of old, and expand the season to conclude March 10, 1900. The original plan of the orchestra called for a guaranty of \$26,000, but Mr. Herbert's successes have resulted in the accession of new guarantors, and widely-increased public enthusiasm. The extension of the season is likely to be followed by a tour of the orchestra through the principal cities in the Middle and Eastern States. The entire scheme is on the same educational plan that now prevails in Chicago, and formerly obtained in Boston through many long, weary years, before Mr. Higginson finally made his orchestra self-supporting. Some recently-published statistics showed that the guarantors of the Pittsburgh enterprise paid from 30 to 72 per cent. into the treasury to cover past deficits, but they will not be called upon for anything like former assessments for this season's losses, which, under a more liberal public patronage, have perceptibly lessened. At the last concert but one of the series this year Mr. Herbert appeared on the programme as conductor, soloist, and composer, playing his new cello concerto. Judging by the public approbation and the estimates of the various critics, his was the hit of the season. Mr. Herbert seems to be the coming man in orchestra circles of this country. His admitted genius, thorough orchestra training, keen perception, and unlimited capacity for hard work are beginning to make a permanent imprint upon the progress of the musical art in the United States.

In an August number of the San Francisco Argonaut, Oscar Weill, the well-known musical authority, says in answer to the question "Why, in your remarks on playing, do you sneer at an emotional style in music, and why take exception to an exhibition of 'soul'?" Is not the portrayal of emotion the highest thing of which music is capable?"

"I find it easiest, in the brief space at my command, to answer the second question first, and thus: The portrayal of emotion is undoubtedly the 'highest thing' when that portrayal is completely under the control of the intelligence, and the intelligence is, in turn, guided by a thorough knowledge of not only the composition under consideration, but also of the general characteristics of its composer, as well as all that is best in musical literature.

"The term emotion can be made to cover a great deal of ground—and a great many musical sins. It means one thing to A and quite another to B, while to C that which to A and B has seemed to be an expression of the deepest sentiment will have no significance whatever. He hears in it only a pretty musical phrase, and would express his emotion in another and totally different way. And right here is what I take to be the chief difficulty with which the emotional player is likely to be confronted: that of being quite clear in his own mind



as to the precise nature of the emotion he desires to portray. (I presuppose, as a matter of course, a technical equipment that will leave him perfectly free to express himself properly; otherwise the attempt becomes a mere absurdity and an impertinence!)

"If you are keenly sensitive to the poetic side of your composition, and if, above all, you are quite sure that you can safely trust yourself to relinquish the control of your musical utterance to the inspiration of the moment, then, I should say, give your emotion free rein; you will attain the highest thing in music, or, indeed, in all art.

"But to be quite sure that you can so trust yourself means a great deal; it implies the possession of a very high order of talent and the most thorough cultivation of that talent—it is to be a great artist. Musician-players, like Rubinstein, Paderewski, d'Albert and a few others, may on occasion yield themselves up to the sway of the emotions (though, as a matter of fact, they rarely do,) and be quite safe that such abandonment of self-control will not result in an exhibition of hysteria or questionable taste. To the lesser light such indulgence is dangerous and more than likely to result in a mere display of an exaggerated sensibility—what to the same musician is only a condition of aesthetic dementia calling for the musical strait-jacket of a rigorous course of Bach and an accompanying dose of the Grady's.

"Emotion is impulse. It is the spontaneous ebullition of a generally unknown something from an unrecognizable source deeply and securely hidden within that inner self of which so few of us know more than merely that it is there, and that it moves with us at times in a manner and to ends that we do not in the least comprehend. It is capricious, it is unreliable. To be of any value in art, to be other than a dangerous quantity, it must be retained and guided by the intellect; it must subject itself to the control of a wholesome sanity in everything that concerns form or method; it must attain an utterance as clear and logical as would be given to a statement in science or law. A good work of art can have all of this and still be beautiful. Nay, the more it has of clean-cut form and lucid statement the more beautiful it will be."

[Musical Age:] In the annual report of John Russell Young, late Librarian of Congress, just submitted, he deals at length with all branches of the library service during the fiscal year. Concerning the department of music, Mr. Young says:

"The attention of Congress has been called to the musical department as a growing and useful feature of the library. When we came into the new building, in 1897, the department of music was in its experimental stages. Its growth thus far has resulted in the foundation of what is destined to be one of the great musical libraries of the world. As a collection of American music it is unsurpassed, and with little cost it can be made as rich in the music of other nations as it is in the music of our own.

"On November 1, 1898, the music department was thus enumerated: Total number of pieces on hand Jan. 1, 1898, 189,946; received during current year, 10,848; total, 198,894.

"The following will show the accessions in 1898: Received from the Smithsonian, vocal and instrumental, 446; transferred from chapter 32, 53; copyright accessions, 10,268; by gifts, 22; by purchase, 59; total, 10,847.

"It has been our effort, so far as the classification of the various departments has permitted, to strengthen the music department, obtaining, either through purchase or exchange, books of reference, the scores of the classical masters, together with what may illustrate the music of all nations, ancient and modern, savage as well as enlightened. Music in its best sense is a science belonging to all ages, as well as all nationalities and conditions of men, and the library of Congress should contain its earliest as well as its latest and most complete expression.

"When so much has been done by the arrangement of what came from the old library, it would be a misfortune not to continue our additions to the library until our present already invaluable collection is a complete embodiment of the history, as well as of the science, of music. Among our purchases are some modern classical scores, as well as an assortment of Confederate music.

"Your Librarian has suggested the necessity of musical instruments in a room adjoining the musical library so the scores could be read. The experiment so far as the piano is concerned, has been tried. There is a piano in a closed room where students can gain access to the musical scores and interpret rare and classical music. Litigants with copyright interests at stake can by access to the copyright music establish property claims. The piano does not annoy students in the reading-room nor distract attention in other departments, nor draw crowds, and is never used except for necessary purposes. While we owe the use of the piano to private courtesy, its value is shown by experiment to be so apparent that the Librarian recommends the purchase of this and, perhaps, one or two other musical instruments."

## NOTES.

It is claimed that Maurice Grau has cleared \$45,000 upon the grand-opera season up to date.

Miss Leonora Jackson, the American violinist, made a highly successful tour in Scotland early in December with the Scottish Orchestra.

At the next after-dinner entertainment of the Union League Club, in Chicago, the well-known New York contralto, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, will be one of the artists.

"Die Walkure" was recently sung, and for the first time, in Madrid. One enthusiastic reviewer said that the performance settled the fate of the Italian opera in Spain.

Herman Sudermann, the celebrated German playwright, wrote in Mme. Sembrich's autograph album: "There can be no fear of the wrath of God or of the judgment, while one can hear a human voice like yours in song."

[Chicago Inter-Ocean:] Marshall Hall, an English musician of uncommon talent, they say, made enemies in Melbourne, Australia, by lecturing. This is not to be wondered at, judging from these excerpts: "Drawing-room music, royalty ballads, and nauseous British oratorio sentimentality are the outcome of impotence

and of refined vice." "A popular concert is as depressing to a man vigorous in mind and body, as a visit to an idiot asylum or a hospital, or a church."

Verdi recently wrote to a friend in Milan, says Otto Floersheim in the Musical Courier, that the four sacred pieces which he finished this year would form his final work in the way of composition, and that he had "nothing further to say."

Georg Goltermann, formerly conductor at the Frankfurt Opera-house, known also as composer of many 'cello compositions, as well as overtures and songs, died Dec. 29, at Frankfurt. He was born on August 19, 1824, at Hanover, and was a pupil of Franz Lachner in Munich.

Anton Hegner, the 'cello virtuoso, is arranging for an extensive tour on the Pacific Coast during April and May. A number of engagements are already booked for his tour, and he intends to visit the most important cities in Alabama, Texas, California, Oregon, Washington, Colorado and Tennessee.

[Musical Age:] They say that Sousa is at present making more money than any other composer. He is probably clearing considerably more than \$75,000 a year, and seems to be adding to his earnings all the time. His income is from three different sources—his operas, his band, and his sheet-music royalties.

The opening of the season at St. Petersburg occurred, as usual, during New Year's week. The introductory performance was "Eugene Onegin," by Tchaikowsky, and it turned out an immense triumph for Sigrid Arnoldson, the Swedish songbird. There was no such success since the days of Patti in her prime.

James G. Huneker, the genial and well-named raconteur of Musical Courier, says in the current number: "I am rapidly preparing an expurgated edition of the 'Ring of the Nibelung,' for children under five. I shall call it 'Ring Around A-Rosy,' and have the music simplified and arranged for pianettes and pantalettes by Chevalier de Kontski, the boy composer of Sarmatia."

Plunket Greene, after an absence of two years, will again appear in Chicago, says the Inter-Ocean. Mr. Greene has been demonstrating to the Old World—not only Great Britain, but the more "difficult" Germany—the great beauty of the old Teutonic ballads. In the illustration of classic balladry Mr. Greene now stands easily the first of Saxon singers, but he by no means neglects, because of his nationality, the beauties of the Teutonic writers. His programmes give samples not only of these, but of the Italian, French and Hungarian melodies.

Chevalier de Kontski, the composer of the well-known piece, "Réveil du Lion," who is, by the way, already over eighty years old, is on a concert tour through Russia, says the Musical Courier. December 8 the aged pianist gave a concert in Kiew, with tremendous success. One of the best music critics of that city could not find enough words to praise the singing, beautiful and sensual (sic) touch of the old virtuoso. As a rule A. Kontski in all his concerts is playing his famous "Awakening of the Lion," which piece was composed fifty years ago.

It has been given out in Paris that Sibyl Sanderson, the beautiful American prima donna and the widow of Antonio Terry, will probably return to the operatic stage. The fortune supposed to have been possessed by the late Terry really belongs to his mother, the son living upon a splendid allowance. As Mrs. Terry was opposed to her son's marriage to the prima donna, it is thought that she will cut off this allowance, now that Terry is dead. This would necessitate Miss Sanderson's return to the operatic stage, if for no other reason than that she will be compelled to earn an income.

Willy Burmeister, the violinist, is not well-informed on the status of music in America, says Musical America. When it was decided that he should play the Beethoven concerto for his debut in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra he asked Franz Kneisel, the concert master of the orchestra, if it had ever been played there. Mr. Kneisel gazed at the youngman from Berlin with amazement and then answered: "Yes. Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, Ysaye, Hallé, Marteau and some others have played it. I have played it myself three times."

The Beethoven Society in Bonn offered three prizes of \$500 each for the best string quartet, strings and piano and wind instruments exclusively. The first two prizes were taken by William Berger of Berlin and Dr. Bernhard Scholz of Frankfurt. The former for string quartet; the latter for quartet for piano and strings. These compositions will be performed at the next festival, which takes place in May, 1899. None of the works sent in were found worthy of a third prize. Consequently the same will be offered again, with an additional second prize of \$250.

Madrid has recovered sufficiently to produce a new opera, the work of a Spanish composer who has just reached his thirtieth year. It was praised chiefly by the critics for having shown a careful study of Massenet, Wagner and Bizet, and for the skill with which he treated the Spanish folksongs. "Maria del Carmen," which is the title of the opera, is also the name of a well-known Spanish story. The effort was not regarded as a striking achievement for either the composer or the librettist. But the supply of national music in Spain is so meager that every operatic effort is regarded as a national work.

## WILLIAM BLACK'S DISTURBED DIP.

There lingers in Oban, according to the St. James Gazette, a legend to the effect that one hot day, William Black, who died recently, went to a quiet place out of sight to swim.

He undressed in a remote part of the rocks. When he was in the water a woman, deeply immersed in a blue volume, which was "The Princess of Thule," came and sat unwittingly near his clothes. The swimmer, tired with his exercise, was anxious to return to his garments, but the lady on shore was far too engrossed with the fortunes of Princess Sheila to heed the coughing intimations of his presence. Presently matters came to a crisis. A sportsman passed along the rocks and discerned Mr. Black's dark head bobbing above the waves. He took it for a seal, and was taking a deadly aim, when Mr. Black jumped up in the water and implored: "Don't fire. I'm a human man."

## ESCAPING THE SUTTEE.

HOW MRS. LAL ROS WAS SAVED BY A HAIR-BREADTH FROM DEATH.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Mrs. Ramee Lal Ros, a woman between 50 and 55, arrived in New York recently from India, via Yokohama and San Francisco, with her husband, and settled down in the Hindoo colony which has established itself near the extreme end of West Thirty-first street in New York City.

Mrs. Lal Ros's husband is a Eurasian from Lahore, and a Christian, but the lady is a staunch Hindoo, who refuses to be converted, and has brought with her from her native Benares a copper statuette of the goddess Shiva, which she worships at leisure while her husband may be attending service in the nearest Episcopal church. They tolerate each other and live happily together with their three beautiful daughters, two of whom are of their father's creed, while the third, the youngest, is a devout worshiper of Shiva and Ganeeha.

Mrs. Lal Ros herself was a beautiful woman once upon a time, yet it is not her personal appearances, but her history that is so interesting, for she was about becoming a victim to the terrible suttee of her caste when rescued by the man who afterward became her husband.

As is the custom in India, Ramee Khud, while still a toddling child, was affianced to the son of a friend and neighbor. At the age of 11, just on the eve of the children's marriage, the youth of 13, who was to be the bridegroom, died, and according to the irrevocable laws of her caste, she was doomed to be buried on his funeral pyre on the banks of the sacred River Jumna, over from the city of Benares. As Lal Ros had much to do with what followed it is just as well he should tell the story:

"It was a little before the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 and I, the son of a European father, was guiding a detachment of the First Bengal Cavalry through the jungle to Benares. While concealed in the bush waiting for sunrise, we saw the dead youth carried down to the water's edge on a bamboo stretcher, and judging from the sort of crowd that had assembled, we were about to witness a suttee. The body was covered over with a green silk robe—for he was a high-class Brahmin—and placed on a pile of resinous sandal wood logs. Then the cloth was removed, the bier placed on the pyre with the feet toward the Jumna, six logs were laid on the body and all was ready for the widow.

"Led by a relative, Ramee walked slowly down the bank to play her tragic part in the ceremony, covered with a flowing robe of white. A Brahmin priest stood at the head of the body—the scene is before me now as if it were but yesterday—and he directed the proceedings in the coolest manner possible. Taking the rod presented her by the Brahmin in her right hand, Ramee walked three times round the bier and waved it over her head. The Brahmin next handed her a torch which, though to all appearance not lighted, contained a spark of fire within. Very soon the waving of the torch caught a current and ignited. I could not see the girl's face all this time, but I could see that her form shook like an aspen leaf.

"The Brahmin now, amid profound silence, having ordered her to apply the torch, Ramee advanced toward the pyre with tottering steps, and in a moment the pile was in a blaze. Now came Ramee's time to sacrifice herself, to perish then and there in the fierce flames that were already stretching out their tongues toward her flimsy robe.

"She hesitated, she trembled and by command of the priest two men were about to throw her on the blazing funeral pyre, when the officer commanding the detachment, a young man with a soft heart, ordered his men to charge. They obeyed the order with alacrity, and not a moment too soon, dispersing the suttee party, which fled to its boats, leaving Ramee fainting on the river banks. In taking this step the officer really disobeyed orders. Fortunately we found what we had come for. We saw that the rebels were fortifying Benares. As for Ramee, the colonel's wife took her under her protection, and after the mutiny was suppressed she became my wife."

"As for me," said Mrs. Lal Ros, with a sad smile, "I remember nothing. I disliked my affianced in life and did not want to have anything to do with him in death. They drugged me with opium to give me nerve, but I naturally revolted against the suttee. Still, many of my acquaintances underwent that fate without a murmur, but I am not composed of the materials that make a martyr."

## WHERE THE FINE SHOULD BE.

[Somerville Journal:] Wiggles. Don't you think my daughter has a fine voice?  
Waggles: Well, there ought to be a fine attached to it.

## SWEENEY'S

"HAND-PRESSURE"  
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## FRESH LITERATURE.

Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

## Story of a Philanthropic Swindle.

RODEN'S CORNER. By Henry Seton Merriman [New York: Harper &amp; Bros.]

IN "RODEN'S CORNER," Mr. Merriman has allowed himself a little satirical freedom in commenting upon the methods of modern trusts and monopolies and upon the mistakes of a certain kindly-disposed, but ignorant, class of philanthropists, who have a faculty for the most egregious blundering, coupled with a serene unconsciousness of ignorance and a calm self-satisfaction, that are effective barriers to enlightenment. The charitable people of Mr. Merriman's story innocently play into the hands of two clever financial schemers, who secure a corner on malgamite and make a fortune out of a band of miserable workmen whom the enthusiastic philanthropists fondly believe themselves to be succoring from a lamentable industrial fate.

Clever as it is, however, it is not the plot of Mr. Merriman's book that constitutes its real excellence. He has a curious fashion of making light of his incidents and of divesting them of the dramatic qualities which another author might make much of, trusting to his character drawings to develop his real strength. In following this method, Mr. Merriman makes no mistake, for he has a keen insight into human motives, under the varying guises of cosmopolitanism, and he develops his types logically and naturally.

A habit of dropping into epigram in the easiest and most unforced fashion, is one of Mr. Merriman's charms, and his reflections upon men and things are incisive enough to produce a sense of pleasure in their truthfulness and in the impression of large experience which the author is able to subtly impart. Mr. Merriman draws in his backgrounds with a practiced hand. He is equally at home in England or on the continent, and his people are of the world, rather than of any locality.

Mr. de Thulstrup's illustrations are an admirable feature of this book.

## Short Stories of the Frontier.

SHE OF THE WEST. By Bailey Millard. [New York: Continental Publishing Company. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Mr. Millard writes of the West with the manner of one sure of his ground. His stories are of the ranch, the mining camp, the baking desert and the city, but wherever laid, they reflect their surroundings more faithfully than is usually the case when fictionists attempt the atmosphere of the West. Many of the stories have appeared in various magazines from time to time, but gathered together in their pleasing binding, they give one a better idea of the author's very excellent style than could be obtained from the more ephemeral form. Mr. Millard obviously loves the country of which he writes, and consequently makes his readers see its beauties with some of the enthusiasm he himself feels. In plot and development, the stories are slight and unimportant things, but they present phases of life that are somewhat novel and carry a whiff of naturalness in their pages.

## William Black's Last Story.

WILD EELIN. By William Black. [New York: Harper &amp; Bros.]

During William Black's career as a novelist he did the very wholesome and sensible thing of sticking to the literary line along which he excelled. Saving one or two unfortunate essays in tragedy, his novels are satisfactory and eminently cheerful accomplishments, with a distinct flavor, and a field of their own that no other author has successfully invaded. Mr. Black's work has richness, color, atmosphere and charm, and he has written some of the most delightful descriptions of salmon fishing that any ardent sportsman could ask for.

Much interest naturally attaches to the last work Mr. Black did before his death. One might, logically enough, look for a diminution of the author's powers, but in "Wild Eelin" one finds the same sensible people, the same cheerful view of life and the same affection and kindness that characterize the best of Mr. Black's novels. The sunsets are quite as gorgeous, the salmon fishing as wonderful sport, and the Gaelic speech as quaintly fascinating as always. Eelin herself is perhaps a trifle too modern to be entirely reconcilable with Mr. Black's sweet Scotch heroines, but she is very lovable, and one will never regret having known her.

Mr. Black's work is done, but it perhaps is not too much to hope that his books will be read for many years to come, wherever cheerfulness and content are valued among an author's influences.

## "Old Glory" Series.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA. By Edward Stratemeyer. [Boston: Lee &amp; Shepard. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

To have served with Roosevelt in Cuba is one of the greatest conceivable joys to the juvenile mind, and the next best thing to the actual experience is following the adventures of some other fellow, more fortunate. In the first of his "Old Glory" books, Mr. Stratemeyer followed the fortunes of young Larry Russell, "Under Dewey at Manila." In the second, he narrates all that befell Larry's older brother, Ben, and his friend, Gilbert Pennington, while those fortunate youths were in the thick of things at Cuba.

Mr. Stratemeyer tells a good, stirring story, and has verified his facts from reliable sources. Young America cannot do better than study recent history through these absorbing pages.

## The Evolution of Music.

HOW MUSIC DEVELOPED. By W. J. Henderson. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

In writing this brief explanatory account of the growth of modern music, Mr. Henderson has done a valuable service to music lovers and students of music. His well-known critical faculty puts him in the position

of an authority on things musical and lends a value to his statements and theories that is the outcome of much practical and painstaking study of modern, as well as older, musical forms.

The somewhat recent development of popular interest in purely classical music, opens to such books as Mr. Henderson's a far wider field than was theirs a few years ago. This little history is so far removed from dullness that the most untechnical reader may find it a source of pleasure, and may obtain from it a fair idea of the development of modern music, from the liturgies of the mediaeval church up to musical and dramatic forms of Wagner opera.

A few of Mr. Henderson's chapter headings are as follows: "The Beginning of Modern Music," "Harmony Notation and Measure," "The Birth of Counterpoint," "Progress of Popular Music," "The Evolution of the Piano," "Evolution of the Orchestra," "Development of Chamber Music," "The Birth of Opera," "Beginnings of French Opera," "Wagner and the Music Drama," "The Lessons of Musical History," and many intermediate links, making a well-balanced history.

## The Economic Outlook.

ECONOMICS. By Edward Thomas Devine. [New York: The Macmillan Company. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

While writing a treatise on economics intended for use in the classroom, the author of the present volume has not confined himself wholly to past and present conditions of economic science, but allows himself a hopeful attitude toward the future, and particularly toward the future labor, as likely to be affected by continued industrial and territorial division, and by the increased rate at which employing and managing ability is supplied, so reducing the rewards of those who have supplied it. Dr. Devine sums up the obstacles to social progress encountered by various communities in a greater or less degree, but while recognizing the weight of such obstacles, he believes the balance to be in favor of gradual industrial advancement and the most efficient distribution of the social surplus. A closing paragraph says: "In the competition between employers and laborers for the surplus product, the present tendencies seem to favor wages and not profit. It is true that there is a large class of unemployed, and that in exceptional cases it is still possible to make extraordinary profits; but the number of employers who are capable of organizing some special industry profitably is increasing. This works to the advantage even of the unemployed, for one reason of their lack of employment is the absence of men of this kind. If there are enough effective managers to utilize all the good opportunities for industrial activity, it will go far toward giving employment to all."

## The Present Position of China.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION. By Archibald Colquhoun. [New York: Harper &amp; Bros. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Published at an opportune time and touching that most vibrant of all chords, the commercial one, comes Mr. Colquhoun's book on "China in Transformation." The author makes no pretence at writing a scientific or historical treatise, but has furnished a vast amount of information of practical use to the business man, the politician or the traveler. He comes to his task well fortified with experience—in fact, the reasons set forth in his preface as to why he should undertake such a book, are imposingly numerous, but since he lives up to his justification, there is no fault to be found.

The various chapters of the book take up the geography, resources, improvements, government, foreign trade and diplomatic relations, and finally the political aspect of the country as viewed in the light of recent international developments. Writing from the British standpoint, Mr. Colquhoun views Russia as a formidable factor in the future history of the Chinese empire, and warns the mercantile nations to be on their guard against the gradual spread of Russian domination over the whole of Asia, and the ultimate realization of the Slav dream of universal empire.

## Short Stories.

THE INSTINCT OF STEPFATHERHOOD. By Lillian Bell. [New York: Harper &amp; Bros. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Some of the best things Miss Bell has ever published appear in this volume of short stories, which bears the imprint of Harper Brothers, and has all the excellence of make-up characteristic of their publications.

Miss Bell is a woman who understands women, and she presents their points of character in tender outline and in keen, illuminating flashes, rather than in subtle analysis. Her people are of the unconventional variety, and all the more lovable for that. She writes much of the South and its beautiful, impulsive femininity, but in whatever field she chooses, she shows grace, ease and originality. Her latest volume is a distinct addition to her list of published books.

## Virginia of Colonial Days.

PRISONERS OF HOPE. By Mary Johnston. [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin &amp; Co.]

Miss Johnston's charming tale of colonial Virginia was reviewed in these columns some months ago, and it has been a matter of satisfaction that the praise then accorded it has been justified by the book's enthusiastic reception in every quarter. The fact that the story is a first effort, and that its author was wholly unknown to the literary world before its publication, makes her success particularly remarkable. The richness of romance, the vividness, and the uncommon virility of Miss Johnston's work, surprise one into enthusiasm, and argue well for the author's continued success.

A brief sketch of Miss Johnston's life, taken from an eastern paper, may be interesting to admirers of her novel:

"Miss Johnston comes of good family, being descended from Peter Johnston, who came to Virginia in 1727, and is thus related to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston of the Confederate States army. Her mother, who was of a Scotch-Irish family, was a lineal descendant of one of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates of London-derry in the siege of 1688."

"Her father was a major in the Confederate army, and, after the war he resumed his law practice in Virginia, where a few years later his daughter Mary was born. Much of her life had been spent in that State,

although she has lived at various times in Alabama and New York, and is now living in Birmingham, Ala.

"Of herself, Miss Johnston says: 'My life has been that of most young women of good family and fair advantages, only differing, perhaps, in that, having lost my mother nine years ago and being the eldest of six children, I have had upon me the care and responsibility of a large household.'

"She has always been an omnivorous reader, but she wrote nothing until some four years ago. Then for her own amusement, to beguile the tedium of a winter's invalidism, she began to write, chiefly, verse. Two years ago she commenced a novel of old Virginia, entitled, 'Prisoners of Hope,' which was at once accepted by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and which bids fair to make her name widely and favorably known."

## Magazines of the Month.

JANE ADDAMS is one of those practical philanthropists better known by their works than by the things they say about them. Whenever Miss Addams allows herself to appear in print, therefore, all that she has to say compels attention, for she has demonstrated the vital character of her theories in the great work she is doing, and her words are consequently authoritative. In the February Atlantic, Miss Addams discusses some of "The Subtle Problems of Charity," the question of whose solution is fraught with pitfalls of despondency and despair for the district visitor, Miss Addams is optimistic, as all successful serial workers must needs be, yet she is intelligently awake to the difficulties in her path, and to the great educative work necessary of accomplishment, before the substitution of higher ideals for those now filling the horizon of the poorer classes, becomes possible. An article on "The Colonial Expansion of the United States," by A. Lawrence Lowell, is the leading paper for the month. Mr. Lowell argues his question upon broad grounds, asserting the entire consistency of the proposed colonial policy with the traditions established by our previous annexation and government of territories. The Kropotkin autobiography takes up the years of the prince's Siberian exile, and there are valuable chapters of Bradford Torrey's "Autumn in Franconia" and of Julia Ward Howe's "Reminiscences." The fiction is by Sarah Orne Jewett and Charles G. D. Roberts, who writes a story of Grand Pré.

The first issues of Literature under American auspices show a decided change in outward appearance. A rubricated title, on a green cover, and a generally quaint style of lettering, lend an air of cheerfulness which is wanting in the English edition. The character of the contents, too, is less appallingly weighty, though none the less valuable for being released from the gloom of over-seriousness. In the second number, published January 17, Mr. Howells writes the leading paper on the "Destiny of the Letter R in America." In spite of the fact which Mr. Howells asserts, that the letter R is gradually dropping into disuse in the two "esthetic capitals of our race," London and Boston, he still believes that it is not destined to become extinct, but rather "to overflow the whole country on the lines of western emigration, and finally to return upon the East." A review of "Books Published During 1898 in the United States," is a most valuable resumé of the literary product of the past eventful year, and Marjorie Wilcox, in a first paper on "The Literature of the War," reviews Richard Harding Davis's last book and Mr. Spear's "Our Navy in the War With Spain." Altogether, the Harpers are to be congratulated on the character of the magazine as it promises to develop in their hands.

One of the books of last year was Henry Cabot Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," which first appeared in serial form in one of the magazines. Having completed that successful contribution to history, Senator Lodge has begun a new series in Harper's, upon the questions of "The Spanish-American War." These papers cannot but be of striking interest, for Mr. Lodge's thoughtful and intellectual point of view demands respect. Joseph L. Stickney, in "With Dewey at Manila," describes the agitations and emotions of the battle, and shows that the buoyant certainty of success was not always the uppermost sensation in the minds of the Americans. A. C. Humbert has an illustrated paper descriptive of "A Trekking Trip in South Africa," Julian Ralph writes on "Anglo-Saxon Affinities," C. A. Young of Princeton discusses "The Astronomical Outlook," as related to the perfection of our instruments and methods of observation, and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard takes up the position of "The United States As a World Power." There is also the usual amount of admirable fiction.

It is one of the levities of the hour to watch the antics of the popular naval or military hero who is now dodging hither and thither to meet the engagements imposed upon him, since fortune thrust him into prominence during the late unpleasantness. One wonders how mortal man can accomplish all that is expected of these popular idols, but, then, to be sure, heroes are not supposed to be made of common clay, and perhaps they are vouchsafed special powers which enable them to perform feats impossible of accomplishment to the average man. One of the most successful in fulfilling his obligations is Col. Theodore Roosevelt, whose Scribner papers on the Rough Riders' expedition show no sign of stress or hurry. Col. Roosevelt describes this month the move to Santiago and the preparations for active campaigning. Scribner's had last year the brilliant papers of Senator Lodge on the revolutionary period. Mr. Lodge's venerable colleague, Mr. Hoar, is represented in the same magazine this month by a paper on "Four National Conventions," Mr. Hoar having been a Massachusetts delegate in the conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884 and 1888. The month's fiction is by Joel Chandler Harris and William Charles Scully, with a second chapter of Mr. Cable's "Entomologist."

The Fall Mall shows this month some very good pictures and some very bad fiction, the latter redeemed in the mass, however, by those contributions signed by Mr. Crockett and H. B. Marriott-Watson. Clark Russell's fourth paper on "The Ship-Her Story," is also one of the good things of the month, and a second paper by George Somes Layard on "Suppressed Plates," shows some interesting reproductions.



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

### Grant's Loyalty to Lincoln.

JAMES M. SCOVEL, in Lippincott's, has some recollections of Lincoln. It would seem that the thesaurus of Lincoln stories had been exhausted, but here is one: When he was a candidate for renomination he did not disguise his anxiety to remain in the White House for four years more, to finish, as he expressed it, the great job the people had given him to do.

It was not Fremont he feared, or the Wade-Davis manifesto, nor was he afraid of the numerous and powerful malcontents inside his own party, headed by Chase and Greeley. But he did fear, as he told me, that Gen. Grant's name would be sprung upon the Baltimore convention. Indeed, such an effort was made, and Missouri did cast her solid vote for Grant for President, but Grant wisely and stubbornly refused to countenance this movement, and by telegraph forbade it. The President learned that one of Grant's staff was at Willard's Hotel. He sent his carriage. The officer was brought to the White House and ushered into the library. Lincoln said, "Col. —, does Grant want to be President?"

"No, sir," quickly replied the staff officer.

"Do you know for certain?"

"Yes, I do. You know how close I have been to Grant for three years. That he has the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition—I cannot deny. There may be lurking in his mind thoughts of the Presidency in the dim future. But right well I know, Mr. President, that he is so loyal to you, to whom he owes so much, that there is no power on earth that can drag his name into the Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. He said to me, within a week, 'I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of this world's greatest men, and he is without question the greatest man I ever met.' Grant's whole soul, Mr. Lincoln, is bent on your reelection, and his one fixed idea is, under your lead as President, to conquer the rebellion, and aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and perpetuating the Union."

"Ah, colonel," said Lincoln, "you have lifted an awful load from my mind. I was afraid of Grant, because we are all human; although I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man. When the Presidential grub gets inside of a man it hides itself and burrows deep. That basilisk is sure to kill."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### When Duke Obeyed a Negro.

EX-SENATOR JOE BLACKBURN of Kentucky entertained a jolly party of well-known gentlemen the other day at Chamberlin's with an amusing description of the only occasion upon which Gen. Basil W. Duke of Louisville, the famous Confederate general, ever took orders from a negro. The general was in the party of listeners and enjoyed Mr. Blackburn's version of the story. From his boyhood days Gen. Duke had been giving orders to negroes, but recently a big black one came to see him and reversed things. The general was asleep and comfortable in his bed at his old Kentucky home, and a noise in the room awakened him. He got up and slipped on his trousers, struck a light, and out from behind a piece of large furniture sprang a desperate-looking negro robber.

He ordered the general, at the point of a revolver, to disrobe and retire. He did so, and then the robber ordered him to tell him where he could find, with the least trouble, his valuables. This was all duly explained, and the general further gave a detailed account of what he had in his clothes and about his room. In short, he and the robber carried on half an hour's conversation. The negro secured something over \$50 and a gold watch, turned out the light and left. All during the robbery he had his revolver pointed toward the general. It was not very funny at the time, yet it appeared so to Mr. Blackburn when he read it in the papers, and when he heard it the other day the general also saw the humorous side of the thing.—[Washington Post.

### A Quaker's Expedient.

A STORY is told of a former Mayor of Birmingham, Eng., that he gave orders to have his robes of office lined with "vermin." When the late Alderman Sturge was Mayor, he received a royal command to dine and sleep at Windsor. This, of course, meant court dress and sword. The court dress was reluctantly submitted to, but as a member of the Society of Friends, and, moreover, one who had greatly distinguished himself in the cause of peace, for he had formed one of the peace deputation to the Czar before the outbreak of the Crimean war, Mr. Sturge would not consent to wear a lethal weapon. A compromise was happily effected. A scabbard and hilt of the usual kind were at his worship's side when the presentation to royalty took place, but the sword was a mere lath of wood. Fortunately, the worthy Quaker was not called upon to draw in defense of his sovereign.—[New York Tribune.

### Lost Her Wit.

A CLERGYMAN one day visiting an old parishioner inquired of her if she regularly read her Bible, to which the old lady replied in the affirmative.

Soon after, as the minister was about to depart, he suggested reading the evening chapter, to which he would add his blessing. After a little delay the Bible was presented to the minister, who looked at its dusty covers with astonishment; but the old lady, murmuring

something about "dusty morning," wiped the book with the end of her apron.

The minister taking the book up, it fell open where a pair of spectacles had been left in it. The old lady, suddenly perceiving the specs, started up, and cried:

"Bless me, there is my specs which I lost a year ago.—[Spare Moments.

### A Wealthy Man's Economy.

ALTHOUGH John Jacob Astor had led a life mainly devoted to business interests, he found great pleasure in the society of literary men, says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in the Atlantic. Dr. Cogswell made his home with us for some years after the closing of his famous school, but finally went to reside with Mr. Astor, attracted partly by the latter's promise to endow a public library in the city of New York. This was accomplished after some delay, and the doctor was for many years director of the Astor Library. He used to relate some humorous anecdotes of excursions which he made with Mr. Astor. In the course of one of these the two gentlemen took supper together at a hotel recently opened. Mr. Astor remarked, "This man will never succeed."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Don't you see," replied the financier, "what large lumps of sugar he puts in the sugar bowl?"

Once, as they were walking slowly to a pilot-boat which the old gentleman had chartered for a trip down the harbor, Dr. Cogswell said: "Mr. Astor, I have just been calculating that this boat costs you 25 cents a minute." Mr. Astor at once hastened his pace, reluctant to waste so much money.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### In the Wrong Place.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Gen. Scott is told in connection with the sword presented to him by the State of Louisiana, through the Legislature, at the close of the Mexican war.

He was accosted by a man who said: "Gen. Scott, I had the honor of doing most of the work on the sword presented to you by the State of Louisiana. I should like to ask if it was just as you would have chosen."

"It's a very fine sword, sir, a very fine sword, indeed," said the general. "I am proud to have it. There is only one thing I should have preferred different. The inscription should have been on the blade, sir. The scabbard may be taken from us, but the sword, never!"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### Reed and Sir Wilfred Laurier.

SPEAKER REED uses his wit without regard to the status of those who happen to be with him when he sees an opening for it. He was the guide of Sir Wilfred Laurier and a number of members and attaches of the Canadian-American Joint High Commission, in their tour of the Capitol the day that Chairman Dingley entertained them at a luncheon in his committee-room. Mr. Reed procured his visitors admittance into numerous rooms that would not have been opened to ordinary visitors, or in fact, to hardly anybody, except upon an order from the Speaker.

This was appreciated by Sir Wilfred, but when there was a slight delay at the dining-room entrance, owing to some confusion in arranging the tables and chairs, he thought to have a little fun at the Speaker's expense by saying: "Your authority here Mr. Reed doesn't seem to be absolute." The Speaker's eyes twinkled as he replied, in his customary drawl: "Oh, it isn't hair-trigger, but it will be all right in a minute." The delay was forgotten in the laughter which followed.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### She Roped a Wolf.

MISS ELIZA WALKER, who owns a stock ranch a few miles north of this city, today brought in the scalp of a large gray timber wolf, and the story of its capture by a lady is interesting. All the fall she has been troubled by this wolf. It appeared to make its headquarters in a small ravine, filled with timber, about a quarter of a mile from her house, and from this point it sallied forth in quest of food. A short time ago it killed a young steer belonging to Miss Walker, and several neighbors have lately suffered similar losses. Miss Walker states that along toward evening, as she went out on horseback rounding up her cattle for the night, she discovered the wolf in the very act of making an onslaught upon a young calf in her bunch. Her only weapon of offense was a rope attached to her saddle, and she concluded to make an attempt at roping the animal. This she succeeded in doing at the first attempt. She then started her horse on a run, and after she had exhausted and subdued the animal in this way she permitted her dogs to finish the job.

Wolves are especially numerous in this section of the State this season, and they have never before been known to be so bold.—[Chamberlain (S. D.) Correspondence Minneapolis Times.

### Brought the Proof.

WHEN "Lute" Nieman, editor of the Milwaukee Journal, was a reporter on the Sentinel in 1880 or 1881, he had the reputation, which was well earned and well deserved, of being the most ambitious and most persistent newsgatherer in the city. This is illustrated by an incident occurring during his "cub" days. Nieman was sent out at 11 o'clock at night to interview a politician who was hard to approach and harder to "pump" even under the most favorable circumstances. No one, not even the city editor, expected Nieman to get an interview with the politician, but there was one chance in a thousand that he would talk, so the trial was made. Nieman knocked all the paint off the front door and aroused the neighbors for a block in either direction, but the politician and his family slumbered on, or pretended to.

"I made a lot of noise at his house," explained the

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young man when he returned to the office, "but it was no use, he wouldn't get up."

"Did you ring the bell?"

"Did I ring the bell? I should say I did. I pulled the knob a hundred times and wouldn't have stopped when I did if I'd had more strength."

"Well," said the city editor, "go back to Blank's house and pull that knob again. Don't come back here without proof that you have made a good effort to arouse your man. We must have a talk with old Blank or evidence that we have exhausted every known means of getting him."

Fifty minutes later Nieman sauntered into the city editor's room with an old-fashioned crockery bell-knob and laid it on the desk.

"There," he said, "is proof that I've done my duty. The rest of it is on the stairs and out in the street."

Nieman had brought everything but the bell itself. When the wire was wrapped up it was found to be about one hundred and twenty feet long.—[Milwaukee Correspondent Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### A Fortunate Mistake.

A WORTHY old clergyman in Cumberland, who had brought up a family on £70 a year, being informed of the death of his rector, was advised to apply to the bishop of London for the next presentation. He followed the advice, and was directed to His Lordship's house, in St. James' Square.

By mistake he knocked at the next door, which was the Duke of Norfolk's. The Duke, on being informed a clergyman wished to speak to him, desired him to be introduced, and begged to know the occasion of his visit.

"My lord," said the old gentleman, "the rector of — is dead, and I was advised to come to town and entreat the friendship and protection of your lordship. I have served the parish many years."

"And, pray, whom do you take me for?" said the Duke.

"The bishop of London, my lord."

His grace rang the bell and a servant entered.

"John, who am I?" he asked.

"The Duke of Norfolk, sir."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the curate, starting from the chair. "I humbly entreat your grace's pardon. I assure you that nothing but my ignorance of the town could have occasioned such a mistake."

"Stop, my good friend; you and I don't part thus. We must have a talk, and then see whether I can't show you the way to the bishop of London's house."

An hour later his grace and the clergyman found their way to the bishop's, and the old gentleman left St. James' Square £350 a year richer than he entered it.—[Atlanta Constitution.

### Returned His Compliments.

CAPT. JOHN R. BARTLETT of the navy told a story the other night at the banquet of the Society of the Colonial Wars that aroused much laughter at the expense of the many army officers present. Capt. Bartlett told how much it worried him, when he was put in charge of the office of Naval Intelligence during the war, to hear a woman he knew explain that the Naval Intelligence office was a place where sailors applied for places in the navy, just as cooks, waitresses, and the like, applied to civilian "intelligence offices."

"Not long after I went to Washington," Capt. Bartlett said, "a messenger came into my office and said:

"The compliments of the commissary-general of subsistence of the army to Capt. Bartlett, and can he tell him of some place where he can hire a Swedish nurse girl."

"This is the answer that was sent back:

"Capt. Bartlett's compliments to the commissary-general of subsistence of the army, and he knows nothing about Swedish nurse girls, although he can tell him a lot about army transports."

When the laughter subsided Capt. Bartlett explained that the navy once had a board on transports of which Admiral Erben was the head, which had collected a great amount of information regarding vessels available for use as transports, and the best ways of fitting out such vessels. The army never called for this information, however, and Capt. Bartlett fears his message was misunderstood.—[New York Sun.



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## SWAPPING HORSES.

THE WAY ALDEN MERRIAM GOT INTO TROUBLE  
TRADING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Alden Merriam lived in a place that city folk would call country, but the place where Sim lived seemed the backwoods to him. There wasn't a store in the community, and Alden's father, who had lived there as a boy, once said that it was a good place to make a quarter of a dollar, because no matter how long you stayed there you couldn't spend it.

Ridgeville people spent their money in Lower Edenton and simply lived or lived simply (either way is right) in their lovely hill town.

Almost the first thing that Sim said to Alden was: "You've got here in time for the world's fair."

"World's fair!" replied Alden. "Why, that was years ago when I was a little boy."

"What are you now?" asked Sim, whose thirteen years made the eleven of his cousin seem very few indeed.

Alden, who was very good natured, ignored the question and learned that the world's fair was the local name for the free agricultural fair that was held every October—"up" (down) at Haydenville. Haydenville was

wagons, springy Concords, and jolting hay wagons. Later in the day there would be stylish teams from Hartford, for Haydenville fair is a magnet to a quarter of the State and the rolling country is streaked with thousands of vehicles on fair day.

Just before the boys finished their seven-mile drive they passed the famous Farringford string of cattle, twenty pairs of lordly Holsteins. Their horns were decorated with ribbons and they seemed to know that they were going to take first prize.

"Papa used to own four of those, but he swapped 'em," said Sim as they drove into a ditch to pass them. "He's a great swapper."

Sim was first at the apple tree and hitched Jim securely.

Then the boys ran down the grassy slope to the big tent, which later was to hold within its limits a motley collection of stoves, embroidery, apples, patent wringers, coverlets, bread, lamp shades, pumpkins and pillow shams, but which was now in a chaotic condition.

The boys helped to put up two side tents and saw the five-legged cow and the Circassian lady for nothing as a reward. They threw a ball at the Spaniard, and Alden, who was a very straight shot, hit Weyler so many times that the proprietor of the game gave him 10 cents to go away. Then they stood and jeered at the poor pitching of the majority of the fellows who came up to have a try at the unpopular head. When they tired of that they fished in a waterless pool containing revolvers, rings, sleeve buttons and pocket knives. Sim paid 10 cents and fished up a knife that was marked in raised letters "five cents knife," and Alden fished up a shirt stud for the same sum, a piece of jewelry worth possibly a twelfth of a cent. Then they bought squawkers and made life hideous for nervous people.

One pleasant-looking old gentleman patted Alden on the head and said: "Well, now I know the fair's begun when I hear them. Don't blow too hard or ye'll bust 'em."

swapped his studs for a squawker to the great admiration of Sim, who proclaimed him a born swapper. They lost each other several times and never once saw Sim's father, but toward the close of the day Sim ran across his Uncle Zenas and was invited to come and spend the night. Alden was asked too, but he said with conscious pride, "No, I've got to drive Jim home."

"Look out you don't upset," were Sim's parting words. "Sho! I'm not a kid," said Alden.

The return procession had been moving for two hours before Alden decided that it was time to go. On the hillside that overlooked the central tent hundreds of tired mothers and little children sat. Now and again they had to rise to make room for the teams whose only outlet from the hitching lot was through their ranks. It was a wonder that no one was run over, but a special angel watches over Haydenville fair, and beyond getting lost every few minutes in the throng there is nothing that can happen to you. And if you are lost anyone will give you the time-honored local advice "Just stand still and they'll come around."

When Alden went to the tree to unhitch poor Jim the horse whinnied with delight. He thought he was going to get his lunch, an idea that did not enter the head of the thoughtless little fellow.

A white horse was hitched to the same tree and a man stood beside him fingering the harness.

"How'll you swap," asked Alden with an air of ownership. He was merely joking, but the man said:

"I dunno; let's look at your horse."

He looked the horse carefully over while Alden did the same to the white horse.

"I'll swap even," said the stranger.

"I guess not," said Alden decidedly. Young as he was he knew a good deal about horses, and he saw that the white one was the better animal, but he was not going to take any chances.

"Give me one dollar to boot and you may have him."

The stranger was astonishingly quick in accepting the boy's offer, and in a few minutes the wagons had exchanged horses and Alden was driving home with a clear conscience and a dollar in his pocket for his uncle.

He greatly enjoyed his drive home by himself, and he reached his uncle's in less time than most of the teams took that day. His uncle had just arrived with his cattle and a premium. Only one pair was not the same that he had driven out in the morning. He had swapped on the way home.

"Hello, Uncle Dan. Sim went to Uncle Zenas' and I swapped horses for you. Isn't he a beauty?"

Mr. Merriam was too much astonished to speak at first. But when he had examined the horse he was still more astonished. The animal was worth at least twice as much as Jim. He took the dollar and said:

"Alden, I don't know what to say about this. Jim wasn't yours to swap, but I know you meant to do me a good turn, and if you swapped on the merits of the horses you must be a born judge. Why did you make him give you a dollar to boot?"

"So's to cover myself if I overlooked any faults, but he's worth a good deal more than Jim, isn't he?"

"So much more that I don't believe the man who swapped him owned him any more than you owned Jim. Now, my boy, if that man is a thief I've probably seen the last of Jim, while I'll have to return this horse to his owner."

Alden stared at his uncle as the full meaning of his words came to him, and then he compressed his lips and turning, walked slowly toward the house.

"A born little judge!" said Mr. Merriam to himself.

When Sim and his uncle were driving home to Burlington they were overtaken by the stranger driving Jim. Sim recognized the old horse in a minute.

"Why, Uncle Zene, there's our horse Jim. That man must have stolen him."

"Tain't your buggy, is it? Are you sure it's Jim?"

"I guess I know old Jim," said Sim, so his uncle whipped up his horse and drove in such a manner that at the next barnyard they came to he forced the man to turn in in order to avoid being run down. When taxed with the theft he sprang out of the wagon, and leaping over a fence, disappeared in a patch of woods.

He was not pursued. Sim got into the strange buggy and drove Jim home, as he knew his father would be anxious. He found the owner of the wagon and the white horse at the house. It was a Mr. Needham, who had driven to the fair from Winsted and who had stopped in at every house on his way back on foot to inquire for the missing team.

Alden had remained in his room since the enormity of his offense had dawned upon him. Mr. Merriam now called him down to the sitting-room, where Mr. Needham sat.

"Alden, Sim discovered the horse and has brought him back with the wagon, so no one suffered long from your well-meant act of—"

"Dishonesty," said Alden in a manly tone. "I'm very sorry I did it."

"Well, now what puzzles me is what to do with the dollar the man gave you," said Mr. Merriam. "It doesn't belong to me, it doesn't belong to you nor to Mr. Needham—"

"Well," said Mrs. Needham, who hitherto had not spoken, "I think that Mr. Needham had better take it, as he has been put to a good deal of trouble."

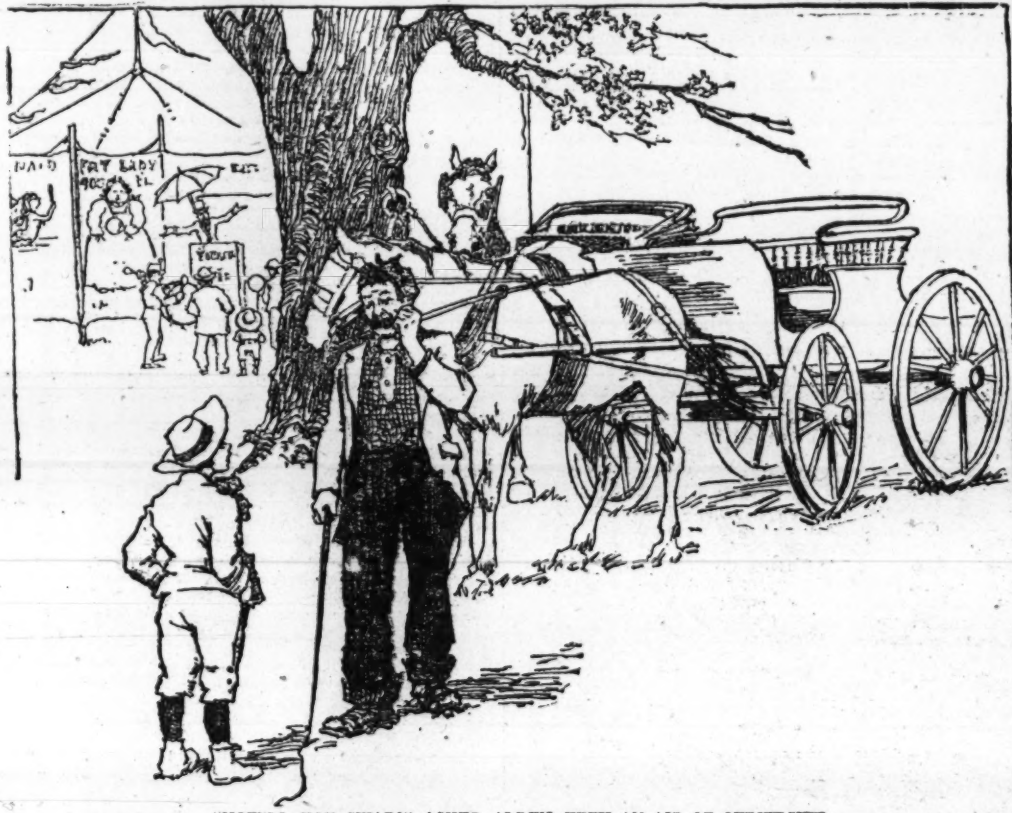
Somewhat to everybody's astonishment Mr. Needham accepted the dollar without a word, but instead of putting it in his pocket he handed it over to Sim.

"What's that for?" asked Sim.

Mr. Needham said, as he buttoned up his coat preparatory to leaving, "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have got my wagon back. The dollar belongs to you by rights."

And although Alden felt very contrite, yet to this day he cannot see the justice of Mr. Needham's transaction.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



"HOW'LL YOU SWAP?" ASKED ALDEN, WITH AN AIR OF OWNERSHIP.

several hundred feet lower than Ridgeville, but as it lay north of it you went "up" to it down some of the steepest hills in that part of the State.

"What do you do there?" asked Alden, to whom the delights of a country fair were unknown.

"Everything you can think of," said Sim, loftily. "Shoot, take chances, candy, cattle show, balloon ascension, cider, poultry, whips, band, squawkers and—oh, oysters."

The last-mentioned attraction was one of the best in the mind of Sim, for Ridgeville is so far from "the shore" that oysters are like angels' visits.

Sim soon worked Alden up to the proper pitch of excitement regarding the fair, and when the day dawned, cool and clear, it found both boys up and eager to go. But as yet the procession of vehicles that twice a year, the morning and evening of fair day passed through the lonely and only street of Ridgeville, had not started.

Sim's father was going afoot with three pair of cattle. His mother was unable to go on account of a heavy cold, but it is safe to say that she would be the only occupant of Ridgeville that day. Still she was not afraid, as tramps are unknown in that lofty settlement.

Just before their early breakfast three teams passed on their way to the fair, and the boys bolted their food and went out to harness up Jim.

"No earthly use to go so early. Won't be anything to see," said Mr. Merriam.

"Tents'll be up," said Sim. "I don't want to miss a bit of it."

"Well, take good care of Jim and be sure to take some oats in the nose bag. Best place to hitch him will be under the old apple tree on the hill. Going early you'll probably get first chance at it."

"Say, father, if Uncle Zenas is there, can I go home with him for the night?"

"I s'pose so. What'll become of Alden?"

"Oh, he can drive Jim back; can't you?"

"Sure. Papa always lets me drive at home. I love horses."

When they started the stream had begun to set in. Wagons of all kinds, from sulkys to four-horse omnibuses; ox carts, canopy tops, buggies, spindles, lumber

"Oh, oysters!" yelled Sim, and made a dart for the booth where they were sold.

"Huh! we have oysters every week," said Alden, but that did not deter Sim from eating twenty-four.

"Say, I should think that man's voice would get tired," said Alden. They were standing in front of a man who had been selling whips at the top of his lungs ever since the fair opened. "Here's a whip fer yer horse with a dollar'n'a half anywhere. I sell it fer one dollar an' no questions ast. B'gosh! I'll throw in another fer luck. An' here y'are, a whip fer yer little boy. Bring him'raound every time. An' ter show my good will here's a whip, jest the thing ter drive the muskittles outter the cubbud in the spring. Hear how she sings, wheooo! wheooo! wheooo! An' one dollar takes the hull lot. I'm shamed ter sell 'em so cheap. Hope no one heerd me—"

"Ef we was so deaf that we couldn't hear you," said a farmer, "ye'd make more money selling ear trumpets than whips."

"If I had a dollar I'd buy those for father," said Sim. "I bet he could sell 'em for a dollar each. He's the greatest man to sell things you ever saw. He went out with the Betty horse and rig one day to go to Waterbury, and he walked home in the evening with a pocketful of money. He'd sold the horse and wagon on the road."

"When I grow up I'm going to do that way," said Alden. "There's a story I read about a boy that went out with his mother's cow and swapped it for less an' less until he finally came home with an egg. Ever hear anything so green? I'd have begun with the egg and gone up to the cow."

"So would father. Oh, there's the merry-go-round. Let's have a ride!"

And so the day passed. They saw all sights, ate enough candy to make them sick, made sickness certain by eating frankfurter sausage, and weren't sick after all, saw the balloon ascension and chased the balloon a mile away through swamps and brooks and over barbed-wire fences, forgot to feed the horse and forgot the lunch that Mrs. Merriam had put up for them, and altogether had quite the best time of their lives. Alden

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## FISHING ON HORSEBACK.

A CALIFORNIA BOY MADE QUITE A POT OF MONEY  
CATCHING SQUIDS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Hi, there!" shouted a boy, very much out of breath, who had run up from the beach where the big rollers were piling in with a mighty roar.

"What is it?" replied a stableman.

"Squids, millions of 'em; they're jest in the surf. Can't you lend me a horse?" gasped the boy.

"Is that so?" said the man. "Why," looking around, "here's a couple of ponies waiting; jump on and I'll go with you," and forthwith the two sprang into the saddles and dashed down to the beach.

"You can hook 'em right ashore," said the boy, and, leaping from the pony, he picked up from the beach, where he had previously laid it, a bamboo rod about nine feet long that had a large hook at the end. Thus equipped, he moved down to the water's edge.

It had been blowing a heavy southeaster, and great waves were coming in, piling up long black masses of kelp that wound away like serpents over the sand. Here and there, just on the borders of the waves, were strange uncanny-looking creatures, six or seven feet in length, with long, finger-like tentacles and black staring eyes. Some were high, dry and helpless; others were half in the water, waving their sucker-like tentacles as though imploring aid, while out in the waves others could be seen, either driven in by some large fish, or beaten in by the sea.

"What good are they?" asked the stableman, who had never seen the animals.

"Good?" repeated the boy. "Why, it's fun catchin' 'em, and I can sell the eyes and pen for 50 cents. Jest look at 'em, will you!" and, digging his feet into the reluctant broncho, he urged him into the surf, where, reaching down, he hooked on to something. A big

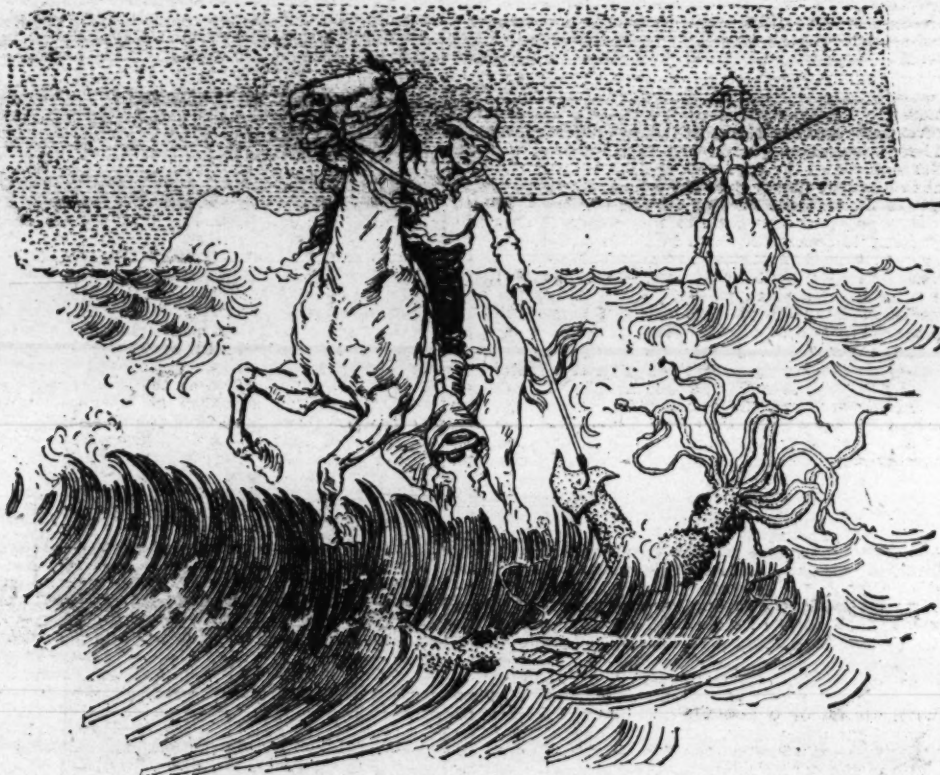
trated and makes a picture at the top of a sheet of paper to illustrate it. He passes it to his left-hand neighbor, who writes his guess at its meaning at the bottom of the sheet of paper and folds it up; as in the game of "Consequences," each folds over the top of the sheet.

For example: Suppose the proverb illustrated was "Birds of a feather flock together." The illustrator has made a picture of three owls sitting together on a branch of a tree. Perhaps his first left-hand neighbor will guess "Wisdom is better than rubies," remembering that the owl is the bird of wisdom. It will be passed on round the circle, and the next person may write the same thing or the right thing, or make some other guess, always folding up the sheet from the bottom until the owls get back to their originator, who has meanwhile been writing guesses at other people's proverbs as their pictures came hurrying to him from the right.

Thus everybody has made a picture and has also guessed the meaning of everybody else's picture. And when each illustrator has at last his own picture in hand again he unfolds the crumpled paper and in turn reads off the guesses of the rest of the party. There is sure to be a refreshing amount of cheering laughter, particularly over the guesses at the meaning of pictures which are so badly done that the picture makers themselves can scarcely tell whether they look most like cabbage beds or last roses of summer.

"Marching to Jerusalem" is an old game which always makes fun for a party of young people who are in the mood for a genuine old-fashioned romp. The fun is sure to be hilariously increased if an older person plays too; and if chance leaves out a grandmamma or a dignified uncle on the first round the merriment is certain to start well, for by the curious law of contraries in fun-making even a semblance of a "joke on" one who is willing to wear it gracefully and is not often thus joked adds to the gaiety.

All that there is to the game of "Marching to Jerusalem" is run on for a half-dozen or a dozen or more people to have ready against the wall chairs for all but one. Then one of the party at a piano or cottage organ



HE URGED HIM INTO THE SURF, WHERE, REACHING DOWN, HE HOOKED ONTO SOMETHING.

wave splashed over his back, drenching him from head to foot, but he held on to the squid, and the broncho, though visibly alarmed at the hideous-looking creature, dragged it out high and dry on the beach, where it lay pumping ink and water, its long arms coiling about like snakes.

After various excursions into the surf the boy, having with the aid of the stableman, hauled the animals above high-water mark, began to secure his treasures. Each squid had a pen—a long, opal-tinted, translucent object, the model of a huge pen and holder eighteen or twenty inches in length. This was found extending from the tip of the tail to the neck of the animal, and served as a support, something like a backbone. But the squid is a squid, not a backboneed animal. Next the huge eyes were taken out and the eyeball secured, which, after drying, resembled a pearl almost as large as a marble. Then the young fisherman produced a bag of ink from the body of the animal, which he said was India ink. This was true, and at one time this sepia was the only India ink known. The pen of some species of the animal is the cuttlefish bone of commerce, given to canary birds. These treasures the young fisherman later sold to tourists and curiosity dealers. C. F. HODER.

## GAMES FOR THE FAMILY.

ILLUSTRATIVE PROVERBS, PATCHWORK PORTRAITS  
AND GOING TO JERUSALEM.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The "proverbs" need not of necessity be strictly proverbs. Any well-known saying or line of poetry will do quite as well. The point of the game is in the illustrations, and the pleasure for all concerned is only enhanced if some of those who play this game draw very childish and others very well.

It is most fun when played by quite a large party. Each person thinks of a line of proverb to be illus-

trated and makes a picture at the top of a sheet of paper to illustrate it. He passes it to his left-hand neighbor, who writes his guess at its meaning at the bottom of the sheet of paper and folds it up; as in the game of "Consequences," each folds over the top of the sheet.

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## OF COURSE.

[Detroit Journal:] The more doctors a man has, the less certain are they what ails him, and the more certain are other people.

Extraordinary as is the record of Gen. Hawley, the personal expenses of whose campaign footed up only \$3, it is surpassed by that of the late President Seelye of Amherst College, whose campaign for Congress cost him one 3-cent stamp.

## LAY SERMONS.

THE richness and fullness of the true Christian's life can never be measured. It is boundless in its wealth, "having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." He is "joint heir with Christ to a heavenly inheritance," "an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away."

And what is embraced in that "heavenly inheritance?" First of all, there is the love of God and the forgiveness of sin. With these two how will even this earth life expand and brighten. The love of God is like the sunlight enveloping the entire life of the Christian, filling it with the bright blossoms of hope and the fullness of peace. A sense of this divine love takes from the heart every doubt and fear, every dread of danger, and gives to it the assurance of security and safety such as nothing can destroy. And the sense of sins forgiven! Is there anything which will so awake within the heart triumphant peans of joy, and lift it above the cares and woes of earth into the assured nearness of God's presence?

Another thing included in this inheritance is everlasting life. Think what that implies—to live on, and on forever beyond the reach of death; beyond the touch of sin; in the presence of the forgiving God, companioned by angels and the redeemed, in that heavenly world "Where God's own light, unhindered and undarkened by a sun, shines forth alone in glory."

And in that inheritance is included also one of the "many mansions" reserved for God's redeemed. The glory and the beauty of those mansions has not been revealed to us, but we cannot doubt but that they are transcendently glorious, as the "place" Christ has gone to prepare for us. They will lack nothing. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys laid up for those who love Him"—that is God.

What, then, has the Christian to fear? What matter the fleeting sorrows and cares of time, when beyond earth is the glorious morning of eternal life, where will be not only unhindered joy, but unhindered progress? All knowledge will be open to the soul then. Stars and suns will be but the golden dust with which our pathway is sown, and the created universe but the vast volume of God's Providence, which we may read and study. The eternal years will not be long enough to turn its manifold pages. Psalms of redemption and praise will ring out from all the starry choirs, and on, forever on, man will find no place where God is not, where divine love is not manifested and the glory of the Creator shown.

But dearer than all other places that our feet may tread will be the "green pastures beside the still waters" where Christ will lead us and walk with us in the full companionship of His undying love. There we may learn what He hath wrought for us, and share with Him the councils of eternity. We may talk with Him of the story of Calvary, and learn of Him how His infinite Heart yearned over a lost and ruined race. Of the story of redemption we shall never tire; the grandeur and the vastness of forgiving love will thrill every responsive chord in our being until we shall feel that even eternity is not long enough to sing its praise. O, to be redeemed! The fullness of its meaning will dawn upon us as the eternal years roll on, and forever will our lips be attuned to new alleluias to Him who wrought redemption for us through His blood. At the cross we shall feel that our life began and the worth of being was revealed.

And the joy of all this is in the fullness of redemption. It is for all who will come. "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let be afraid."

Oh, blessed words of the divine Master, the soul that trusts in them shall be cradled in eternal peace.

We may find this blessed Christ in all the daily walks of life. None are too lowly for Him to seek and bless. He is ready to love all men, for He died for all, and the poet says of Him, as he speaks for Him—the Christ of Nazareth:

Never in a costly palace did I rest on golden bed,  
Never in a hermit's cavern have I eaten idle bread.

Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round Me stood,  
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled, and found it good.

They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;  
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;  
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;  
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.

## THE PRINCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A very deep feeling of affection exists between the Prince of Wales and his only unmarried daughter, Princess Victoria, remarks a current magazine.

She has always been a great pet of her father, who used affectionately to call her "Torie," partly, no doubt, as an abbreviation of her name, but partly, also, in reference to her quaintly conservative opinions and friendships. During the time that the Prince was laid up after his accident, Princess Victoria devoted herself especially to him and did much by her care and attention to make a time of enforced inactivity pass as pleasantly as possible to her naturally energetic father.

## PRIDE HAS A FALL.

[Chicago Post:] "They are engaged," she had said, after having watched the couple across the aisle for some time.

"Why do you say engaged, instead of married?" he asked.

"Well, after a woman is married she still exhibits the same proprietary interest in a man, but she doesn't seem to be so proud of it."



## WOMAN AND HOME.

## BEETLE-TAILED COATS.

EVANESCENT POPULARITY OF THE EXTREMES IN MODERN STYLES.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The tailors have their needles threaded and their shears sharpened for the cutting and basting of spring coats. The women whose clothes are guides and beacon lights to their sisters, are setting out for the South just now, and the light coats they take with them serve as perfect models for the stay-at-homes.

All the youthful and slender women, such as Mrs. Clarence Mackey, Mrs. John R. Livermore and Mrs. Almeric Paget, will wear in North Carolina, Florida and



THE BEETLE-TAILED COAT.

Bermuda either very short or wonderfully long jackets over their flannel and silk shirt waists. The short coats are quite bewitching, for they are cut off exactly at the waist line, but do not close in for a tight fit. Instead, they hang out rather freely and are sloped open and gusseted in three places on the bottom. In front they close up, with a fly finish so high that a necktie just peeps out at the top; the sleeves are severe and a narrow notched collar, faced with corded silk, folds away about the neck.

With a soft, slozy silk in dull pink, blue, green or red these coats are lined, and the one pocket in such garments is set on the outside and rather high on the left breast. Now, no woman with full hips and bust should presume to assume one of these little garments, for



JACKET FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

manifestly the jaunty cut of it will only display her rotund proportions to the most ludicrous disadvantage.

The plump, short person can in all safety, though, claim as her own the coat with the beetle tails; the coat that is a swift cutaway over the hips and drops its rear skirts to the wearer's knee or even to her heels. There is only one great drawback to this wrap; it does not lend itself to successful make in the hands of any but an expert tailor. Still the beetle backs are bound to have a season of great popular exaltation, though it requires no great acumen to decide that one season will round out their existence. The style of the garment, like the prevailing cut of skirts, is too exaggerated to hold feminine favor over long.

Dandyish short wraps are piped with silk instead of strapped in their seams. The silk matches the color of the coat's cloth, and the select coatings for this year are gray covering instead, or brown, ink blue, and iron rust brown military melton, and later we are going to have silk and poplin and wool grenadine coats made over colored silk linings.

Women who know how to buy at the remnant counters have excelled their shrewd genius by purchasing reduced lengths of crushed velvet, velours antique, embossed satin, etc., and making them up into coat's bodies with cutaway tails and hung with huge lace jabots in front. A gorgeous-looking body is inexpensively compiled by the sewing woman who comes to the house, and all sorts of old skirts, silk, satin, or wool, are worn out in the now waning season by the aid of this coat device.

The one message, warning, or advice on the tongue of every dressmaker is the overskirt. Not to wear an overskirt is to argue yourself a hopeless Phillistine of fashion. The light-weight, light-toned Henriettas, Amazon cloths, wool armures, the lovely white drap du Sudan and the countless cotton weaves, are being rapidly converted into costumes with Greek peplums, round apron effects, or tunic draperies. We may disapprove on the score of comfort, but we can't help relishing the novelty that has been so sorely needed for some time in the lower half of the modish toilet.

After all, so excessively airy are the spring goods, without exception, and so skillfully has all superfluous width been eliminated from our draperies that we will

not carry in the overskirts an inch of actual extra material.

The placket hole is still a mystery, and only the maker of a skirt and its wearer know how it is got into. No riding habits were ever made to fit with more of a well-put-on-wall-paper effect than the skirt of the moment, and it is neither untruthful nor ill-natured to say that women who are broad in the beam, heavy in hip and show great abdominal fullness, commit hari-kari, so far as their own grace and good looks go, by adopting this excessively Parisian fashion.

The latest extremity to which this fashion has gone is that of lacing the skirt up in front. The skirt is slit open about ten or twelve inches down from the waist line and this opening, when the garment is in place, is closed by silk lacings that run up to the waist and there form a bow knot with gilt-tipped ends.

Taking the signals of spring as they appear day by day, one finds the foulards in evidence with very few changes, in their spots and dots and stripings, over last summer. Silk-lisse is a charming novelty goods, half cotton, half silk, very soft, washable and in changeable blues, cerise, yellows and star greens. Don't be in the least afraid of Bayadere strips. They are a fashionable force to reckon with still in grenadines, wool goods, etamines and ginghams.

If elaborate preparations for heavy sales are significant then white cotton gowns, especially embroidered ones, are sure to be a dominant feature next summer. Few of such toilets, bear it in mind, will be made of plain white nainsook, muslin, or pique, more or less conservatively trimmed. The truly pretty and admirable white dress will instead be a maze of embroidery and tucks. Some years ago a costume of that type represented enormous hand labor and a huge dressmaker's bill.

This spring bolts of white stuff, manufactured in alternate stripings of embroidery insertion, fittings of lace and clusters of the delicate little tucks, will lie on counters at a price any purse will be able to compass, and it will require no great amount of skill to put such a gown in wearing shape, since tucked and lace-edged and gathered fills are also sold, ready for application, in the shops.

The first fashion swallow, so to speak, always appears as a harbinger of spring in women's hats, in the attractive form of flowers. Feathers at this moment are decidedly twisted by long battle with mid-winter dust and gales, and women are glad enough to prolong the useful beauty of a felt or velvet toque by replacing bedraggled plumes with knots of fresh posies.

A stalk of flowers is the momentary preference. It



A SPRING SUIT.

stands up as high as six inches where the plumes lately waved and its body is wire, wrapped with ribbon, and onto this small roses, violets, primroses, pansies, etc., climb in close set company, quite like hollyhock round their garden stakes. The wire frame work is then so fastened to the hat that at every nod of the wearer's head and every passing breeze the stalk sways this way and that. Another springish idea in millinery is that of having ornamental hat pin heads united by a pretty chain punctuated with small jewels or tiny enameled flower faces.

MARY DEAN.

## MILLIONAIRE CLOTHES SALES.

HOW COLORED WARDROBES ARE DISPOSED OF TO MAKE ROOM FOR MOURNING.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

After the death of Calvin Brice his wife and daughters held a sale of their wardrobes at their home in New York. Society has attended too many of these sales on account of going into mourning to evince anything but a shrewd interest in the bargains offered.

The first person to inaugurate this thrifty treatment of this mourning problem was Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts. On the death of her husband, she had just completed her outfit for winter splendors, and her mourning represented a loss of nearly \$8000. With excellent business



THREE NEW OVERSKIRTS.



sense, she hired two rooms at a fashionable hotel, every colored garment in her possession was sent and artfully disposed about the apartments, and a capable saleswoman and assistant were put in charge. Cards were written announcing the sale and posted to all Mrs. Roberts's friends, and, after society got over its first shock, a rushing business was done in those two hotel rooms.

It is safe to say that not only did Mrs. Roberts not lose a cent on her wardrobe, but actually sold everything at a marked profit. The women came in hordes many to see and the majority to buy. The saleswoman



HER MOTHER NEVER GIVES HER A CHANCE.

assistant showed off the gowns and hats on her own person, and so kindly did the most conservative social element take to this arrangement that nobody thinks a whit the less of you today for trying to find what silver lining you can to your cloud of bereavement.

The Brice sale was a more private affair; none of the afflicted family appeared, and the library and drawing-room were given up to the clothes fair. One woman who attended counted something like 1500 toilets in all, including bicycle and bathing suits, tea gowns, and dinner dresses. Fans, handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, shoes, feather boas, boxes of odd ribbons, plumes, artificial flowers, mock and real jewels, tinted note paper, underwear decorated with colored ribbons, all were heaped about the drawing-room and library, and two skillful maids, under the direction of a trained saleswoman, who gets her living by conducting these functions, carried on the bargaining.

A curious feature of these sales is that absolutely no credit is given. The proceedings are conducted on a cash basis, and you are at liberty to try and beat down the price to the very best of your ability. Another peculiar fact is that invariably everything is sold, even to pairs of old golf stockings with holes in them, for no



THE WELL-BROUGHT-UP MAMA.

Woman feels her dignity in the least lowered by buying and wearing another's old things.

Sometimes, as in the case of Miss Elsie de Wolf, who sold her clothes on the death of her father, the bereaved lady prefers to conduct her own enterprise, and then it is perfectly evident that even the sincerest grief cannot blind a clever woman to the advantages of driving a sharp bargain. When these sales are personally conducted it is customary to serve a luncheon of hot chocolate and sandwiches, or afternoon tea, and the buyers invariably arrange themselves for the delivery of articles they purchase. If you happen to ask the average fashionable and wealthy woman why she attends these



MISS DE WOLF'S SALE.

sales she will answer readily enough that she went to Mrs. Roberts's because the clothes were sure to be splendid and worth buying; to the Brice sale for nearly the same reason, and to Miss de Wolf's because, though she might not find gowns so sumptuous, she was willing to take an old dress merely to use it as a model for her dressmaker since Miss de Wolf is clothed always in the latest Parisian invention. Besides, the sales amuse and satisfy curiosity, and are an irresistible temptation to extravagance.

When Mrs. Joseph Choate sails away with her gifted husband, who has been appointed our Ambassador to the court of St. James, a sigh of real relief will go up from the ladies who lead the anti-suffrage movement in New York. Mrs. Choate is a charming woman and one of the pillars of the suffragists' temple as it stands in the midst of smart society.

For years the workers for woman's rights had no hearing or following among the fashionable classes, for your fashionable woman is wonderfully hidebound and non-progressive. When Mrs. Choate, however, became thoroughly persuaded that one woman, one vote, was a law both human and divine, she undertook to clear the cobwebs from her society sisters' brain in short order. By sheer force of eloquence and enthusiasm she roused her dancing, dining, Paris-bonnet-wearing associates to a very righteous sense of indignation at the voteless condition of the sex—not only does she now find time to fulfill all her duties as a wife and mother, get about to shops and opera, chaperon her pretty daughter Mabel, keep up a handsome winter home just off Fifth avenue, and in summer a pretty cottage at Stockbridge, but she works as hard at her politics as any Senator in Washington.

She addresses meetings of Paris-gowned sympathizers in Louis XV. drawing-rooms, and groups of sturdy short-haired new women in their clubs. She writes papers and collects signatures for the next petition to be laid before the Legislature, but her noblest efforts are directed toward the utter confounding and undoing of her rivals in her own circle of society, the anti-suffragists. The leader of this reactionary party in the aristocratic neighborhood is an equally earnest, equally fashionable and smartly-dressed person, Mrs. Arthur Dodge.

Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker are no wider apart in their political sympathies than Mrs. Choate and Mrs. Dodge, and the war between the two has been waged merrily, with the larger share of victories usually falling to Mrs. Choate, who does not hesitate to thankfully acknowledge the encouragement and assistance received from her husband. Just now, because of her rival's enforced absence in Europe, Mrs. Dodge anticipates a rich harvest of converts to anti-suffrage—Mrs. Choate, however, will be received with open arms by the English women suffragists, to whose excellent work and methods, especially in the wealthy and titled class, she is going to devote great attention.

When Paul Bourget, Zangwill and Barrie came over to New York, one of their first inquiries was for the typical American girl, whose fame was made international by novelists, and whom foreigners hope to see quite as much as buffalo and red Indians.

To all these inquiries the answer was: "Go West, or South, she is no longer here"—she is nothing but a beautiful tradition in New York, where the married woman has assumed her place. She is no longer persona grata in society, for her mother has selfishly shouldered

her out. Run over the season's list of belles and whom do you find filling seats at dinner parties, filling up the floors at balls, ornamenting the fronts of the opera boxes and quietly assuming the attentions of all the amusing, good-looking eligible men? Why, Mrs. Clews, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. Burden, Mrs. de Forrest, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Whitney and scores of other matrons who are still beautiful, still engaging, but none the less are they at that time of life when the mother, fifty years ago, wore a cap, carried her knitting and watched with pride her young daughters having their innocent fling.

Daughters, indeed, most of these well-preserved ladies have, but, bless you, they don't get a showing beside this mother trust. The modern New York girl stays in the nursery till she is turned 18, and when she does come out her mother so thoroughly overshadows and heavily chaperons her that she has not the smallest chance at the harmless frivolity, freedom and flirtations that used to make the American girl's life an enviable thing.

If you want to see this season's crop of debutantes, you will find them holding up the wall at dances, while they watch their light-footed mothers leading geymans. You will see the poor little thing in a plain white frock, sitting meekly in the back of mamma's box, and talking between the opera acts to some good, deaf old gentleman. She humbly pours tea on mamma's day at home, and keeps elderly lady callers in a good humor, and nobody asks girls, anyway, to dinners any longer.

Why should one, for the New York debutante has either gone in for dead languages and literature, like pretty Miss Elsie Clews, or athletics and charity, as Miss Hoyt and Miss Goelet; else she is too shy to make conversation, and therefore is not invited. The child is shy or solemn and pedagogic because under the mother trust she has had no chance to blossom out.

Of course this condition of things will eventually bring about a revolt of the daughters, but the mothers meanwhile are making heaps of hay in the sunshine, and their latest maneuver has been to shut down entirely on the title mother. The complaint is that mamma or mother is a very ageing term, to be constantly ringing in one's ears, and girls are taught to use the gay and more familiar French and English diminutives for mother—mimsy, mimi, chere, mignonne and bien-aimée—are all popular substitutes for the beautiful word mother, and, aside from the tragedy of it, there is an infinitely comic side in hearing a pretty girl quite affectionately address a portly dowager, who would tip the scales at 185, as mopsis, ma petite, or doudonce.

EMILY HOLT.

#### BEYOND HER CAPACITY.

[Chicago Tribune.] Pupil. They don't care to have me take German, Miss Higgins.

Teacher. Your parents think it is enough for you to talk in your mother tongue, do they?

Pupil. I guess so, but I know I can't never learn to talk like mother can.

Mrs. Arminta Obanion, an old colored woman who died at New Richmond, O., the other day, was a servant in the household of Jesse Grant, father of U. S. Grant, and rocked the latter to sleep on many occasions. She also at one time was employed by James G. Birney, the abolitionist, and was present when a mob destroyed the Philanthropist office.



# The Development of the Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

### Profitable Silos.

THE use of ensilage in the country about Clearwater during the past season is pronounced an unqualified success. The silos, nearly all of which have been built within the past year, were most of them put up as more or less of an experiment. Many of the farmers expressed grave doubts as to their value, but now the most skeptical are said to have been convinced that the silos have demonstrated their usefulness.

Most of the silos which have been erected have been put up by patrons of the creamery at Hynes, formerly South Clearwater. Fifteen out of about eighty of the patrons have built them and there is no doubt that a large number of others will do so. The silos are in the shape of tall, circular tanks and in two sizes. One size is 12 feet in diameter by 24 feet high, and the other is 16 feet in diameter by 30 feet high. The cost of the smaller is about \$80, and that of the larger about \$100. The structures are of 2x6-inch redwood or pine, held together by iron bands bent around the outside and cinched tight.

The ensilage, most of it, is made from corn cut up as it is hardening in the ear. The cutting or chopping is done on a cooperative plan, in which the milk-producers associated with the creamery are interested. A ten-horse power engine is used. The engine is mounted on wagon trucks so that it may be readily hauled to the farm of any patron and the cutter is similarly mounted. Stockholders are charged 20 cents per ton for cutting the ensilage and non-stockholders have to pay 25 cents per ton. Connected with the cutter is a forty-foot carrier which deposits the cuttings into the top of the silo. The cutter has a capacity of ten tons per hour.

Most of the cutting is done in July. The bottom of each silo has a plank floor or a solid dirt surface. The cuttings are steadily run in to the silo till it is filled to the top. As they are deposited the mass is trodden down so that it may be as solid as possible and thereby exclude the air. Some of the silos have roofs over the top and others are provided with canvas coverings.

The ensilage is usually left in the silo till October, although feeding from it may commence at any time. If left for two or three months the top, to a depth of about a foot, gets musty and unfit for use, but the ensilage underneath is kept in good condition for feeding. It changes color and has a slightly acid taste, but is much relished by the cattle after they once get used to it, which is within a few days.

The top surface left exposed after one day's feeding does not spoil before the next day's feeding time. As the surface gets lower and lower in the silo, small doors are cut in the side, one a few feet under another and so on down to the bottom. A chute is built on the outside so that the ensilage thrown out from any of the doors is dumped into a box on the ground outside without being scattered and wasted. About forty pounds per day of ensilage and ten pounds of dry hay is found to be a very good allowance for the average cow. In years when there is a normal winter rainfall, the feeding of the ensilage will doubtless commence in October and continue until the next March, from which time there should be plenty of green feed, for the rest of the year.

As far as careful observation has been able to distinguish, the use of the ensilage has in no way unfavorably affected the milk supply, but on the contrary, has improved it. During a period of 100 days, extending over the past dry season, when feed was scarcest and when butter commanded a high price, it is estimated that the ensilage from the few silos which had been put up by the patrons of the creamery increased the butter output 100 pounds per day. That would make an increase of 100,000 pounds of butter during that period, on account of the use of ensilage. The butter was then netting the milk-producers from 25 to 30 cents per pound. That would make an increase of between \$2500 and \$3000 in revenue.

One important advantage of feeding the chopped corn is that every particle of the fodder, including the stalk, is eaten with a relish by the stock, while if the corn were allowed to dry, and were fed uncut, the stalks would be wasted. Surprisingly large quantities of ensilage may be obtained from some pieces of land. One three-acre patch, south of Clearwater, last summer produced corn sufficient for fifty tons of it, although that is probably well above the average.

The operating of the cutting apparatus is in charge of C. C. Ridgway, who is manager and superintendent of the creamery.

Two large silos have been built on the County Farm and 230 tons of ensilage is stored in them ready for use.

### Water from Wells.

THE development of water from wells, as shown in the itemized account which appeared in the New Year's number of The Times, is very important. There are some omissions; in other cases the figures are too large, but even dividing by two, we have 7500 miners'

inches. This, while within the truth, exceeds the total output of the following important rivers and creeks in July and August: Mill Creek, Bear Valley and the Santa Ana, Warm Creek, Lytle Creek, San Antonio Creek and San Gabriel River.

Yet it is plain that we have just begun the development of wells. The work done has been very crude. Two first-class pumping plants have been located. Few wells have been tested, and in many instances pumps have been poorly adjusted to the wells.

The time for crude work is now past. The coming season will witness far better results, and in that change the greatest factor will be careful well tests. The pump men will hereafter require the pump buyer to tell them how much water their wells will yield, when pumped to certain depths, and whether it is free from sand, how much of a drop from water level when being pumped, etc.

The prospect of a large increase of irrigated lands, as well as a large increase of water for lands already irrigated, but short of water, is most excellent. Would it not be feasible to lower the water level, and so save from permanent loss in many places by ceasing to irrigate from the rivers, and instead pumping water out of the ground. Thus drainage and irrigation would be accomplished by the same process, and at very low expense. Would it not be well, also, to redeem the lands below Riverside, which have become swampy from seepage, and which will become more so, by pumping up the water and carrying it to high ground farther down, but near at hand?

The pump and well have come.

### Shoe Factory.

J. F. ADAMS of Lowell, Mass., purchased last week five lots in East Los Angeles, in what is known as the Chavez tract, a short distance south of Downey avenue. The property has a frontage of 250 feet by 150 feet deep, and it is the intention of the owner to put a valuable improvement upon it. Mr. Adams has a large interest in one of the leading Massachusetts shoe companies, which has factories in several New England cities. After correspondence with his associates, he came to the conclusion that the opening here for a great shoe factory is a good one, and accordingly has taken the preliminary steps to start the enterprise. He left for the East last Thursday and expects to return in July, when, unless something unforeseen occurs, work on a modern shoe factory will be commenced, which, when completed, and in full running order, will give employment to two or three hundred men and women at good wages.

Mr. Adams says that many large towns in New England are kept up by shoe factories and are prosperous and growing all the time. He believes there is room for one such establishment to supply the Pacific Coast, South Sea, and Asiatic trade, in Los Angeles, and has determined to try the experiment. About fifty workmen will be brought from New England and the ranks later recruited by labor obtained here. The finest modern machinery will be put in. The benefit of this enterprise will be great to the city and to East Los Angeles in particular.

### Metallurgical Guide Book.

WADE & WADE, the assayers of this city, have issued a compendium of metallurgy. It contains a description of various ores and minerals, an outline of processes and operations used in extracting these minerals, with many other details that are of interest to mining men.

### A Pioneer Electric Power Plant.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the fact that the statement recently published as to the Redlands electric plant being the pioneer in long-distance work in this section is incorrect, that distinction belonging to the San Antonio plant of Pomona, which was two years ahead of the world's practice in using a high potential, and the longest commercial line in the world, the Redlands plant not using a high potential until some years after it was built, while it was several months after the San Antonio line was operated before the Redlands company was worked at all.

### Oxnard Sugar Factory.

THE proprietors of the Oxnard sugar factory have decided to at once double the capacity of the beet-sugar factory. The Oxnard Courier, in its issue of January 28, says:

"The work of construction will be commenced at once, and the intention is to have everything ready, when the campaign opens, to handle 2000 instead of 1000 tons of beets per day. When the work is in full blast, which will be by the middle of February, a construction force of about three hundred and fifty men will be employed. The increased capacity will give employment to over

five hundred men in the factory, during the campaign, and furnish a market to an increased acreage of beets. That this means increased business prosperity to Oxnard goes without saying. It certainly bears out the Courier's predictions in its first issue.

"When the Oxnards planned the sugar factory here, it was their intention to make its capacity 2000 tons per day. Their investigations satisfied them that with their own large holdings, beets could be profitably grown upon a sufficient acreage to justify the enterprise on such a large scale. It was intended to have the factory completed to half its capacity for the campaign of 1898 and to its full capacity in 1899. Last year proving unfavorable on account of the drought, the plan of completing any part of the factory for use that year was changed, and what beets were raised were shipped to Chino for treatment. We will state here that in spite of the unfavorable season, the sugar-beet crop here was larger than in any locality in the State, and the saccharine percentages higher.

"Many feared that the company would be content to complete the factory to one-half its capacity, or 1000 tons per day, for which the machinery is now in place, and postpone finishing to its full capacity until next year. This might have been the case had the season opened unfavorable for crops, but the generous rains of the month turned the scale in our favor.

"It was generally understood that the factory would be finished to its full capacity of 2000 tons per day ten days ago, and contracts were being made for beets on the basis of the factory's full capacity immediately after the storm of the 10th, 11th, and 12th, but formal announcement and active work had to wait until the directors met and acted. This they have done, and the Courier is able to assure its readers that their expectations as far as the factory is concerned will be fully met.

"This work does not require the duplication of all the buildings, as the main building and the sugar-house were constructed, the one to receive the additional machinery and the other to store the product of a 2000-ton factory. However, the work of building will be very considerable. Boiler room will have to be constructed for double the capacity, additional storage provided for oil and another mammoth stack built and possibly some other building done. All the machinery now in the factory will be duplicated, with the exception of the engine. This work, with what was left incomplete when construction was practically stopped last summer, makes the amount to be done nearly as much as has already been done.

"This work is to commence at once, so as to have the factory ready for the opening of an early campaign, about the 15th of July. It will be pushed as rapidly as possible, and work is expected to be in full blast by the middle of February. A construction force of fully 350 men will be required to complete the work within the time specified.

"Besides the large number of men employed in construction work during the first half of the year, the operation of the factory at its full capacity will give employment to over five hundred men during the campaign, and the purchase of beets will be largely increased.

"As it is the policy of this company to favor home labor and home business in purchasing supplies, outside of machinery account, its only considerable expenditure that will not inure directly to build up Oxnard and Ventura county will be freight bills.

"Everything that Oxnard has expected is assured, and there is no longer any reason why anyone considering the matter should hesitate to buy real estate, or the owners of real estate to make extensive and permanent improvements, or merchants to put in large stocks of goods to meet the demands of a trade that is sure to come.

"The danger now is that the doubting Thomases, who have been predicting a dry year and that the company would not increase the factory, will not get ready for the coming trade and that thousands of dollars that should go to build up Oxnard will go to enrich the merchants of other towns, because the advantages and opportunities here offered have not been embraced."

The Courier estimates that the Oxnard Construction Company will pay out during the present year at least a million dollars in wages and to the farmers for beets. The Courier gives the following information regarding one important lease of land that has been made for beet-raising purposes:

"The Leonardt lease of 520 acres of the Patterson ranch is being put in shape for beet planting very rapidly with six-horse teams and gang-plows. A portion of the land was already sown to barley, which is up several inches. This is being turned under. The bunk-houses used during the construction work at the factory have been located on the ranch and are being put in shape for the use of the force of men required to properly grow and harvest such a large acreage. F. J. Capitan, who is giving it his personal attention, is an expert on beet-raising, and the ranch foreman, W. C. Ross, is an efficient executive assistant. This experiment is watched with a great deal of interest, especially by those who claim that beets cannot be successfully raised on such a large scale. Others think that it will prove a big success and the results will rival some of the experiences of the bean boom days in the profits that will accrue. There would seem to be no valid reason why, with a favorable season and on suitable soil, as good results should not be obtained per acre upon a large as on a small scale, provided, always, that the management is capable, economical and understands the business. These conditions seem to be present in this case.

"The Leonardt lease of 520 acres of the Patterson ranch is not the only large tract that will be put into beets this season. A. F. Maulhardt will put in 450 acres. He is a very capable man and thoroughly understands beet-raising and everything points to his success.

"No definite information has been received as to the company's plans at the factory, but it is known that



they expect to contract for about fourteen thousand acres of beets."

#### Profitable Orange Grove.

**A**N INVESTMENT that will repay two-thirds of the purchase price within a year is certainly a profitable one. The Riverside Enterprise says in regard to an orange grove at that place:

"Hugh Latimer purchased six and a half acres of orange grove about a year ago from the Riverside Land and Irrigation Company, paying for the same, \$2500. This year he sold the crop on the place for \$1800. Who says there is no money in orange-raising, when the business is properly carried on. Here is an instance where a grove pays two-thirds of the purchase price the first year after buying. It is safe to say one could not buy Mr. Latimer's grove for any such money as it cost him."

#### Chinese Merchants.

**S**AN DIEGO is extending its commercial business, since the new steamship line was established. The San Diego Tribune says:

"The representatives of Chinese importing and exporting companies, whose presence here for the purpose of establishing a local institution of that kind was previously reported in the Tribune, have secured premises on the corner of Second and J streets, and will open for business after the Chinese New Year. The company will be known as Wong On & Co., general importers and commercial agents, also dealers in Chinese merchandise. The manager of the business will be Quon Mane, an old resident of this city, and an exceptionally bright and well-informed man in English as well as Chinese business affairs. The premises to be occupied to begin with, gives a floor space of 50x200 feet in the two stories, and within the near future it is expected that an addition as large again will be made."

#### Planting in Santa Barbara County.

**F**ROM all parts of Santa Barbara county comes the cheerful news of busy farmers, returning bands of stock, and fine prospects for a good year for all classes of horticulture and agriculture. The Santa Barbara Press says:

"Never before was so much land being seeded to hay and grain, or prepared for other crops—beans, mustard, sugar beets, etc. With the close of the season one-half so good as the beginning, there will be big yields of every kind of produce."

"The clear, warm weather following the heavy rain of the 10th and 11th ult., is particularly advantageous to vegetation, and to the tillers of the soil. In the immediate vicinity every available team is at work in the fields, and a few days more will find most of the grain and hay crops in."

The Lompoc Record says:

"In nearly forty years' residence in California we have never seen the weather of January paralleled. For nearly half the month no sign or appearance of frost has been visible. The rains of the 10th and 11th inst. have forced all manner of verdure to a growth that saves stockmen the great expense and responsibility of feeding both work and stock animals. Such a condition was possible, but hardly thought probable in so short a time. The last rains have so enthused our farmers and infused new life, that now 'tis believed the farmed area for '99 will exceed by many thousand acres that of any former year in the history of the State, and the farmers are not working without hope; the shortage in all kinds of produce will, or should give a good market for everything produced."

"Ex-Supervisor de la Cuesta is bringing his stock back from the Stockton sloughs to the Cojo ranch. Some days since, 400 head were safely landed at Surf and driven over with a loss of only four head; and again Wednesday 300 head more were landed and driven over. The balance of 1000 head will soon be safely on that famous range, where feed is now most plentiful, where rainfall of January 9 and 10 exceeded six and one-half inches."

The Press Santa Maria correspondent says:

"One more week of fair weather will see grain sowing nearly completed. Farmers are very busy in the fields and it is stated that the grain acreage will equal, if not exceed, that of two years ago, when about three hundred thousand sacks of grain and 10,000 sacks of beans were raised in this valley, including the Oso Flaco. A report seems to be current in neighboring districts to the effect that Santa Maria was left out in the cold by the last rain. The seasonal rainfall to December 31 was 1.95 inches, and that for January, to date, 3.50 inches, making a total of 5.45 inches. These are reliable figures taken from L. E. Blochman's observations."

"Reports from the big ranches on the islands across the channel are still more favorable. The rainfall there was greater than on the mainland, equaling about 6 inches for the last storm and 10 inches for the season. On Santa Cruz feed has been very good all summer, considering the dry season, and about fifty thousand sheep were carried through. The ranges on all the islands are now green with grass, several inches high in many places, and all signs indicate prosperity for the owners, and work in plenty for the men."

The Santa Ynez correspondent of the Press writes:

"The grain acreage of the valley will be increased several thousand acres as a result of the recent rain."

#### Fine Oranges.

**T**HE Wells-Fargo Express Company is about to send out its annual donation to the great people of the world in the shape of Highland oranges. The San Bernardino Sun says:

"Superintendent Priddy of Los Angeles secured his usual carload yesterday and will have them packed extra fine and shipped by express to different points, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while many boxes will go across the oceans in both directions, from Manila to the Queen's palace in England."

"This is an annual custom and each year the oranges

are selected from the choicest of the Highland fruit, as that has been pronounced better than that from any other locality. The selection is made a little earlier than usual this year as the fruit is farther advanced and there is to be a dearth of choice fruit soon."

#### Ice in San Bernardino.

**T**HE San Bernardino Sun gives the following account of an enterprise in which a well-known Santa Barbara is the prime mover:

"At the time that Mr. Voorhees of Santa Barbara made his first visit to San Bernardino, looking for a site for an ice plant, the Sun gave an outline of his plan, including his interview with the Santa Fé officials in regard to supplying the road with the ice necessary for its business, and locating the coming plant near the Santa Fé yards. It also gave at different times the moves made by Mr. Voorhees to secure the water from the city supply and again the request for a light assessment on the plant when in its infancy."

"The story now comes down to the carrying out of the several plans outlined in former articles and the putting up of the plant and production of the ice. The lot at the corner of Third and I streets has been secured, and this morning Contractor N. Philbrook commences the erection of the building."

"The building is to be of brick, 120x48 feet in size on the ground floor, with 12-inch walls on a solid concrete foundation. The power used will be electricity and the ice made on the compressed air plan, the factory having at first a capacity of seventeen tons daily, which can be increased as necessity requires. It is expected to have the plant in running order for the summer."

"As stated in a former article the main support of the factory will be supplying the demand for the railroad, the Santa Fé having a year's contract yet to run with the Azusa Ice Company, but using in addition quite an amount in excess of the contract. The latter will be furnished here and the whole contract a year hence will be placed in this plant."

"This will enable the new company to compete successfully with the Union Ice Company and all other opposition and make the ice plant a permanent industry in this city."

#### More Water Development.

**B**EFORE many weeks have passed Highland will be supplied with a domestic water system that will be excelled by few in any town in Southern California. The San Bernardino Times-Index says:

"The system will not belong to Highland as a town, but by the Highland Domestic Water Company. The water is to be used for domestic purposes only, the supply not being great enough to allow of use for irrigation."

"Two large wells have already been bored at the mouth of City Creek Cañon and another is being put down, the intention being to pump water from them into a cement reservoir, from which the water mains will carry it to where it is used."

"The pipes of these wells are ten inches in diameter and the depth of the three vary somewhat, although all are deep enough to guarantee a continuous supply of good, pure water. The reservoir has already been constructed, its capacity being 260,000 gallons."

"About five and one-half miles of pipe have been laid, the mains being of 8-inch pipe, and it is intended to lay several miles more before the work is completed. Engineer J. B. Pope of this city has charge of the work and the Wilcox & Rose Hardware Company has the contract for laying the pipe."

"A good domestic water supply is something that Highland has been in need of for many years, and the citizens are rejoicing that their wants will soon be filled. The company feels certain that it will have no difficulty in furnishing all the water necessary, as the three wells will furnish enough to fill the reservoir daily, which would mean 260 gallons of water for 1000 families. The water is to be pumped from the wells, but just what kind of a pump will be used has not yet been decided."

#### Santa Barbara Lemons.

**T**HE Santa Barbara Lemon-Growers' Exchange made their final returns to the members on January 20, for the fiscal year ending October 31, 1898, closing a most successful and satisfactory season. The Santa Barbara Press says:

"The number of boxes handled and marketed during the year was 16,740, in round numbers 56 carloads of 300 boxes each, and being one packing box for every 797-100 pounds of fruit received. The entire cost expense of curing and marketing and interest of 6 percent on the capital stock."

"The net average prices paid the growers was for the first six months of the season, \$1.31 3-5 per 100 pounds, for the last six months, \$3.20 4-5 per 100 pounds, making a total average for the year on all grades, of \$2.44 9-10 per 100 pounds. They also paid an average of 90 cents per 100 for the fourth grade of fruit or what is generally termed 'unsalable,' for the last five months of the season. The best month of the season was August, the net average price being \$4.24 2-5 per 100."

"In addition to paying the above dividends, they reserved for their 'sinking fund' 5 cents per box during the months when the fruit was highest, thus creating a fund with which to replace their boxes as they wear out and also to cover the general wear and tear of the plant."

#### Plenty of Grain.

**A**LARGE amount of grain has been sown in the eastern part of Riverside county. The Hemet News has the following:

"No part of our valley is more beautiful at this season of the year than is that section to the south of Hemet known as Diamond Valley, or South Hemet. A drive over that country is well worth taking at any time and especially is it at present, when the thousands of acres of brown, rich soil are rapidly becoming covered with the beautiful green of fast growing grain fields. The im-

mense Byrne tract, of some 5000 acres, has all been seeded, and is now an undulated field of green. To the south of this large tract and nearer the foothills the lands become more rolling, and the picture is even more pleasing to the eye. Here, Browning, Black, Lampson, Gauld, Goodheart, Avera, Kimmel, Dusenberry, Searles and other industrious ranchers have tilled many acres, that, in their new coat of lusty green, foretell a bountiful crop when the harvest time draws near. There is no richer soil in any part of the county than that of Diamond Valley, and nowhere do larger returns of grain respond to plentiful rains than in that lovely little valley we are pleased to call South Hemet."

#### Hawaiian Trade.

**C**ALIFORNIA nurserymen and statesmen are working up quite a trade with the Hawaiian Islands. The San Diego Tribune of recent date says:

"George B. Watson, the principal seed merchant in this city, was elated this morning on receiving instructions to forward a large order of seeds to Honolulu. 'This is the result of advertising,' said Mr. Watson. 'Some time ago I sent several thousand catalogues to the Hawaiian Islands, and up to the present I have received at least forty orders for seeds. The one received this morning is by far the largest and came to me through a broker in San Francisco, who was instructed to have me ship the seeds by the first boat leaving here for the islands, and draw on the broker for the amount.'

"I expect at least 500 orders from the islands within the next few weeks," continued Mr. Watson, "and my success is an evidence of what other lines of trade here can do if they will only reach out for business."

#### IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

#### Coalinga Oil Field.

**T**HE people of Fresno county are beginning to awake to the productive value of the Coalinga oil field. The Fresno Democrat says:

"S. F. Booth, district passenger and freight agent of the Southern Pacific, returned home yesterday from a visit to the oil regions near Coalinga."

"He has been heard to declare in all seriousness that though the raisin industry is the leading one of the county at the present time, the way things look at Oil City and the amount of prospecting and developing that is being pushed in that section, leads one to think that in a few years the oil receipts will exceed the raisin receipts."

"The point where the greatest success has been had is located about ten miles north of Coalinga. At present there are about twenty wells there, most of which are successful. The largest flows something like 700 barrels per day—a natural flow not requiring pumping. In addition there are several wells flowing over one hundred barrels a day, and as oil is worth about \$1 per barrel it will readily be seen that small fortunes are flowing out of this hitherto desolate country."

"It takes at least \$10,000 to sink a well and furnish the necessary casing, so that a man must have considerable confidence in prospects before entering upon a well-boring project. Since there are quite a number of companies operating in the field, there is more or less dispute all the time over rights to territory, and there is considerable litigation going on."

"About twenty miles south of Coalinga there is also considerable developing being done for oil. Some holes have been bored down 700 to 800 feet, but no oil sand has yet been tapped, although the prospects are good."

#### Planting Eucalyptus.

**S**AYS the San Luis Obispo Breeze: "Many acres of the sand hill country about Guadalupe, it is said, will be planted to eucalyptus this winter, and a large tract of sandy land near Casmalia Beach will also be utilized in the same manner. This is the property of H. Dutard of San Francisco, and this has been farmed with but poor success. The increasing demand for the blue gum, both for firewood and wharf timber, will enable the sand-hill districts hitherto unprofitable for farming to be turned into a source of revenue."

#### Fiber from Milk Weed.

**D**T. HUGHES of Linn's Valley, Tulare county, is endeavoring to work up an interest in plans for making commercial use of milk weed. The Tulare Register says:

"Mr. Hughes has found that the fiber is readily separated from the woody portions of the stalk, that it is soft and silky as well as strong and firm; it dyes well and he believes it can easily be made into many kinds of fabrics."

"The milk weed pods contain a substance for hat-making with little expense and work."

"The machinery necessary for cleaning the fiber is about what was needed in the old days to handle flax—not expensive, but made at home by a mechanic of any pretensions to skill."

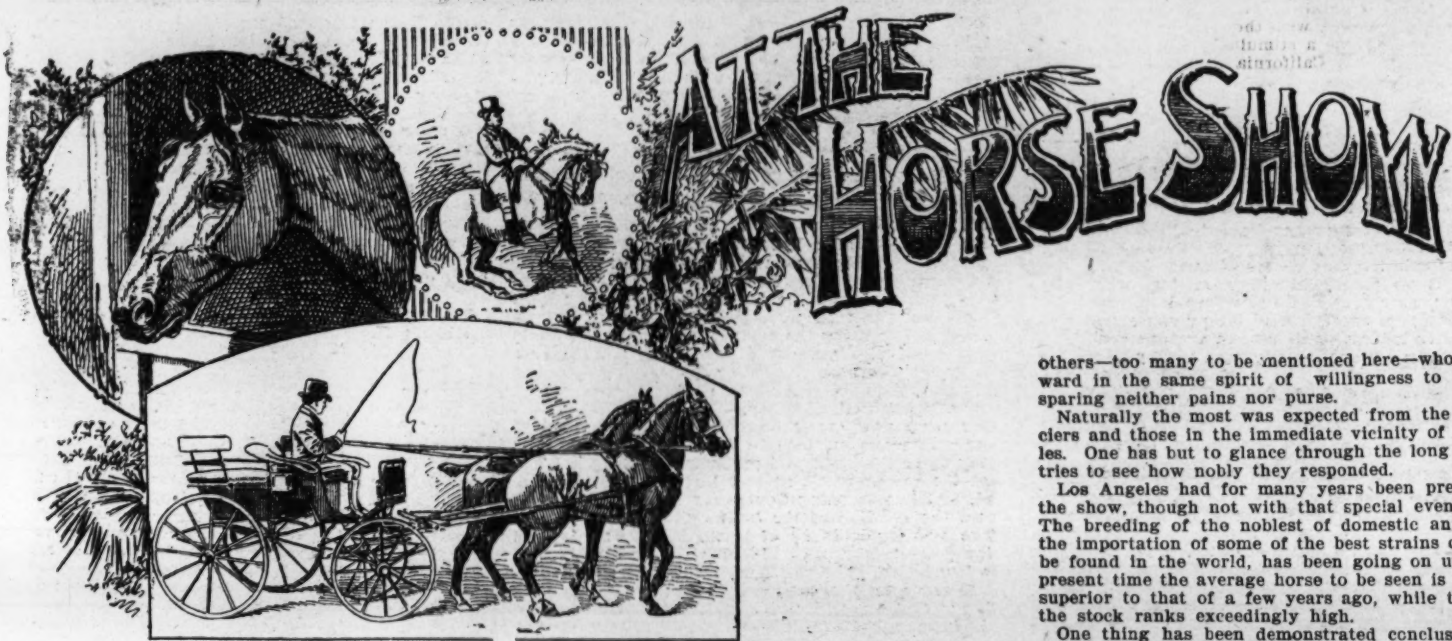
"The milk weed grows anywhere, the soil never gets too dry and hard to produce it. No irrigation is needed nor regular rainfall. It grows everywhere without care, cultivation or expense."

"Mr. Hughes will lecture on the subject at Ham's Hall on Monday evening, and he invites the attendance of all interested in a possible and promising industry. He will tell more of the stuff and how to handle it. Mr. Hughes is an old gentleman and appears in no sense a schemer with a joker up his sleeve."

#### PRECISION.

[Boston Traveler:] Tupman. I hear you are building a new house?  
Snodgrass. Yes; I couldn't very well build an old one, you know?





**I**N THE horse show that was opened last Wednesday afternoon, Los Angeles may be said to have taken another of her numerous and frequent long strides toward metropolitanism, for this unique and costly species of entertainment is always considered a certain index to a city's size and prosperity. To those who, in a spirit of uncharitableness, would dispute this, may be pointed out the fact that Los Angeles is the youngest and smallest city in the country that has had the temerity to undertake so ambitious an enterprise. That she has well succeeded the management, the public and the exhibitors alike congratulate themselves and each other. The few who have so bravely battled against discouragements of every description; who attacked every obstacle unfalteringly, are excusable for the modest pride with which they contemplate the results. Horse shows are appallingly costly; animals to make a creditable display are difficult to obtain; yet, the first annual exhibition is a thing of the past and no voice is heard in criticism.

And then, the willingness with which outsiders interested themselves in the success of the enterprise was notable. How many people in the United States would bring four carloads of fancy horses and rigs—not to mention the people necessary to properly care for them—a distance of five hundred miles to participate in a mere display of blooded stock? Mr. Hobart did this, John Parrott also brought a string of magnificent animals all the way from San Mateo, and there were many

others—too many to be mentioned here—who came forward in the same spirit of willingness to help, and sparing neither pains nor purse.

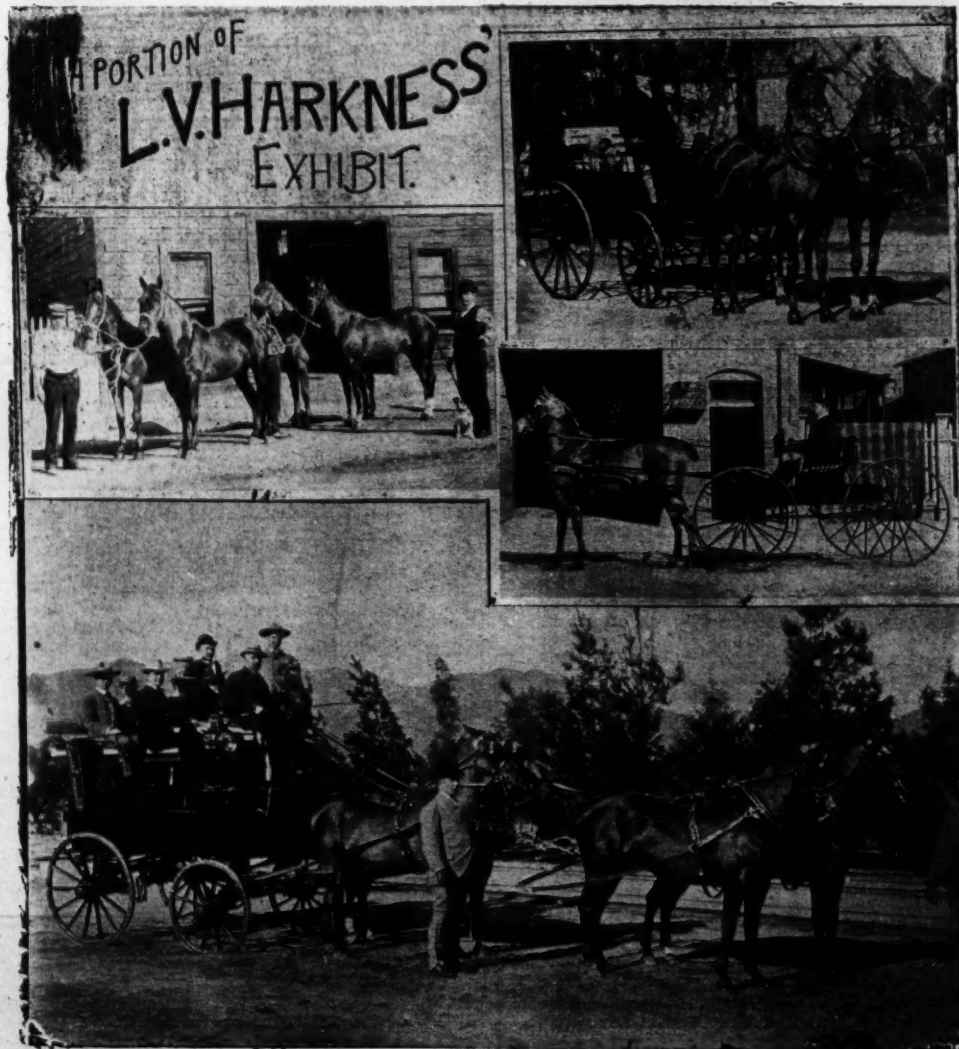
Naturally the most was expected from the local fanciers and those in the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles. One has but to glance through the long list of entries to see how nobly they responded.

Los Angeles had for many years been preparing for the show, though not with that special event in sight. The breeding of the noblest of domestic animals and the importation of some of the best strains of stock to be found in the world, has been going on until at the present time the average horse to be seen is immensely superior to that of a few years ago, while the best of the stock ranks exceedingly high.

One thing has been demonstrated conclusively, that the horse has not, and is not, likely in the immediate



AXMOOR PONY "NED," WILLIAM S. HOOK, JR., LOS ANGELES.



PRIZE WINNERS OF L. V. HARKNESS OF NEW YORK CITY.



DIRECT HEIR BY DIRECT, 2:05 1/4, SECOND PRIZE.  
A. C. SEVERANCE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



J. W. A. OFF'S SHETLAND STALLION "BLACK BEAUTY."



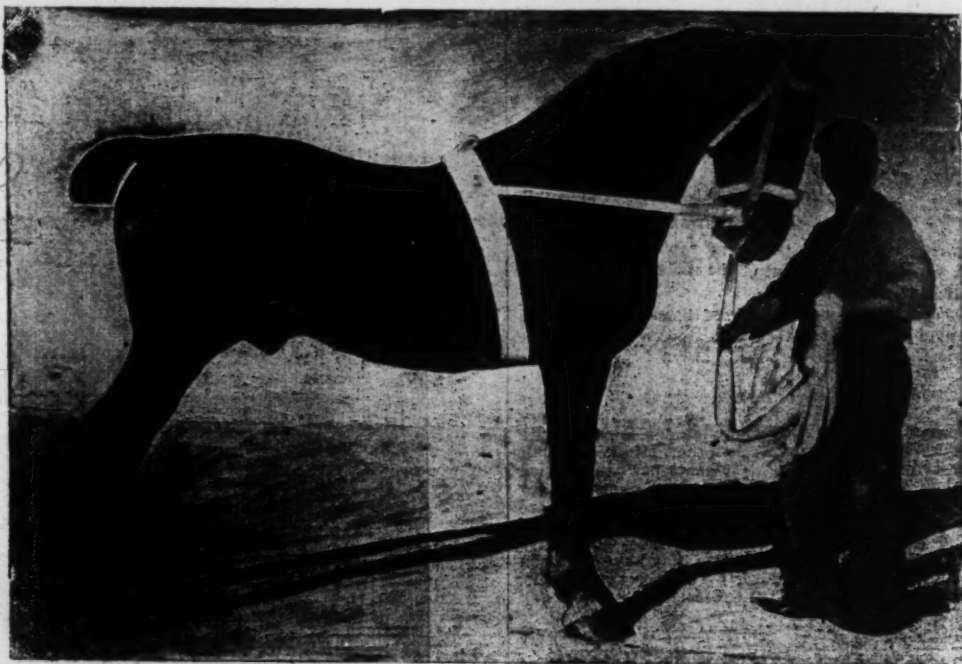
future to surrender his place entirely to the bicycle. The horse fanciers, and they number a great part of the human race, still maintain their first love, however they may have divided it with the new steed. That the show will be a stimulus to the breeding of fine horses in Southern California is certain, and sim-



DIRECTUS BY DIRECT, FIRST PRIZE. A. C. SEVERANCE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ilar events can be expected on a large or small scale to follow at frequent intervals.

This event would have lacked much of its interest had it not been for the beautiful prizes which were offered for competition. These prizes were contested for by the wealthiest of people, and consequently the matter



IMP. HACKNEY GREEN'S RUFUS, 63 (4201), Junior Champion, New York Show, 1893, and ten other prizes. The Baywood Stud, John Parrott, Proprietor, San Mateo, Cal.



PONY TANDEM OF GEORGE F. WARING, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

of cost cut little figure, but they were all the more to be prized by their winners because they had associations which rendered them different from any article of value they might themselves purchase, being representatives of their own prowess in a field on which society is now smiling. Among these prizes the Huntington cup, which cost \$500 and is a veritable work of art, was conspicuous. And yet it did not stand alone. There were the Phelan cup, the Spreckels cup, and other beautiful prizes, as well as purses, and the whole went to make up a small fortune.

Outsiders can have but a faint idea of the rivalry which exists among the owners of fine stables, and yet there is an indication of this in the fact that during the show some of the wealthiest of the horse owners turned out in the early hours of the night and contested for points with one another in a private match.

But the success of a horse show is dependent quite as much upon the way society takes hold of it as upon the number and quality of the horses exhibited. It is a golden opportunity to don fine raiment and pleasant looks, and the visitor has the whole of the haut ton ar-



HUMBERT, MRS. T. E. POSEY'S PRIZE WINNER. JOHN B. G. POSEY, DRIVER.



PONY FOUR-IN-HAND OF THE WELLS CANDY COMPANY.

rayed about him in one army of brilliance and beauty, as though they, too, were contesting for prizes. Lucky for the judges that it is not so, for there is no discrimination here.

But on the very first night the fears of the management were allayed on this point. The long rows of boxes that lined either side of the arena were all filled—not with the representatives—but the whole of Los Angeles society. It was a scene long to be remembered—the gay and costly costumes of every conceivable shade and combination of colors, the beautiful and happy faces smilingly approving each number of the programme—all linger pleasantly in the memory and make one eagerly anticipate the next exhibition. They came to applaud and were not hypercritical. They gave it the indorsement of their approval and it was a success. That is, it was a success as a horse show. As a social function it was a success to be judged by a new standard, so far as this city is concerned, and in that respect is the greatest achievement of an event of this character, after all. It has relegated the pink teas and the other minor affairs of the social world to the background and left the one supreme event of the day in the bold front. It is of the horse show that society will

talk for the next month, and after that a great part of the conversation will be of the next horse show. The history of this event, from the social point of view, will never be told. The engagement rings, the smiles, and possibly the tears, which will be in evidence for years to come, may in a measure be traceable to the events of the past few days under the broad canopy of canvas where society has been enjoying itself, and the world may be the better and the brighter for some hearts because of this event. This is a chapter, however, which is not within the purview of the men of this day, nor of those who are to come.

But now that the first annual horse show is a thing of the past, it may not be improper to point out a few places where improvements could be made; matters that are insignificant in themselves and could not have been anticipated, but the remedying of which would tend to smoothness in carrying out the programme. In the first place a better and more substantial covering could be obtained for the arena. The tent erected by the management was not exactly a thing of beauty, and at times it was really cold in the seats and boxes. A better provision for the visitors' comfort could undoubtedly be made with but little more expense. Also a better system of announcing numbers could be used. It was difficult for the outsider to classify the horses, discover owners or observe the awards.

It is customary at like exhibitions in the larger cities to announce each event with the names of prize winners, etc., so that no one can have any difficulty in following



the display and can quickly get the desired information. But the able promoters and managers of this successful affair have undoubtedly profited by experience and they well merit the commendations that they have received. Approving of the one that is past, Los Angeles looks forward to a better horse show next year.

### PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.

BLOSSOMS CAN BE KEPT FRESH, CRISP AND SWEET FOR FIVE WEEKS OR MORE.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Ordinarily, cut flowers perish so rapidly that during the cold weather they are out of the reach of people with a moderate income.

The most delicate and fragile of blossoms, however, can be kept in good, healthy, condition for a month or six weeks if systematic care and attention are given to them.

The first precaution must be taken when the purchase is made. Satisfy yourself that the flowers are very fresh. Remember that there is a regular market price for flowers, the same as for any other product, and if your florist offers you roses at 50 cents per dozen when the market price is \$1, you may depend upon it they have been cut for some days and will soon fade. There is no economy in buying cheap flowers. If they look limp, and the leaves dry, seared and gray, they have either been cut for some time or else they have not been properly cared for and are scarcely worth carrying home, as no amount of nursing will preserve them for any length of time.

The bright color, the full, juicy stem, vigorous leaves and firm bearing, all bespeak nature in her prime.

A florist who knows his business will pack cut flowers so that they will receive no injury from the elements during transportation, but if one has to attend to this one's self, it is well to know that paraffin paper is the best protection in either winter or summer. Flowers wrapped in paraffin paper and covered over with two sheets of brown wrapping paper are well fortified against Jack Frost. It is well to carry them in a box to prevent accidents, but if they have long stems and are to be carried in the hand, the blossoms should hang downward.

Before placing them in vases, cut from the end of each stem one-sixteenth of an inch with a sharp penknife—scissors nip the pores together and prevent their absorbing nourishment.

The vases should be carefully scalded and then filled three-quarters full of water, into which should be dropped five or six drops of sulphate of ammonia. This can be obtained from any chemist, and 5 cents' worth will outlast many bunches of flowers. During the day the vases containing flowers should be placed in the light away from the heat and gas.

At night the stems should be sponged off in clear, cold water, so as to remove any decayed matter which may have accumulated during the day, and all the withered leaves and faded petals should be removed with a sharp pair of scissors. Take care not to get any water on the flowers themselves, as it will destroy their bloom. During the night they should be put into a vase containing a solution of soap and water and set in a cool place. In the morning cut the end of the stems again and leave in clear, cold water for two hours before returning them to the vases containing the sulphate of ammonia.

Violets, roses and delicate ferns will last best if they are laid each night on a piece of damp flannel and covered over with a large bowl.

Rosebuds will fatten into large, full-blown roses if placed in the ice-box for twenty-four hours. White carnations can be tinted to almost any shade by putting dye in the water into which they are placed. L. B.

### GLADSTONE AND THE BREECHES.

An article on the Prince of Wales in the New Penny Magazine illustrates a part of the business of the equerries in receiving visitors by an anecdote of Mr. Gladstone.

The occasion was a ball. Mrs. and Miss Gladstone were announced, and the Prime Minister's wife at once said that Mr. Gladstone wished to speak to the equerry in the court yard. Naturally, the official went out, and found that the great man wished to apologize for not entering, as by an oversight his nether man was not clothed in tights and silk stockings—the regulation costume for all Marlborough House entertainments. Of course, Mr. Gladstone was invited to enter, and assured that the Prince of Wales would certainly excuse a lapse of etiquette in a man of his eminence, who had something else to think of besides his breeches. But argument and invitation were unavailing and Mr. Gladstone went away, only too glad, most likely, to find a pretext for going quietly to bed. It would have delighted the author of "Sartor Resartus" (the writer in the New Penny Magazine thinks) that the Prime Minister of England should have been in difficulties about his clothes.

### WHEELBARROWS IN CHINA.

When the wheelbarrow was introduced into the West Indies, with a view of getting more work out of the negro laborers, it was an object of both derision and curiosity. The negroes could not be induced to trundle it, filled with manure, or earth, as the case might be, but, as their habit had been to fill their baskets and carry them on their heads, they did the same with the wheelbarrow. This odd adaptation of a civilized application is brought to mind by a letter of the Consul-General of Shanghai, who says he can offer very little encouragement to American shippers of wheelbarrows, scrapers, dump carts, and the like, to China. The Chinese wheelbarrow has one large wheel in the middle and a seat on either side, where loads, and not infrequently passengers, are carried. Rather than carry dirt in a wheelbarrow, the coolie uses two baskets, about the size and shape of a grain scoop, which he hangs on the end of a bamboo rod balanced on his shoulders. For this work he will receive 7 to 10 cents gold per day. There are tens of thousands of men willing to work for this pittance; in fact, in China, there is no market for labor-saving devices; men are infinitely cheaper.



A PORTION OF W. S. HOBART'S PRIZE WINNERS.





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## LITERARY OUTLOOK.

### HOW JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY ONCE MISTOOK HIS AUDIENCE.

From Our Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—It must be that the Englishmen and Frenchmen who are now trooping over here in such profusion to enlighten and regale us from the lecture platform, wholly unacquainted, as they are, with the local prejudices and peculiarities of the communities they visit, often make most ludicrous blunders in their dealings with their audiences. Even the native lecturer is far from escaping such blunders. I once saw James Whitcomb Riley walk into one with all the disingenuousness of a child; and, taken in all its features, it was as pretty an entertainment as ever came under my eye.

On Mr. Riley's list of delights at this time was a character sketch, studied closely from a man in real life well-known to Mr. Riley, and, indeed, to half the people of Indiana—one of that familiar type of temperance evangelists who, from being deep in the gutter one week, have mounted, the next, to the height of the rostrum, whence they shout impassioned, emotional appeals and warnings to their fellow-drunkards, and even administer strong rebukes—for want of tenderness and fellow-feeling—to the habitually temperate. No one who has seen Mr. Riley on the platform need be told that he made the impersonation with great art. The character was well defined in his imagination; it interested him; and it came off with a reality and gusto that even Mr. Riley's Hoosier farmer at his best could not surpass. But it was not the demon of intemperance that Mr. Riley's exhorter assailed; it was the demon of baseball. The small, insidious, serpentine way in which the baseball passion planted itself in the human heart was described in low, hissing phrases that made one feel as if there were burglars in the house. Then followed in high, fervid, appalling phrase, that made you feel like a person who fears he has something growing in him—the account of the sudden bursting forth of the passion, from the unobserved planting, into a devouring parasite that, almost in the twinkling of an eye, took the whole man into its deadly embrace. On this ensued a softer, gentler strain—a generous appeal to the better nature of the victim and a like appeal on his behalf to the aid and sympathy of those whose better strength had enabled them to escape his error. These latter were especially urged not to take pride in their strength and not to disdain a waker brother; and in setting forth to them the manner in which they should labor with the weaker brother, the orator, I remember, once cried out, "I would go to that first baseman, and I would plead with him—in the name of his mother, his father—for the sake of his children, his wife—to break away from this monster; to free himself, to—!" I forget the rest.

Well, this sketch, delivered in about the words and manner that I have outlined, was given by Mr. Riley, on the one occasion when I heard it, in an Indiana town where temperance, even to the point of total abstinence and prohibition, was the militant conviction of a large part of the community, and to an audience drawn almost exclusively from this part. The lecture was one of a course presented under the auspices of the local Y.M.C.A. Tickets had been sold mainly for the entire course, and they had been bought largely by people who looked with little favor on public entertainments in general, but felt that they might safely indulge in a lecture, especially a lecture provided by the Y.M.C.A.—honest, earnest people, not unintelligent, but from want of experience, entirely without quickness in anything like satire or travesty.

The effect of the performance on this most ill-adapted of audiences was a clearly marked progress. You could see it travel like a low, wide wave on water. Almost at the second sentence they were in a roar of laughter; the mere mention of baseball with sarcastic intention was tickling to them. The joy was unrestrained and without misgiving; it simply swelled forth. And this continued through about one-third of the harangue. Then there came a change; barely perceptible at first, but becoming moment by moment better defined. The laughter still continued in scarcely diminished volume; and, indeed, it so continued to the very end; but it began to have an undertone of compunction, a terminal rash of holding back, as if the laughter were anything but pleased with himself for laughing; and this became finally so distinct that it was like a mocking echo to the laughter. The effect was most ludicrous.

But the best came when the entertainment was over and the people were dispersing. As they made their way slowly toward the door, in low but quite audible,

confidences to each other, they gave their opinions of what they had been hearing. Some young women with whom the seriousness of life had not yet crystallized into a too rigid conviction, would say to a graver father: "Wasn't that baseball thing funny?" And he would answer with a stutter: "Yes—a—um—ye—tolerably, tolerably."

The dislike of the caricature, I afterward learned, continued to grow on reflection. The young man who managed the courses of lectures for the Y.M.C.A., told me that so much offense was taken that, in the succeeding courses, they did not dare to include Mr. Riley, and he was, I think, never lectured in that town since—certainly never under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.

The manuscript of Anthony Hope's new novel, "Col. Dieppe"—the novel of which I made mention in this correspondence a week or two ago—arrived in this country a few days since, and I have been permitted to read it. I can say for the interest of the story, that from the moment I began, I did not stop until I had finished it. It is one of those tales that leave you with no peace of mind until you have learned how they end. And it ends, I am glad to say, agreeably; as such tales, in my judgment, always should. The scene is not avowedly anywhere, any more than in the Zenda stories; but, as in the Zenda stories, you have a sense that it is somewhere on the continent of Europe; most probably within the confines of Germany. Having got it thus far located, you entertain no farther geographical concern; you feel that it is a very pleasant country, wherever it may be, and yield yourself to the full enjoyment of all that goes on there. And again, as in the Zenda stories, the things that go on are extremely engaging. The central character, Col. Dieppe, a professed adventurer, with apparently the easiest conscience in ordinary affairs, discovers at various crises a fundamental rectitude that is only less attractive than his coolness, skill and bravery in defeating those who have no conscience at all. There can be but one judgment on him; namely, that he is "a fine old fellow"—"old" being for endearment only, since, in point of fact, the colonel's age is not advanced, simply uncertain. The ladies of the story—of whom there are two, to mention—have in full skirt the charm without which it seems to be a principle in Anthony Hope never to let his ladies go abroad. They always have your liking in their conversation; and as for their behavior, while it may provoke doubts in you for the moment, it leaves you in the end altogether their friend.

I think it is not fully decided yet where "Col. Dieppe" will have its first publication in this country, but the probability is that it will appear simultaneously in a number of the leading newspapers. It is not a long novel, only about forty-five thousand words, or about half the length of "Rupert of Hentzau."

"Penelope's Progress" continues to enjoy a large sale, apparently, and is giving new interest to the personality of the author. In private life Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is Mrs. George C. Riggs, and she is quite as much identified with kindergarten work as with authorship. She has her home in this city on the borders of Central Park, but she is almost as much at home in London as she is in New York. She is a native, I believe, of Massachusetts. She is of a very active public spirit, and in addition to the devotion she has shown in the improvement and extension of kindergarten instruction, she has a devotion scarcely less ready and unwearied in many another good cause.

Hamlin Garland has finished his visit in New York, and returned to Chicago. He managed to make some progress with his new novel while here, but not so much as he would have liked to make, I fancy, for certainly his friends kept him pretty busy. For society and social functions, Mr. Garland has, I believe, little use; but for a good lunch or dinner, and a good long talk afterward, with a genuine friend, he has as much stomach as anybody, and he's not "agin it on principle" either.

Capt. Jasper E. Brady is preparing for publication, as the urgency of his work at Santiago de Cuba allows him time, a book of his own experience as a telegraph operator and train dispatcher. He has already, I believe, published some of these experiences as magazine articles, but he has had no end of them, and, if there were occasion, he could bring together enough for several books. Although he is still quite a young man, he had a good long term of it in the telegraph service before he entered the army, and he has had not a little of the same service since. His office at Santiago is that of superintendent of telegraph, and since the close of the war he has directed the erection of a good many miles of wire there and brought into existence a very creditable telegraph service. He has been home for several weeks now, partly on sick leave and partly for consultation with the War Department, but started back a few days ago. Capt. Brady began his military career as a volunteer in the ranks in time of peace. He soon won promotion, and when the war with Spain broke out, was

a second lieutenant. Almost immediately he rose to a captaincy, and throughout the war held the delicate post of superintendent of telegraph and censor of press dispatches at Tampa. He read more war correspondence than nobody else except the writers of it read, than any other man living; and much of this was, no doubt, far more interesting than any that we of the public at large ever got to read.

There are moments when we seem to be hearing rather less of Conan Doyle than we have come (shall I say, in our debauchery?) to feel that we ought to hear of a popular author. The fact is that Dr. Doyle does not drive the muse anything like as hard as some of the novelists do. His novels since the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" made the public practically his own, while they have not been exactly few, still have not numbered quite up to the years; and this for a man whose one vocation is novel writing, is nearly abstinence. The habit of a number of novelists of pledging themselves to work some years ahead of the present time, and then driving away for all that is in them and putting out "any old thing" in order to keep their contracts, is one that Dr. Doyle has scrupulously avoided. He seldom makes a fast promise to write even so much as a short story while he still has another piece of work in hand. He says that he cannot work with any ease or satisfaction to himself otherwise; a large promise out, he thinks, would paralyze his hand.

A correspondent asks me what I know about "the author of 'Nancy Noon.'" I don't know much; but here are a few bits of information. To begin with, "Benjamin Swift" isn't his real name; that is William Romaine Patterson. He is a Scotchman, born at Glasgow, and is now 27 years of age. He had an honorable, and even distinguished, career at Glasgow University. Since his graduation he has lived much abroad. He has a special interest in foreign languages and literatures, and is particularly well read in French and Italian. He was not yet 25 when he finished "Nancy Noon," his first book. The last chapters of it were written in Tuscany, in one of the cells of a famous old monastery. He has followed it with two other novels, "The Tormentor," published in 1897, and "The Destroyer," published in 1898.

E. C. MARTIN.

## CAPTURING THE CLOUDS.

### HOW FOGS MIGHT BE UTILIZED IN ARID DISTRICTS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The idea of making electrical rain by throwing a charge of electricity through moisture-laden air has taken innumerable forms from time to time, without reaching any practical stage. It is hoped that the latest suggestion in this direction, the capture of the elusive fog for agricultural purposes, will elicit some feasible solution of the problem. California, as is well-known, has vast areas of valuable land where the water supply is inadequate. Nature has endeavored to correct this by sending in heavy fogs, laden with moisture. These fogs come in from the ocean at night during the dry, summer months, but are dissipated early in the morning by the sun. What is now sought is the discovery of some simple and practical method of condensing or precipitating this fog on a large scale. If the fog particles could only be coaxed into closer communion as they steal in from the sea, and made to trickle down in gentle streams of water, an immense increment of agricultural values would be seen in the State. The green vegetation at the summit of many mountains is often kept fresh by cloud or fog, and not by rain, and it is thought that even if an actual precipitation of the fog is impossible, the discovery of some means of catching it as the leaves of trees do is not entirely beyond the region of probability. On the summit of Table Mountain at Cape Town, on the summit of Green Mountain, in the island of Ascension, and even on Pike's Peak, every rock and twig is covered, in the early morning, with the drip of captured fog, and in many spots throughout the globe vegetation is kept alive by the small amount of moisture that is caught on the leaves, and dripping thence to the ground, is soaked up by the roots of the plant. Even the plants themselves suggest, in the configuration and angle of their leaves and branches, the facilitation of such collection of moisture. Any fan-shaped arrangement of sticks or slats that increases the area exposed to the fog should apparently increase the quantity of moisture carried down to the roots, and on this line, it is believed, the desired discovery will probably be made.

Chauncey M. Depew received a salary of \$50,000 a year when President of the New York Central, and as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Vanderbilt consolidations may have additional compensation.



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Three Nights Only,  
THE LAUGHING SUCCESS OF  
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A Laugh From  
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Next Attraction, next  
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"The Idol's Eye."

Both Operas to be produced here by the same entire cast and scenery seen at the Broadway Theater, New York. Seats on sale Monday, Feb. 6. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Tel. Main 70.

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A GRAND COMPANY OF COMEDIANS,  
Special Scenery,  
NOVEL SPECIALTIES,  
Sparkling Wit,  
PRETTY GIRLS.

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FOUR NIGHTS ONLY

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In His Two Big Comic Opera Successes.

THE BIGGEST AND BEST OF ALL.  
SATURDAY MATINEE AND EVENING  
"The Wizard of the Nile."

## BRINGING DOWN A MANAGER.

From the New York Sun.

"THE warmest card that I ever rubbed up against in the circus business," said an old-time boss menagerie man, "was Curly Johnson, who played the cornet and ran the stand for a one-ringer and one-night-stander that I was mixed up with back in the late 70's. Johnson had been a trumpeter in the regular army, had served as cook for any number of Southwestern surveying outfits, and had been broke in almost every old place on this hemisphere, from Alaska to Patagonia, before he drifted into the wind-jamming business with this circus layout I'm talking about. He was about 6 feet 6 inches high, weighed 270 pounds could get under any wagon we had and lift it clear o the ground on his shoulders, could drink more sage brush whiskey than any six hobo tentmen, and, finally, he could play the cornet so that it sounded like a woman's voice. He was a quiet sort of a duck, Johnson was, and he never had a chance to prove what a genuine proposition he was until we struck Leavenworth, Kan. along toward the end of the summer of 1879.

"The show got into Leavenworth from Topeka over the overland wagon trail, for the two brothers who owned the outfit didn't waste any money on railroad transportation when dates could be made by wagon moves. The show had been making money right along since the beginning of the season, and yet when we got into Leavenworth the wages of all hands, from performers to tentmen, were nearly two months in arrears. We had got together in committees representing the different departments of the outfit on several occasions since the owners of the show, for no apparent reason, began to skip paydays, and had duly registered our kick, but we were conked to a standstill by the two proprietors, who were smooth people and notorious in the business as salary forgetters. They scattered \$2 bills to the members of the kick committees and paid the rest of the outfit off in promises. As the three-quarter-acre tent was jammed right along, at forenoon and night performances, with 25 and 50 cent and \$1 crowds, and no paper, we couldn't see any excuse for this pay-day shyness, and we got pretty ugly when it began to look like we were being skinned. But the season was almost over and most of us needed the ride back East when the show went into winter quarters, and so we stuck on with the hope that the owners would tumble to their dirtiness and come to taw along toward the wind-up of the season.

"There had been a big row at Topeka, several of the main performers refusing to go on at the afternoon performance without some of the long green with which to wipe the perspiration from their hands. They grumbled a heap when the \$2-bill act was worked off on them by the proprietors, but they consented to go on when the two brothers solemnly promised to settle in full when the show struck Leavenworth. The employees were pretty ugly in Topeka, too, and there was a whole lot of talk among them about turning the animals loose and slitting the tent into ribbons if the owners didn't cough up at Leavenworth, the next stand. I hadn't had a drink of whiskey nor smoked a two-for for a couple of months, and so shared the general restlessness.

"Now, this Curly Johnson, the band boss, seemed to be the least bothered of the whole outfit over the backwardness of salaries. He had a bad lot in his band, and the men came to him with hefty kicks two or three times a day, but he told 'em he wasn't any pay clerk for the outfit, and that he'd like to have the price of a shave and a shine himself, which he hadn't. Altogether there was a pretty furious lot of sawdusters in the morning parade in Leavenworth, and as soon as the parade turned in there was a spontaneous meeting of all hands in the main tent that looked like trouble and a whole lot of it for the two oily members who owned the show.

"You never heard such a chaw-bacon of a time in your life as went on in that tent for fifteen minutes or so. The two brothers, each of whom was known to be worth close on to \$500,000, put on the poorest mouth you ever saw, said they neither of 'em had personally the price of a beer, said the show had been dropping \$1000 a day since the beginning of the season, and tried their durnedness to make cheap talk like this stick. Then they put their heads together, disappeared for a couple of minutes, and when they returned with a hand-satchel lugged between 'em, they declared a \$2 dividend until after the night performance, when they swore there'd be a proper settlement for all hands.

"When Curly Johnson got his \$2 bill he walked outside the tent, looked at it for a minute reflectively, and then, turning to one of the bandmen, he said:

"I'd like to knock off working for these two con men. But I can't make any place that's worth living in on this two-spot, can I?"

"Might get to Oskaloosa on the two," said the bandman, Oskaloosa being then regarded as the bummiest town on the globe.

"Johnson thoughtfully stuck his \$2 bill in his vest pocket, and, as it was only 11 o'clock in the morning,

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.... A VAUDEVILLE BILL TO TEMPT THE ANGELS ....

## PAPINTA

IN THE "DANSE DU DIABLE!"

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4

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## PAPINTA

IN THE "DANSE JARDINIÈRE."

M A X Cincinnati,

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BONNIE MAIE

CUTEST AND CLEVEREST OF JUVENILE PRODIGES

CARROLL JOHNNIE and ADDIE CRAWFORD

"HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE THE ICE MAN?"

and he had a couple of hours' spare time before the afternoon show began, he hit the pike for the town. He didn't stop to take a drink or get a shave, but he made direct for the Bon Ton faro bank on Shawnee street, which was then run by a nervy sport from Denver named Col. Jamison. I happened to be downtown myself buying up some chuck meat for the animals, and I saw Curly when he was entering the Bon Ton. I joined him and asked him where he had made a raise to hit up the bank.

"I'm going to see if I can't make enough of a winning out his two-spot to buy a ticket for some place or other—Arizona by choice, if the box treats me right," he replied.

"Better stake yourself to a square feed, a shave, a clean collar, and a smoke, Curly," I said to him. "You're been tabbing cases long enough to know that there's no win-out in a \$2 bill."

"Well," he sighed, "I'll take a chance."

"I followed him into the Bon Ton and he walked over to a table where a dealer was shuffling preparatory to running out a new boxful. There were four chubbers sitting at the table, sloughing off 50-cent chips, and Curly stood behind the chair of one of them and watched the deal for a few minutes. Then he dug into his pocket, brought out his greasy \$2 bill, and put it down on the six.

"The six spot showed on the right side after a few passes, and the dealer threw out a clean new \$2 bill on top of the greasy one. Johnson put the \$4 in his pocket, and walked over to another table—there were nine tables in full blast in the room, for Leavenworth used to profit by its nearness to the big cattle trail at that time, and the town was full of paid-off packers and freighters and cattlemen on leave after the annual round-up. The chips were \$1 each at this second table Curly walked up to, and he waited for the beginning of a new deal. After the deal was about a quarter under way Johnson, keeping his eye on the pad and paper work of the man in the chair in front of him, again put down his wad, \$4 this time, on the six. The six was the next card out of the right side, and Curly tucked \$8 in his vest pocket. Then he walked over to another table, waited, as previously, for a new boxful, and this time he put a copper on the \$8 which he put on the six. The six came right for him again and he stuffed \$16 into his clothes. Johnson moved on to the next table and repeated the performance, again coppering the six, and he had \$32 wherewith to hit up the next table in his progress.

"That's a queer system you've got," said I to him then. "It's like matching nickels. You're bound to fall down on it in the next couple of plays. Why don't you pinch your \$32 and have some fun out of it?"

"I'm trying to get out of the circus business," Curly replied, quietly, "and it looks like this is my day."

"To make a long story short, Curly kept playing that six spot, open and coppered, and doubling his bets each time, until Jamison cried enough. Curly's last bet netted him \$5000, and a cheer had broken out when Col. Jamison, after writing the \$5000 check, told Curly that the limit was on again, whereupon Johnson, collecting his winnings, ceased play.

"I went with him to the national bank across the way, where he cashed the \$5000 check. Then we took a room at the Mansion House for a while, in order that Johnson might count up his money and arrange it to be put away. He counted just \$12,856, all of it made out of a single \$2 bet. By this time it was close on to the time for the afternoon performance.

"Before I start out on the large and gilt-edged drunk upon which I am about to embark—before, in fact, I take a single drink," said Johnson to me after he had finished counting his winnings, "I think I'll put a little scheme in operation to make the owners of the show pay back salaries down to the last dollar."

"I asked him how he was going to do it," but he

## Burbank

Tonight Last Time

"TENNESSEE'S PARDNER."

Coming Monday, MISS BELLE ARCHER in  
"A CONTENTED WOMAN."

Read about it on Page 5, Part III.

simply told me to get into a barouche with him. We drove out to the show ground. The news of Curly's huge winnings was out there long ahead of us, and Johnson got the cheer from all hands that sounded like a "Hey Rube" yelp, Johnson walked direct to the office tent of the two proprietors, said "how de do" to them in an off-hand way, and then put his business before them.

"You're going to pay off all hands now—right now—before the afternoon performance, ain't you?" he asked the brothers.

"They looked at him in astonishment. They had been too busy to hear of Curly's luck at the Bon Ton in the morning.

"What the devil are you talking about?" they asked the cornet player in a breath. "How long have you been the spokesman of the show?"

"Just since I came in here," replied Johnson coolly. "You're going to pay every man, woman and kid attached to the show every cent you owe them right now, before the afternoon performance, or I'm going to get them in a bunch and give a free show on a big vacant lot with your people this evening. How's that?"

"The two brothers gave Curly the hoot. They thought he was drunk.

"Curly walked around to the dressing-rooms, where all the performers were about making up for the afternoon show, and he made a speech to them, after which he marched the whole crowd to a big vacant lot.

"Here's where we give the free show tonight," said Johnson to the crowd of us. "Throw the ring up, and I'll hustle downtown to rent gear and rain-make for the circus."

"We all knew that Johnson's play was more or less of a bluff, but we also knew that he was game to stand for it in case the bluff didn't have the effect sought on the owners. I went downtown with Johnson and he made for a printing office. He was writing a big dodger, thousands of copies of which he was going to have distributed all over the town, announcing that a free-for-all circus would be given on the Pawnee-street vacant lot by the identical people who had on that afternoon quit the Blank Brothers' show because they hadn't been paid for two months, when the two brothers came rushing in and held him up. They had wilted. Johnson's determination got them going.

"We pay all salaries immediately, you loafer," they said to him. "There are 2000 people waiting now for the show to go on. We pay all salaries immediately but yours. You wait."

"Oh, that's all right about mine," replied Johnson, grinning. "I've got a dollar or two on the side. But I'll just go along with you and see that you pay before the show goes on, all the same."

"And durned if he didn't do just that thing. He waited until the people were all paid and then he walked out of the tent, walked downtown and that was the last ever seen or heard of Curly Johnson in the circus business. The \$12,000 drunk he had coming may have finished him for all any of us ever heard."

### MORE USED TO IT.

[Harlem Life:] Old Mr. Grump. My boy, you spend five times as much money on yourself as I used to. Young Mr. Grump. How can I help that, father? I belong to a good deal wealthier family than you did, remember.